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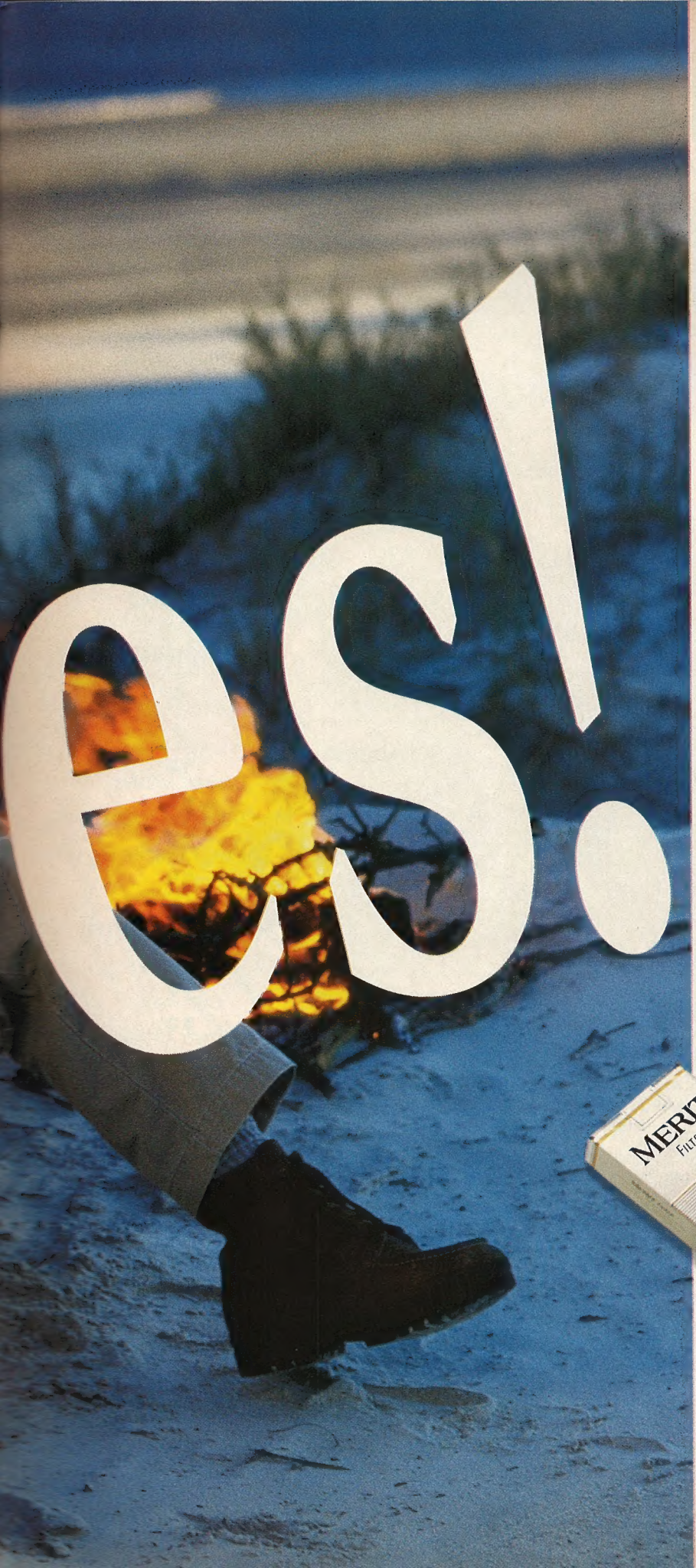

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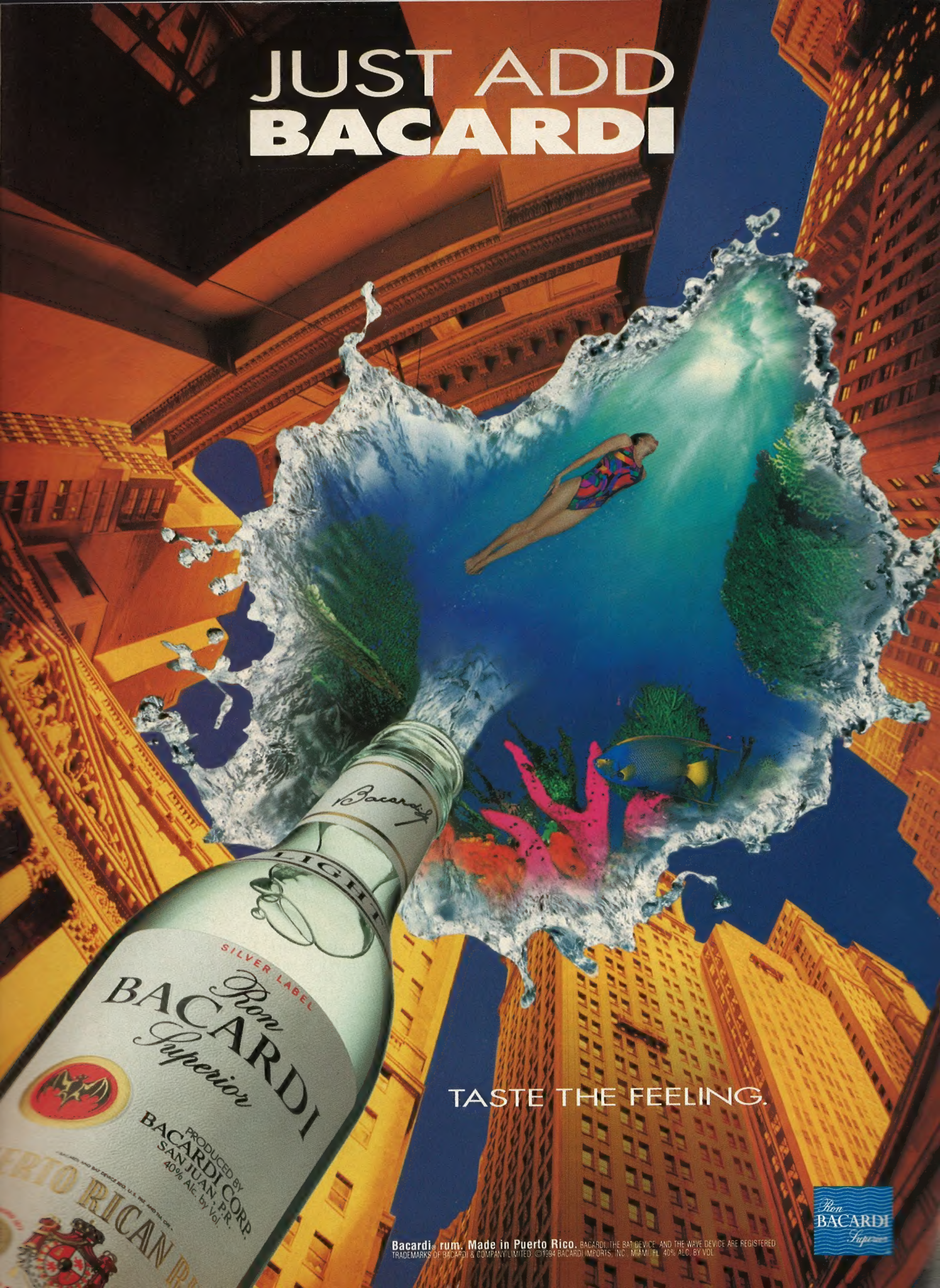
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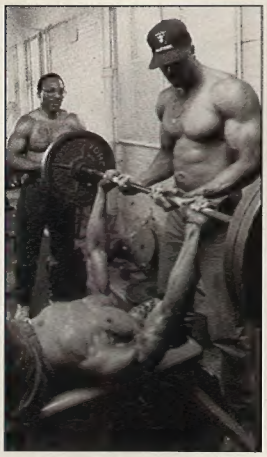
FEBRUARY HOUSECALL

Self-love and self-mutilation are just two of the strange aspects of romance in the nineties that we explore in this Valentine's issue.



Larry Flynt—Unlikely Hero

We usually refrain in these pages from commenting on the activities of our competitors. First of all we believe that most readers judge a magazine by what it is, not what it says about other periodicals. Second, most publishing personalities are interesting only to those who are in the business, and as you may have noticed *Penthouse* is not a trade publication. But we're making an exception this month by interviewing a man who for many years was the closest confidant of the publisher of *Hustler* magazine, **Larry Flynt**. Flynt, a man who has made his life and career a monument to grotesque notoriety, has been mythologized in a new **Oliver Stone**–produced film that transforms him into some kind of free-speech hero—or, as *Los Angeles* magazine put it on its cover, "The Unholy Resurrection of Larry Flynt." That was the final straw for **Bill Rider**, Flynt's one-time brother-in-law and security chief, who had spent years at his boss's side as Flynt trampled on the rights of his family and his employees alike, to say nothing of ordering hits on such public figures as **Frank Sinatra** and our own editor and publisher, **Bob Guccione**.

Payback Time?

With more than 1.5 million men and women behind bars, the United States now imprisons the largest percentage of its population of any nation in the world. That alone is a shocking statistic, but in view of the abhorrent conditions under which many of these people are warehoused, it's no wonder we've been witnessing an unprecedented rash of violence. In just one month—October 1995—rioting broke out in more than 20 prisons, the most widespread and costly uprisings the American penal system has ever experienced. **Richard Stratton**, publisher of *Prison Life* magazine, takes us into the system for an in-depth examination of this spreading cancer. Stratton has firsthand knowledge of his subject—he spent eight years behind bars for smuggling pot. But his warning is clear for all: "At the present rate, there will be more than seven million people locked up by the end of the century. Most of these people will someday get out. Then it will be payback time."

Strange Love

Most men are intrigued by lesbians, but don't usually get to hang out with them, let alone discuss their sex lives with them. **Ralph Gardner, Jr.**, our Unrepentant Voyeur, did have that opportunity not long ago, and he reports on what he found in "Drag Kings," the latest twist in the nineties cross-dressing fad. These women batten down their breasts with Ace bandages, stuff a dildo (or a pair of socks) down their pants, and strut around "driving many of their sister lesbians wild with lust," according to Gardner.... If that seems strange to you, check out this month's "Penis Page" for a firsthand account of what it's like to have your genitalia pierced and adorned with a gold five-eighths-inch ring. According to writer **Gavin Edwards**, who should certainly know, once the pain subsides the questions begin: "What is the appropriate moment to tell an eager young woman that you're the boy with something extra?" (And be sure not to miss this month's pictorial "Julia & Annie" for the erotic female counterpart to penis piercing).... But for those who aren't quite ready for this ultimate in erotic stimulation, our "Smart Sex" columnist, **Dr. Judy Kuriansky**, suggests sharing the electricity of a vibrator with the one you love. She says "most women find that practice with vibrators makes them more uninhibited, creative, and responsive. Better yet, guys, enjoy the tool for your *own* excitation." Which leads us to the ultimate in twentieth-century obsession: self-love. Our indefatigable humor editor, **Bill Lee**, explores its various guises in his own (thankfully) inimitable fashion. For ourselves, we prefer to express our love of self in a kinder, gentler manner—by perusing the inexhaustible charms of our special Valentine's Day Pets, whose eternal allure will prove intoxicating long after today's trendiest fads have faded.

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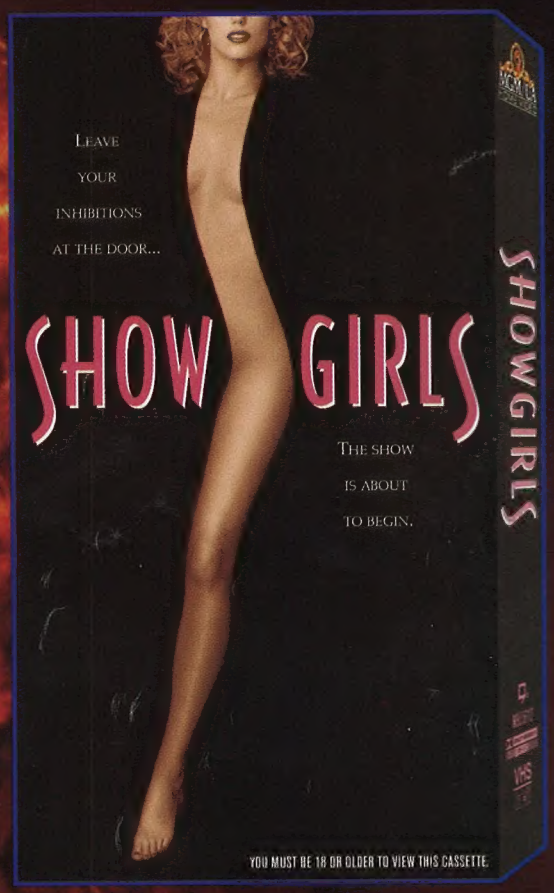

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Men's Lib

I've been inspired by the writer of your "Men's Rights" column, Sidney Siller, to share my feelings about a very important subject. I believe child support is discrimination against men. It is not the property of the children, but solely the property of the mother, your legal adversary. Most men don't seek child support or alimony because they think better of themselves than to be demanding "welfare" from a former mate. Most women do seek it, so in that way it's discriminatory.

I support anti-discriminatory changes in the law, as well as taking the divorce and personal-injury-suit incentives away from the lawyers. Our monopolistic legal profession writes its own laws for its own purposes. No wonder divorce and liability are the problems they are. One of the first things we have to do is to stop voting for lawyers. Your and my industries are not represented in government; there's only one industry that is, and it writes its own laws. In a divorce case there are six entities. In the order of their power they are: (1) the state, (2) the lawyers for each side, (3) the husband and wife, (4) the kids. It's a plain case of survival of the fittest. And who keeps the game going? The ones who profit! They have to be forced to change the system.

Here's a little quiz: Which came first: (a) the rise in the number of divorces, or (b) the rise in the number of lawyers? How much would a new washer for your cold-water faucet cost if plumbers wrote

the laws governing their industry, just as lawyers do theirs? (a) $44.95, or (b) one-third the value of your house? Why do they call it "child support" when it doesn't have to be used to support a child? (a) To make men who don't want to pay it look bad, or (b) see "a."—*David DeRosa, New York*

Keeping It Up

I'm a longtime reader of *Penthouse*. The women are gorgeous. The hetero and lesbian pictorials are also great, and I think they're done in very good taste. One thing that bothers me is the people who say porn is bad, but beauty is in the eye of the beholder. I also can't stand the S.O.B.'s who rape women and then blame it on porn. If these assholes have such a problem with porn, they shouldn't read it.

My girlfriend likes to look at *Penthouse*. She thinks it's a great magazine. We love each other very much and have a healthy sexual relationship. She says fuck those femmes who say that women in *Penthouse* are exploited; they don't have a clue. She would like to do a spread in *Penthouse* with another girl, or maybe two girls—she really enjoys making love. Well, thanks, and keep up the good work.—*Dennis and Becky, New Mexico*

Following Directions

When I got to the room and opened the door, Vivian was indeed lying on the bed as I had instructed her to. She looked beautiful, her hair to one side and her flowered cotton panties covering about half of her ass. Her legs were spread far apart, and I could see the outline of her pussy, and also that the cotton fabric had soaked up some of her cream. She was as hot as I was. I never thought I'd ever have a pussy other than my own to play with, but now I had one.

I took off my clothes, leaving

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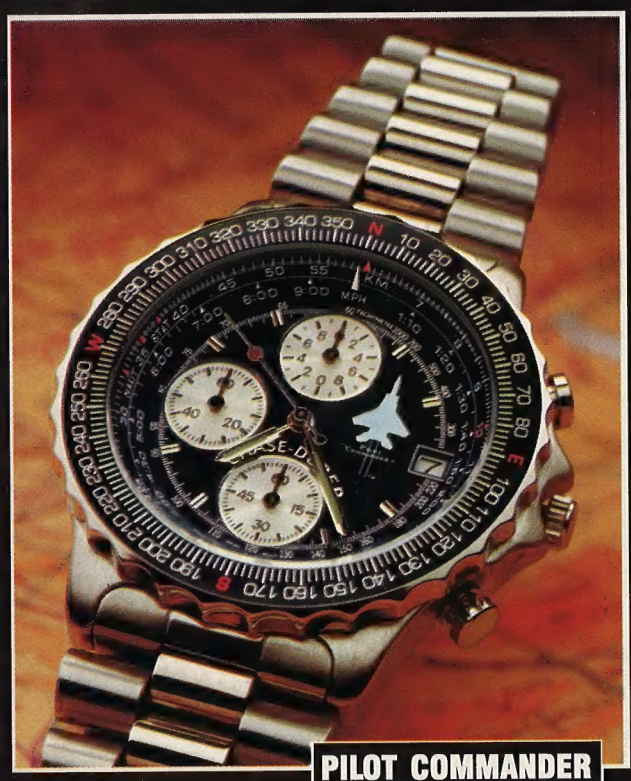
THEY CAN'T SPEAK BUT THEY SURE START A LOT OF CONVERSATIONS!



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FEBRUARY

my panties on, and sat beside her on the bed. I began to caress her soft skin, her back. I felt her ass and rubbed the insides of her thighs, gently touching her pussy through her panties with each stroke, making her moan a little. Her pussy felt so soft and sexy I didn't waste much time pulling down her panties and sliding them off her. To my surprise Vivian was completely shaven. I smelled her panties, and she was so fresh I licked the cotton crotch. I spread her legs and masturbated her. My fingers were soaked the moment I entered her love hole, another awesome experience.

I rubbed her engorged clit and fingered her pussy, then began to work a finger into her tight little ass hole. I wanted to eat her ass and pussy so bad it was nearly impossible not to, but I waited. I told her to roll over like a dog, and when she did she was smiling wickedly. Vivian spread her legs apart without my telling her to, offering herself to me. I kissed her tits and sucked her nipples, fingering her with a wet hand as she writhed beneath me. Then I kissed my way up to her mouth. My tongue split her already open lips, and we Frenchkissed. I could feel my saliva spilling freely into her mouth as we kissed, and that in itself turned me on. I like really wet kissing and enjoy my partner's saliva as well. If we'd continued like that, my desire to taste her pussy would have been too much and I would have gone down on her, so I pulled away and stood up.

I told Vivian to get down on her knees before me. She rolled off the bed and kneeled down. Really into it herself, she lined up her head with my wet crotch, and stared up at me with lust in her eyes. "Have you ever eaten pussy, Vivian?" I asked. "No," she said. I have a fat pussy by some standards and it bulges out a bit. I reached behind Vivian's head and pulled her face to my crotch. She tilted her head back willingly and opened her mouth, sucking me through my cotton panties. The feeling she gave me even then was unreal—her mouth was so soft, I thought I would come immediately. I pulled her head back before my knees buckled, and she smiled up at me. I told her to pull my panties off and clean them for me. She reached up with soft hands and slid her fingers under them, making me quiver. My panties were off in a second. Vivian turned them inside out and, while looking up at me, licked the moist crotch like a kitten lapping up milk from a saucer.

I maneuvered myself behind her and found that her pussy juice was actually streaming out of her. I licked her neck, then all the way down the middle of her back, and when I got down to her ass, I spread her cheeks apart and began to tongue her ass hole. I got into it and she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

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P0297

Searching for something more flavorful than wine by the glass? Give an aperitif a try.

APERITIFS

The next time you're at a bar or restaurant and about to order yet another glass of white wine, consider the alternative—an aperitif. Any wine that stimulates the appetite, from champagne to dry sherry, can serve as a

pre-dinner aperitif, but the name is most often applied to a group of flavored aromatic wines that range from vermouth—Cinzano and Martini & Rossi are among the most popular—to such well-known proprietary products as Lillet and Dubonnet. These aperitifs share two distinct virtues—they contain about half the alcohol of traditional spirits, and all have considerably more flavor than the usual wine-by-the-glass.

Not so long ago vermouth was pretty much confined to two classic cocktails—the Martini (gin and dry vermouth) and the Manhattan (whiskey and sweet vermouth). Today vermouth on the rocks with a twist is a good way to ease into an evening. Even Cin-Cin (equal parts Cinzano Rosso and Extra Dry, served on the rocks) is making a comeback; the drink was once so famous that "Cin-Cin," pronounced *chin-chin,* was as common a toast as "Cheers."

Lillet and Dubonnet, concocted in France in the nineteenth century, are usually enjoyed on the rocks, sometimes with a splash of club soda. Dubonnet has enough flavor to mix easily with cranberry, grapefruit, or orange juice. Lillet, with its hint of orange, often takes the place of dry vermouth in a Martini. At Lulu's, one of San Francisco's liveliest restaurants, the Vespers Martini is made with Bombay Sapphire gin, Stolichnaya vodka, and a dash of Lillet. And the Meltini, served at Denver's popular Mel's Bar & Grill, consists of Stolichnaya Ohranj and a dash of Lillet.

A couple of fashionable pre-dinner drinks that are not wine-based, and decidedly different in taste but just as enjoyable, are Italy's Campari and France's Alizé.—*Alexis Bespaloff*

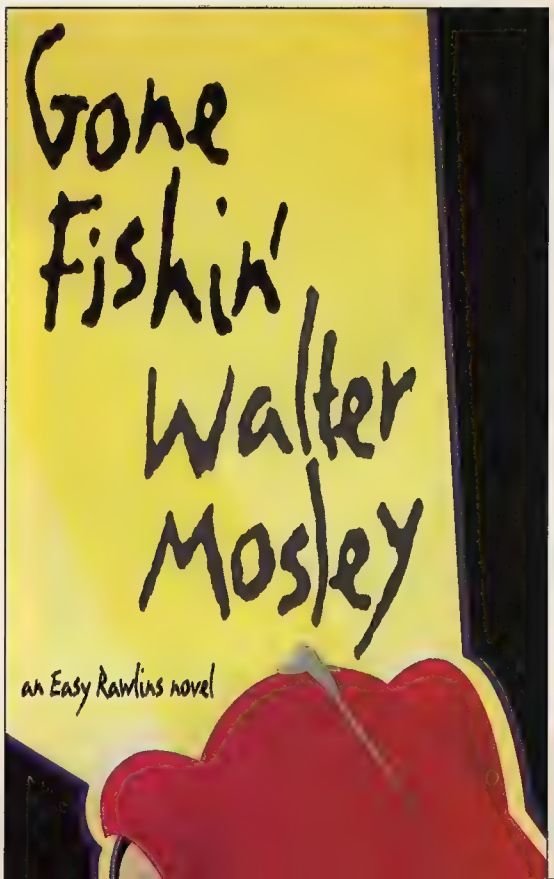
WORDS

Even readers who don't love mysteries (like this critic) will fall for Walter Mosley's smart, edgy blend of fiction and film noir, which centers on a black detective named Ezekiel "Easy" Rawlins. *Gone Fishin'* (Black Classic Press), the latest installment of Mosley's engaging series, is actually the writer's first novel, previously unpublished. A Los Angeles native now living in New York, Mosley is the author of six other books, two being the acclaimed *White Butterfly* and *Black Betty.* He decided to let Black Classic Press bring out *Gone Fishin'* because he wanted to help the small black-run publishing house.

Gone Fishin' is set in Houston in 1939, when Easy Rawlins is 19, trying to learn to read and yearning for his missing father. Easy reluctantly agrees to drive, in a borrowed Ford, his volatile friend Raymond "Mouse" Alexander to Pariah, Texas, so Mouse can extract from his stepfather the money the young man needs for his upcoming marriage to Etta Mae. The ride leads to two murders and Easy's lifelong love/hate relationship with the trouble-making Mouse, who seems to be part Satan and part saviour.

The writing isn't quite as eloquent as Mosley's later work, nor is the plot as well drawn and dazzling. Instead of sexy Daphne Monet from *Devil in a Blue Dress* (which was made into an equally dazzling movie starring Denzel Washington), here we meet a six-foot-tall weird old witch named Momma Jo (who forces herself on Easy), along with a cast of other believable but crazy and creepy characters.

Gone Fishin' provides intriguing insight into what motivates both the younger Easy and the now famous author, who jazzed up a tired genre and made it his own.—*Susan Shapiro*



TRAVEL

A cocoon of pure luxury, the Peninsula Hotel is the perfect place for Hong Kong watching.

Hong Kong's mythic Peninsula Hotel is already booked to the rafters for the week surrounding the momentous day when the British flag comes down and Asia's throbbing monument to capitalism falls into China's hands. But till the June 30th changing-of-the-guard and beyond, I can't imagine a cozier cocoon of luxury for Hong Kong watching than a deluxe $583 harbor-view suite in the Peninsula's soaring new 30-story tower, or even $360 digs in the original inn. (Exchange rates will affect prices.) By the time a money-green Silver Spurs III Rolls trundles you in from the airport, the doorman already knows your name—just a taste of the attention to detail you can expect at these prices. The Pen's famous pageboys fling open the door, and you're in that grand old lobby, sparklingly restored and regilded—a traditional local power scene and a must for late-afternoon tea.

Shop and explore till you drop. Ride the tram to The Peak for an eagle's-eye view of the harbor. Linger over dim sum tea in the Wan Loung Court, next door in the Kowloon hotel. Plan dinner at Fook Lam Moon or the Mandarin Oriental Hotel's Ma Wah or the Summer Palace in the Island Shangri-La Hotel. Or take the elevator to supper and a disco whirl in the Peninsula's own Philippe Starck–designed spaceship-like Felix. Fight off the tourist bends by swimming laps in the new pool with a roof that is open or closed depending on the weather. Or escape to your suite, a warren of high technology discreetly stashed in a setting of traditional Western comfort with Asian accents. Now for a champagne nightcap—soaking in the bubbles of your giant Jacuzzi-built-for-two with its own telly and stereo, mood lighting, and spectacular view of the harbor. Could a puritanical Cultural Revolution someday in the future banish such sensuous interludes for unpatriotic decadence? No one can predict where Hong Kong is headed. But the Peninsula's $200-million facelift is a significant bet that China is not about to sabotage its new crown jewel.—*Gael Greene*

SPORTS

They came from all over the globe for Battlecade's Extreme Fighting 3, the no-holds-barred competition held in Tulsa that was to pit masters of various martial arts against one another. There were champion fighters from the U.S., Japan, Russia, the Netherlands, France, and of course a large contingent from Brazil.

The main event featured Extreme Fighting Heavyweight Champion Marcus "Conan" Silveira, a Brazilian jiujitsu specialist, against World Heavyweight Kickboxing champion Maurice Smith of Bellevue, Washington. The three-round bout began with Conan getting a takedown on Smith. Then, to the delight of the crowd, Smith, the stand-up fighter, quickly took the champion to the canvas. In the third round Smith ended with kicks to the legs. Conan held his hands low.

Smith struck with a perfect high roundhouse kick to the head, and—wham!—Conan was out on

his feet. Maurice Smith became the new champion by knockout.

"The reversal was the best part for me," Smith said, because it showed "I can compete with the guys on the ground." He credited his training with shootwrestler Frank Shamrock of the Lion's Den, a submission-wrestling training center in Lockford, California, as being "very instrumental" in his success.

In other title matches the indomitable lightweight champion, Ralph Gracie of Brazil, easily won his bout. Middleweight champion Igor Zinoviev of Russia was held to a draw by California's John Lober in another thrilling fight.

Extreme Fighting 3 received widespread rave reviews. Typical was the reaction of Frank James, publisher of the influential martial-arts newsletter "Vale Tudo News." "It's the best no-holds-barred show I've ever seen," he commented, citing the quality of the fighters and the evenness of the matchups.

The event was also welcomed by the state in which it took place. "We're proud to have it in Oklahoma," said Jimmy Hall, state boxing administrator and head of the commission that sanctioned the fights. The highlight of the post-fight revelries was legendary grappler "Judo" Gene LeBell demonstrating his sleeper hold on eager volunteers, including several Penthouse Pets.

Videotapes of this card of the year, which was shown live on pay-per-view, will be released for sale shortly.—*Eddie Goldman*

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

CANDY SWEET

My wife and I have been married for three years, and things couldn't be better with our sex life. We were both virgins when we got married. Well, almost ... I guess I have to say we were both virgins until two or three weeks before we were married. My wife comes from a very religious background, where sex was considered "evil" and was never discussed. Because of this there were some pretty slow months when we were dating. I, on the other hand, didn't really have much to do with religion when I was growing up. I was always dreaming and fantasizing about what I wanted to do with the beautiful girls in school. I was incredibly shy, and never had the nerve to ask these girls out, let alone make a move on them.

But I had book knowledge. I read everything I could on sex, sexual techniques, and especially your column. My learning really made things hot, once my wife and I got over our initial bouts of awkwardness.

This could just be a letter of thanks for people like you being out there to help make sex a little bit more fun and/or exciting for people, but it's not. You see, my wife and I are trying to pass some of our knowledge about sexual techniques along to others who really need it. We want to start classes or seminars for couples who'd like to spice up their private lives. But we don't know how to go about it. Do we need to get a degree in anything? Take some classes or seminars from other people first? And if so, who from, and how do we get in touch with them?

My wife and I are already the sexperts when it comes to our friends. We get more questions about sex than anyone I know. Our advice always seems to get good feedback, and our sex books are always getting borrowed. We want to talk to others about this. We believe people would flock to seminars on sex if the classes were small and intimate.

I have one story I want to share with your readers. A few months ago my wife and I took a look at some of our old copies of Penthouse. *In the 25th Anniversary Issue there was a pictorial of two beautiful ladies with ice dildoes. My wife and I searched every sex shop in our little city to find something like it, but struck out. Finally in an act of desperation I filled a condom with water and froze it. (Actually I froze three; two broke before they froze all the way.) It was one of the most interesting experiences of our sex life. The contrast of hot and cold made for the most wonderful sensations.*

But the new toy I truly want to talk about was even better. My wife and I were buying Christmas decorations, and were going through the checkout line of a large craft store. They had those huge 14-inch-long candy canes—not your typical ones with a hook on the end, but straight ones, about one and a half inches thick. I picked one up, and my wife immediately smiled and put it in our basket. We rushed home and went straight for the stick. I tell you, the sensations you get from peppermint are stimulating and numbing. After a candy-cane fuck no one can say your pussy stinks or tastes bad. It may be a little sticky, but if you lick enough it goes away. The numbing effect of the peppermint even made me last longer than normal. The only complaint I got from my wife was that she had a red streak in her panties the next day from the dye. But as far as I'm concerned, a little red dye was worth the pleasure we got from this old-fashioned Christmas treat.—M. M., California

The best way to disseminate your ideas on sexual practices, or on the meaning of life, or how to prepare tumbleweed for the table, is to write a book

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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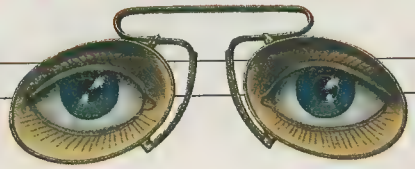


SMART-ASS GIFTS

By Emily Prager

We've all read about the new "smart" gadgets—things like eyeglasses for blind people that can actually "tell" them where they are going. Recently technology designers came up with an entirely new advance—the "smart-ass" gadget, which enhances your existence by denigration and sarcasm—something that's become a way of life for many Americans. This Valentine's Day we offer, for your edification, the following "smart-ass gadgets for the lovelorn":

• **The Smart-ass Answerphone,** a perfect gift for the neurotic submissive who adores hostile people. This miraculous machine with phone plus answering capability gives you all the information you're dreading to hear. A tiny sensor in the receiver allows it to know and tell you things like: "She's there, she hears your message, but she's not picking up. She's avoiding you, you fool!" Or: "The person who called and did not leave a message wasn't her, okay, jerk? She's never called you and she never will. It was your mother … *again*."

• **The Smart-ass Bed.** Its phenomenal mattress is equipped with tiny chips that make the phrase "If only this bed could talk" a reality. Equally fabulous for paranoids and those in denial, the bed tells you things like: "While you were on your business trip, three humans had sex on me, and two of them were fashion models. The third one seemed to be your husband, but he was a lot more inventive than usual." Or: "A woman masturbated on your side this morning. It was your maid. She does it every time she cleans." Or: "Your girlfriend knelt on me last night and exposed herself to the guy across the street." Or: "Yes, of course he slept with someone here last night. Want to guess who it was? Your sister."

• **The Smart-ass Clothing Label.** Truly a twenty-first-century invention—a clothing label that knows who wore the clothes it is sewn into. Wonderful for the innocent sap who hasn't a clue. It tells its owner such tidbits as: "You're not the first girl who's worn his shirt to bed, and you certainly won't be the last. Wise up." Or: "I'm clean because she gave me to him to wear home after they had oral sex behind your back and he took me to the cleaners. Sorry." Or: "See the little hole near the third button—it's from the cigarette of that slut, your next-door neighbor. Figure the rest out yourself, idiot."

• **The Smart-ass Credit Card.** This allows you to rack up free hours at your lawyer's with every purchase. It knows the circumstances of every charge, and can tell you such facts as: "This dinner was with a hooker he picked up in the hotel bar and then brought to his room for a fingertip massage. He told her you don't understand him." Or: "She stays at this motel because it's near the office of this guy she gets it on with every time she goes to Chicago. The four dinners at Josephine's Romantic Hideaway you see listed, she had with him. They've been having this affair since '93." Or: "This rental car he drove to see his old girlfriend from high school, who just got a divorce. They made plans for the weekend at the ski lodge you see listed two columns down that he told you was the location of a managerial conference—which never took place." Or: "Your media adviser took a well-known call girl to his hotel and told her all your intimate secrets. She is, as you read this, selling her story to the tabloids."

A sensor in the phone tells you your girlfriend knows it's you calling, but she's not picking up.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

CASTING THE FIRST STONE

By Ben Stein

If I did have the chance to be unethical, I might well do it. I am very far from being immune to temptation.

Almost every day there is a story in the newspaper about someone in a position of high authority doing wrong. Just in the political arena we've had Dick Morris, a hired gun who worked for liberal and conservative alike, caught sucking the toes of a prostitute. Then there was Roger Stone, a Republican strategist, apparently advertising on-line for sex partners.

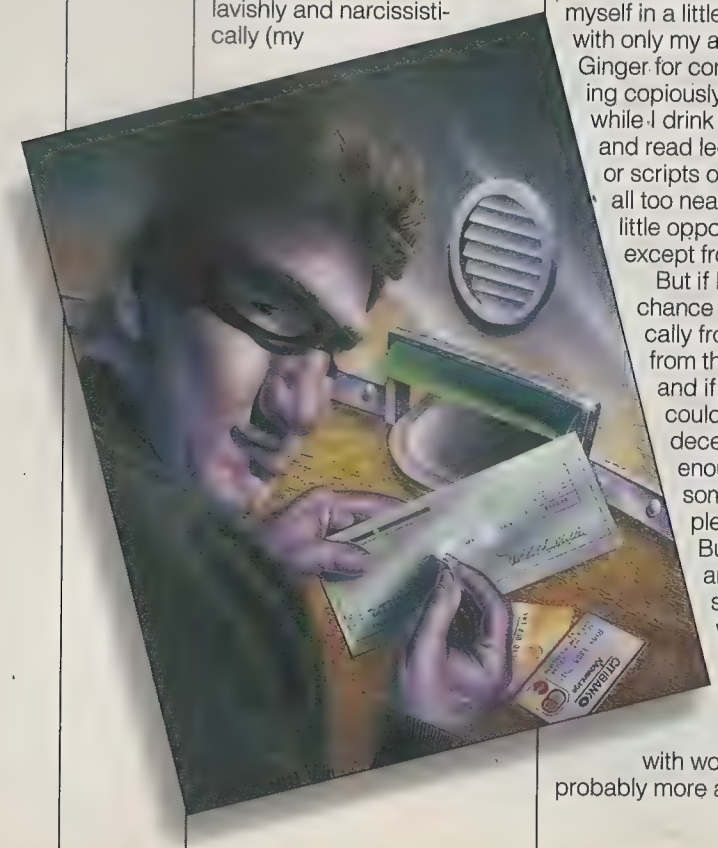
And Washington pales in comparison to my beloved hometown. Books seem to be published every week about Hollywood players who use drugs, have relationships with women not their wives, spend lavishly and narcissistically (my faves are stars who insist that they have to shower only in Evian while on location—I swear I am not making that up), and lord it over people who deserve better.

But what I keep thinking about is casting the first stone. Or, more immediately, I keep thinking what hell I would be in if I were so important that someone would follow me around day by day, minute by minute, to record the bad things I do.

In my youth I did some very bad things. I was fully, and I mean fully, involved in the hippie culture. In my darker hours I keep thinking that nothing I have heard about Bill Clinton even compares with things I did myself when I was younger—and sometimes not that much younger.

I operate usually all by myself in a little apartment with only my ancient dog Ginger for company, she farting copiously on one chair while I drink diet root beer and read legal documents or scripts on another chair all too nearby. So I have little opportunity to steal, except from Ginger.

But if I did have the chance to take unethically from clients or from the government, and if it looked as if I could cloak the deception well enough, the way some of the people at Drexel Burnham did, I am bound to say that I might well do it. I am very far from immune to temptation.



Likewise with women. I am probably more addicted to the sight and presence of beautiful women than anyone I know. There is nothing that Stone or Morris or Clinton have done or been accused of doing that is very far from my thoughts, wishes, and fantasies at any given time … especially late at night or early in the morning.

I am not suggesting we should just forget what bad things top dogs do. I am suggesting that there are breadcrumb sins, as Bob Dylan called them, that are small and annoying but insignificant. Then there are truly big sins that are worth paying attention to. I am sad that high officials of the country are adulterers, but not very sad. I am extremely sad that high officials of the government lied cruelly to Gulf War veterans about chemical weapons ruining their lives through our government's own incompetence. I am sad that Hillary might have cheated on her income tax by a small amount, but I am really furious that there is even a slight chance the C.I.A. colluded in selling crack in South Central Los Angeles.

As human beings we all have weaknesses. That's not an excuse, but it is context. Humans in civilization have no excuse for killing innocent people, whether strangers or family. There is no excuse for killing soldiers on our own side with either intent or negligence, or for wrecking the lives of those already least fortunate. Lust, greed, self-obsession: These things strike me as basic and probably ineradicable. Maiming and killing the innocent: Maybe that's where we in the media should concentrate our moral firepower. And after we have made all that obsolete, then we'll have time to work on the smaller stuff.

GUERRILLA DATING

By Joe Bob Briggs

I've never had a girl who likes to swallow. Of course I'm only 19 years old, so I guess there's plenty of time. I had one girlfriend who would sometimes go down on me, but she did this weird spitting thing at the end. Am I too influenced by porno films? Do women who do this in real life secretly hate it?—Tim T., Minneapolis

Dear Tim:

That "weird spitting thing" is something that's actually *taught,* believe it or not. Some women hate the taste. Some women believe you can get AIDS that way (no documented cases, though). Some women just plain don't like it. But there are many women who do like it. There are women who say they love it. And there are women who really do love it. When you find one of those, be very good to her. You'll never forget the feeling.

To tell the truth, the ones who love it are generally the ones who love *you.* The worst thing you can do is talk about it, ask for it, direct it. Wait for it to happen.

Is there any way to actually meet a Penthouse Pet? Do they get the mail you send to the magazine?—Kevin T., Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Dear Kevin:

A couple years ago Kevin Eastman stood in line at a bookstore in Hollywood to meet Penthouse Pet of the Year Julie Strain. She was so taken with him that last year they got married. Kevin had a few advantages that the average guy doesn't have. As the creator of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, he's a millionaire several times over. But Julie claims she was impressed that he went out of his way to meet her.

Letters, on the other hand, generally don't work. The girls get so many of them, and it's impossible to tell anything about the person who's writing. Multiple letters are an especially bad idea, because of stalker types. If you do meet a nude model, act like you don't *know* she's a nude model. She'll trust you more that way. I don't know why this is true, but trust me, it's true.

I'm intrigued by the ads offering beautiful young girls from the Philippines or Russia who want to meet older American men. I'm in my fifties and starting to lose a little hair, so the singles-bar scene is no longer an option. Are these things legit, or just another way to take the lonely guy's hard-earned cash?—Walter V., Karnes City, Texas

Dear Walter:

The first thing you gotta face is the simple facts of the matter: These are desperate women. They're living in poor countries, and the main thing they want is a visa to the States. Sometimes they're being pressured into this by their families; the plan is for the pretty young girl to snag a rich American guy, move to the U.S., and send back big bucks to the relatives.

When they do hook up, it's usually with desperate men. Once the novelty wears off, the domestic arguments can be *brutal.* And no matter what the brochure tells you about foreign women being "more docile and loving" than American gals, the fact is, *they learn fast.* Watch how quickly they learn to pronounce the words "shopping mall."

But most of the operations are legit. Mostly what they offer is post-office addresses for the girls. You exchange letters and photos. If things work out you hop a plane to Manila or Moscow. And when you get there you often find out that there are lots of *other* girls who know you're coming. But the deal is gonna be a toughie: No marriage, no nookie. You better be dang sure before you try this. And if you're expecting the girl to fall in love with you, be realistic.

Joe Bob Briggs, the notorious drive-in movie critic of Grapevine, Texas, answers your questions about dating in the nineties. You can write to him at P.O. Box 2002, Dallas, Texas 75221, fax him at (213) 462-5982, or e-mail him at http://www.penthousemag.com or at 76702.1435@compuserve.com.

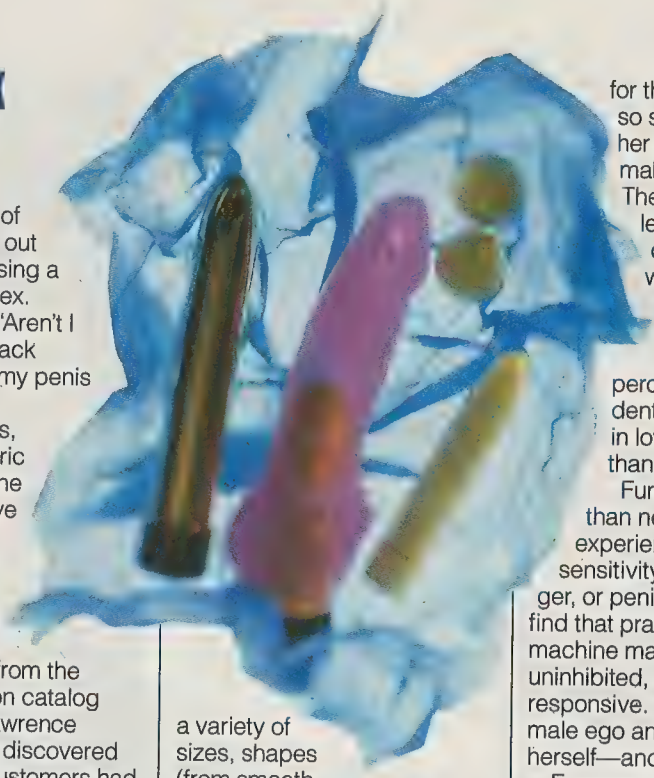
No matter what the brochure tells you about foreign women being "more docile and loving," the fact is, *they learn fast.*

VIEW FROM THE TOP

SMART SEX

By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

Come on, guys, sex can be more electric, jolted by the vibes of the love machine.



I hear from a lot of men who freak out over a woman using a vibrator during sex. Duane worried, "Aren't I a good lover?" Jack protested, "Isn't my penis big enough?"

Come on, guys, sex can be electric if you welcome the payoffs of the love machine.

Surveys show more couples are plugging in for good sex. Using a sample from the Xandria Collection catalog database, the Lawrence Research Group discovered that one in five customers had tried a sex toy with a partner, and two-thirds had used one in masturbation. Another study reported 50 million Americans find sex toys appealing. Though users cross all ages and backgrounds, a typical profile is a married, college-educated female who votes Republican.

What's the draw? Spice, variety, and even orgasm. Vibrators burst onto the scene in the early 1970s with the women's-liberation movement, when therapists like me ran groups to teach women to orgasm in only ten weeks. The vibrator's constant stimulation of the clitoris got women past the hump when they would ordinarily pull their hand away or make their partner stop. Women also learned to peak with a partner by poising the gadget on their clitoris while being pleasured with his tongue, fingers, or penis.

The happy helpers come in a variety of sizes, shapes (from smooth phallic cylinders to lifelike veiny molds), and materials (rigid plastic to pliable latex), from battery-run insertable dildos (with attachments) to electric wands with bulbous rotating heads, sold as body massagers in sex catalogs (see ads in this issue), shops, or department stores.

Beginners should start with a simple model, on slow speed. For a more advanced "double whammy," Justine inserts a dildo, and holds an electric body massager over her clitoris. Julie is a "post-grad": The latex phallus of her Vibratex Rabbit Pearl gyrates while ball bearings twist at the base and latex rabbit ears vibrate against her clitoris.

Another big fear: Will she get addicted? Lisa did; after many dates insisted she suck them off but left her hanging, she preferred staying home with her machine. Others, like Patrice, fake orgasm and wait for the guy to shower so she can take out her trusty machine and make herself come. These women need to learn more trust and communication with men. But fear not, the Lawrence survey shows that only 13 percent of respondents included the toy in lovemaking more than half the time.

Furthermore, rather than needing you less, or experiencing decreased sensitivity to a mouth, finger, or penis, most women find that practice with the machine makes them more uninhibited, creative, and responsive. So put aside your male ego and she'll please herself—and you—better.

Evan was happy that during his business trips his girlfriend, Julie, kept busy with her Big Boy toy instead of some real-life boy toy. Each trip he added a surprise (scented oils, fur-lined restraints) to her toy chest.

Better yet, guys, enjoy the toy for your own relaxation and excitation. Rub it all over, going lightly on the delicate penis and scrotum, but including stomach, thighs, buttocks, and even anal opening.

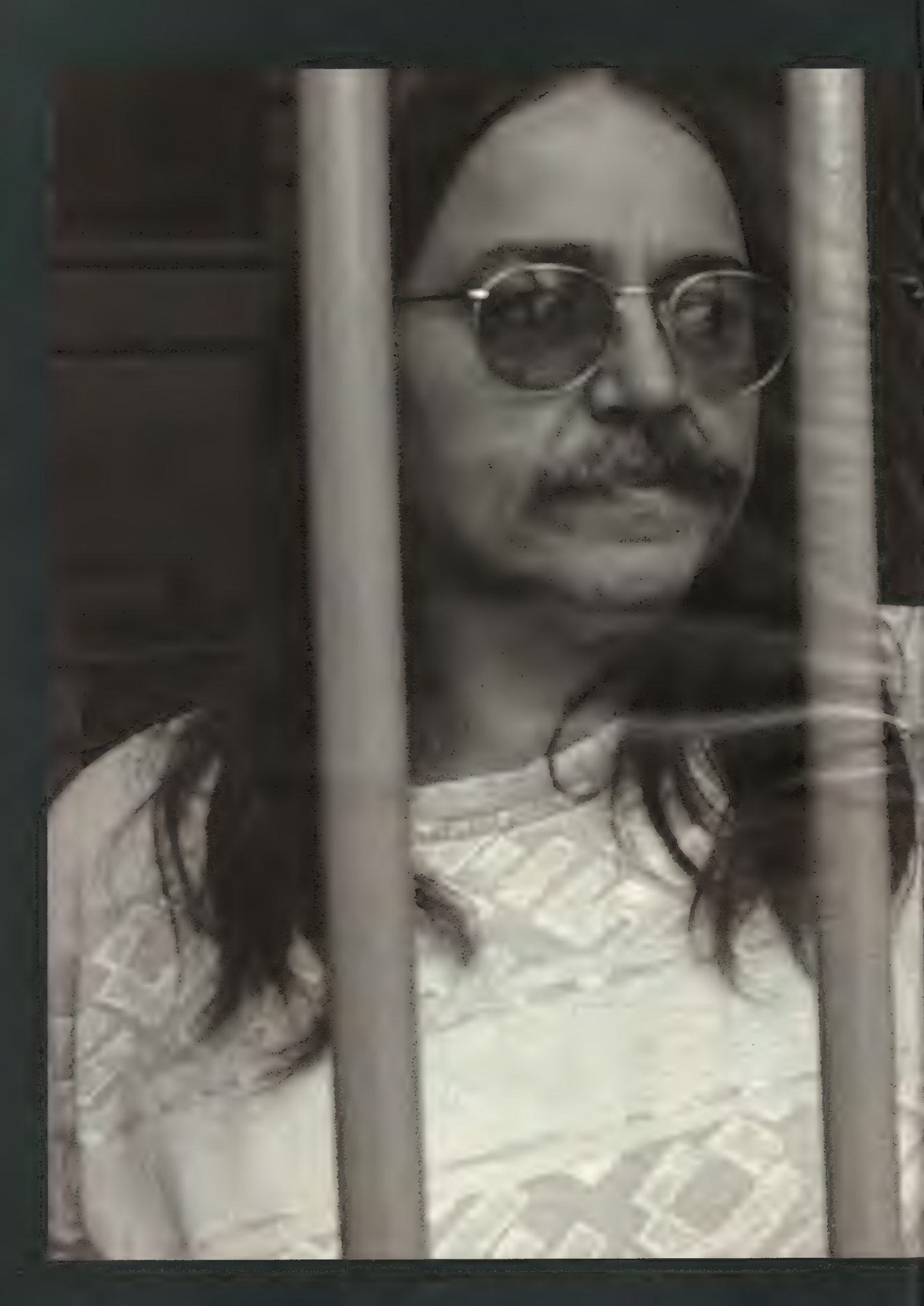
A bonus: Nobody ever got pregnant from using a vibrator. And they're safer than penetration, as long as you wash them thoroughly and lubricate to avoid tearing sensitive tissues.

Consider a vibrator as a Valentine's Day gift, along with you cooing "I want you," "You feel so good," and "I'll never leave you"—before clever Japanese manufacturers come up with some love machine that talks too.

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS

"One of us has to go, Robert, either me or your jockey shorts."



Article by Richard Stratton

LOCKDOWN!

Photographs by Chris Cozzone

With more than 1.5 million men and women locked up in the United States, we now imprison the largest percentage of our population of any nation in the world. A record 90,000 new prisoners entered state and federal correctional institutions in 1995. A whole raft of politically driven get-tough-on-crime measures—mandatory sentences for petty drug offenses, three-strikes-you're-out laws, the abolishment of parole and time off for good behavior, the elimination of education and rehabilitation programs—has turned our prisons into pressure cookers full of angry, desperate people who feel they have been singled out to suffer for society's sins.

In October 1995 rioting broke out at more than 20 federal prisons—the most widespread and costly uprisings the American penal system

Why should we care about these low-life criminals? Wh

has ever experienced. Seventy federal joints across the country were locked down in a state of emergency. The unprecedented rash of violence resulted in dozens of injuries to prisoners and staff, and cost tens of millions of dollars in damages, overtime, and lost revenue from closed Federal Prison Industries factories. Touched off by Congress's rejection of proposed modifications of mandatory drug-sentencing laws, the riots afford a frightening look at the impending crisis in America's burgeoning prison-industrial complex.

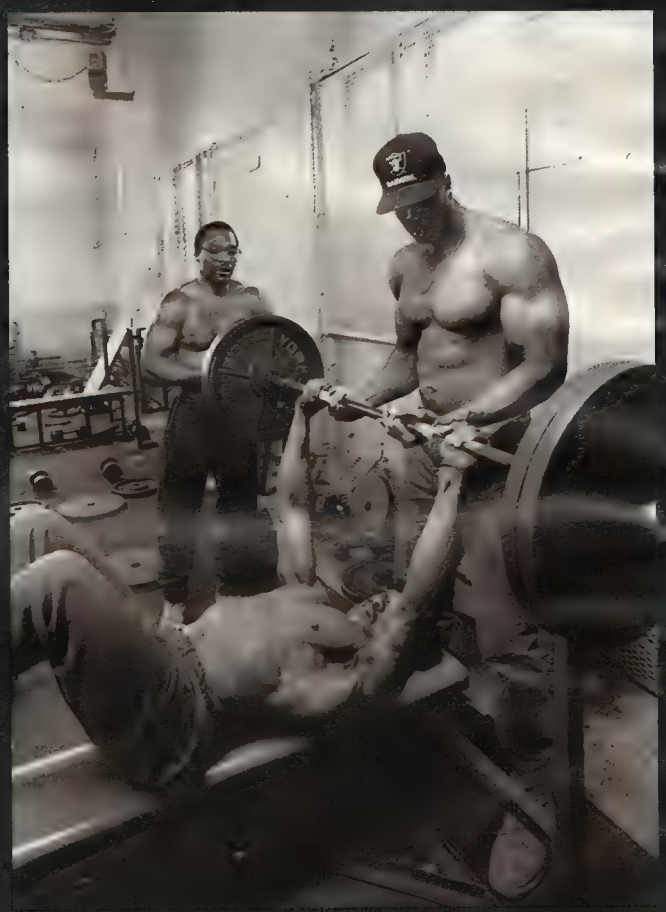
But why should we care about these low-life criminals, you ask; who gives a damn about a bunch of vicious, predatory animals? Let them rot in cages. Don't do the crime if you can't do the time.

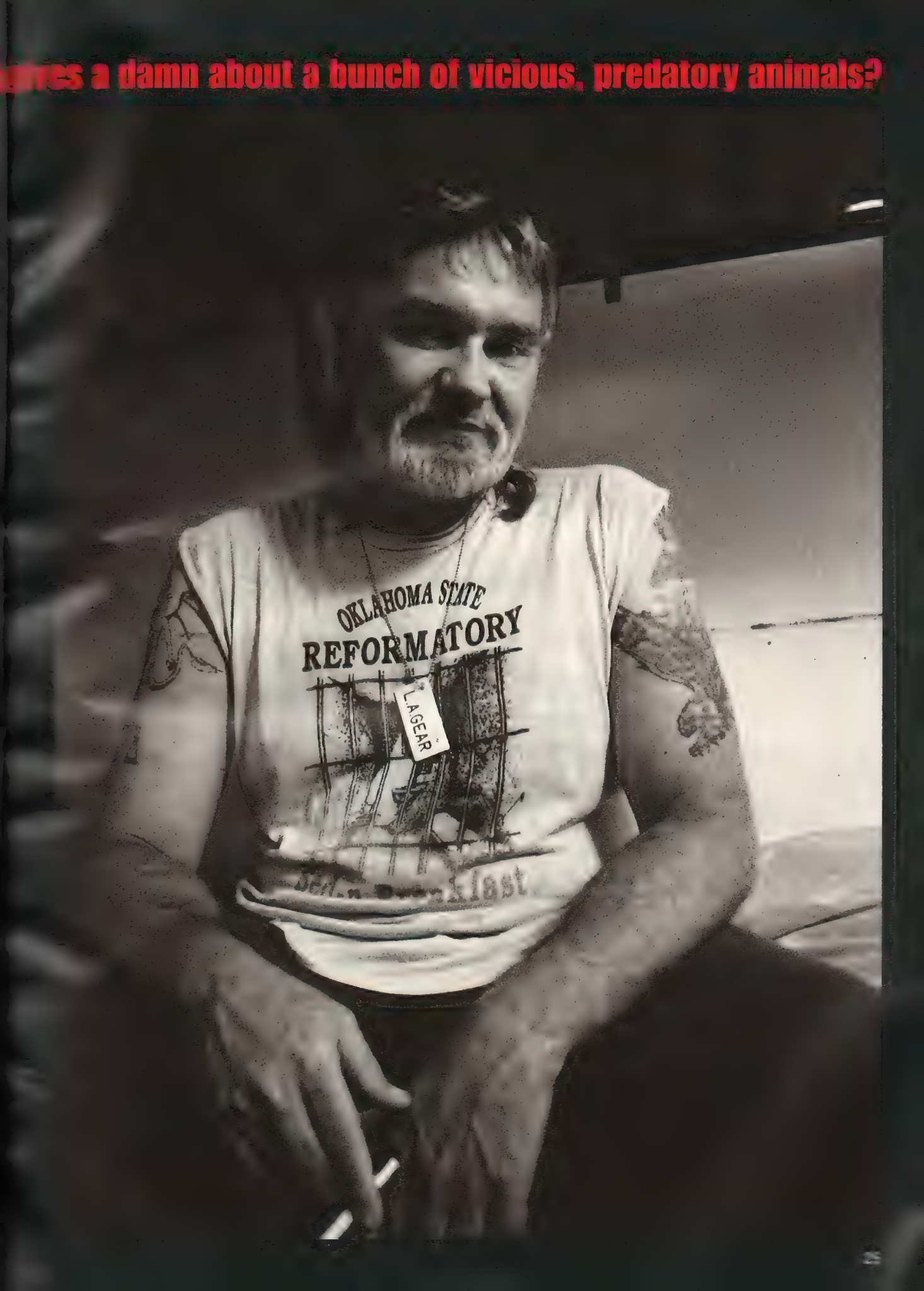
The issue is more complicated than that.

Increasingly our proliferating prison population is made up of nonviolent, first-time drug offenders serving sentences that are longer than those given to rapists and killers. Women in jail on drug charges, mostly minor players caught up in a life of addiction and low-level dealing, are the fastest-growing incarcerated segment. People serving time for drug-related crimes now account for nearly three-quarters of all those locked up.

The Russian novelist Dostoyevski, who himself served time as a political prisoner, wrote, "The degree of civilization in a society is revealed by entering its prisons." We want our prisons to confine violent, predatory psychopaths. But do we want merely incapacitation, isolation, and punishment for each and all of those whom we label criminals? Because the prison business is one of our fastest-growing industries, we need to ask ourselves what product these institutions are turning out. Are prisons actually making people worse rather than better? If so, then prisons are doing us all more harm than good.

Last year marked the 25th anniversary of the uprising at Attica in New York state, still this country's deadliest prison riot, with more than 40 inmates and staff killed by state police retaking the area—the largest number of Americans killed by American gunfire in one incident since the Civil War. After Attica a number of reforms were instituted across the country. Now, with the recently passed Prison Reform Litigation Act and the whole slew of get-tough mandates, the message from Washington is clear: No mercy. Except when it's one of their own. Oliver North skated through on evidence that would have brought a conviction and life sentence to someone without government connections. Gang warfare rules at the highest as well as the lowest levels of our society, and if you are not with the right gang you can be killed or go to prison. (Remember, these are the same people who gave us the Cold War and Vietnam.) The well connected make a lot of money while the less fortunate are sacrificed and




cares a damn about a bunch of vicious, predatory animals?
OKLAHOMA STATE
REFORMATORY
L.A.GEAR

the average taxpayer gets fleeced.

I spent eight years—from 1982 to 1990—in federal maximum- and medium-security prisons for smuggling pot. I was lucky. Originally sentenced to 25 years without parole, I became a jailhouse lawyer. Because the judge had stipulated on the record that she was giving me more time for my refusal to "cooperate" with the government—in other words, rat on my friends—I was able to persuade an appellate court that my sentence was coercive rather than punitive. Had I been sentenced under mandatory guidelines enacted during the years I was locked up, I would have received life with no parole for a nonviolent conspiracy to traffic in weed.

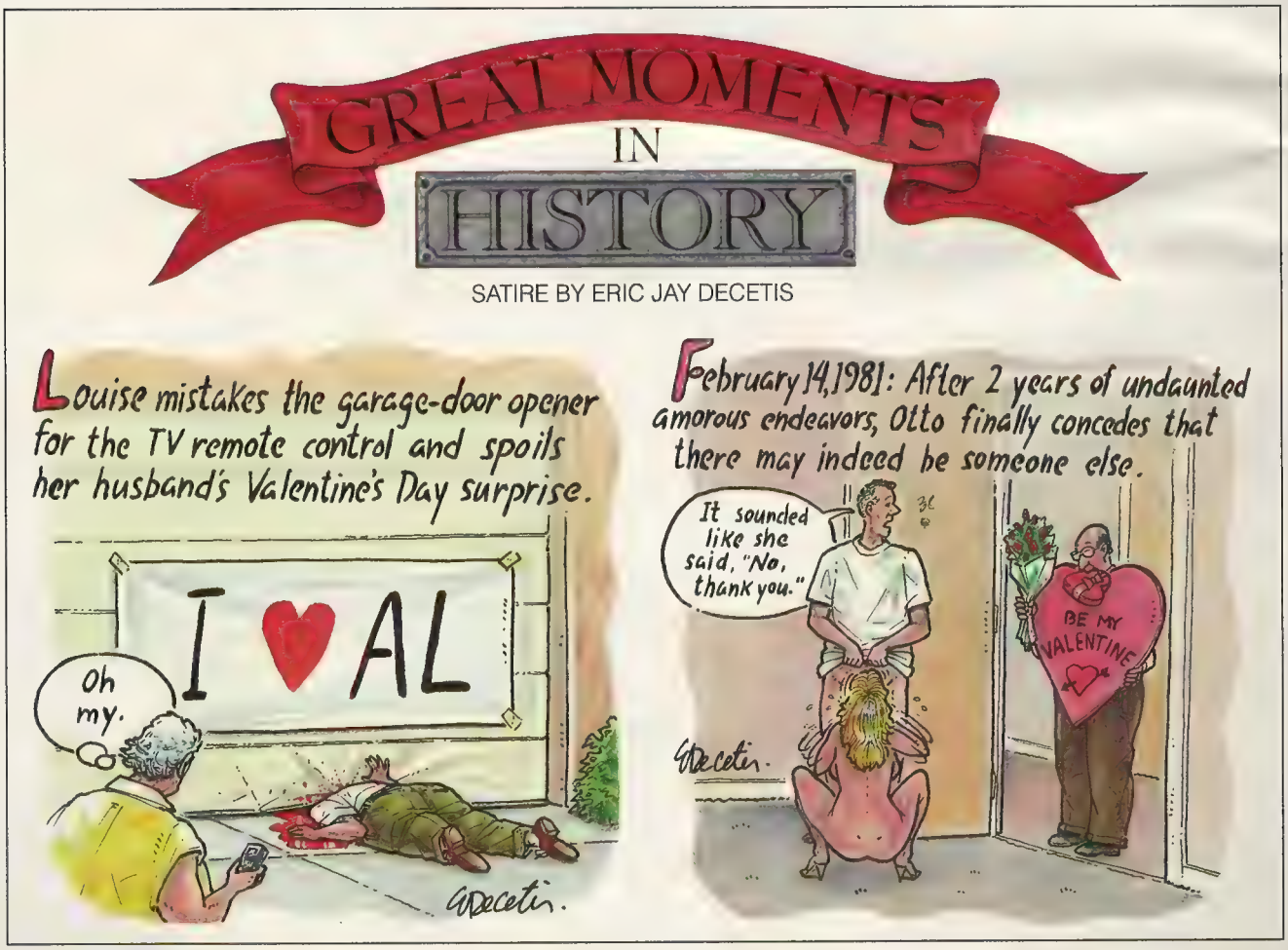
I was a middle-class white boy who grew up in the suburbs of Boston, steeped in the marijuana subculture of the sixties—an exception to the rule of who usually winds up in prison. When I was locked up I had all the advantages of education, money, friends and family who supported me, and the emotional and intellectual wherewithal to make the best of a bad situation. Since my release from prison a little more than six years ago I have been active in criminal-justice and prison reform. I married ex-convict Kim Wozencraft, a former undercover narcotics cop who fell while fighting on the front lines of the drug war. Together we put out a magazine, *Prison Life, the Voice of the Convict.* We stay in close touch with a number of convicts and ex-cons around the country, and publish their art, writing, opinion.

During my sojourn in the American gulag I learned that crime pays. It pays for the hordes of lawyers, cops, and other law-enforcement agents, judges, and prison officials who make their living off the men and women in penitentiaries. It pays for the people who build prisons, for the companies that provide goods and services to prisoners, and for the politicians who win votes by whipping up public fear of crime. And it pays big-time for drug kingpins, mob killers, and millionaire white-collar criminals willing to trade the lives of others along with a portion of their own illegally gotten gains for reduced prison time.

I learned during my stint in some of America's most notorious joints that most of our prisons are far from the country clubs we hear denounced by get-tough-on-crime politicians. More and more prisoners must pay for every aspect of their upkeep, including soap and aspirin, and their wages are docked for fines, court costs, restitution. Meanwhile educational programs that once offered a glimmer of hope to convicts looking for a way to turn their lives around have all been cut. Our prisons are awash with drugs and weapons, and riddled with bribe-taking guards who smuggle drugs and weapons to prisoners and encourage violence.

My first weekend as a prisoner I spent at the infamous Los Angeles City Jail, named the "Glass House" because the walls of the holding tanks are made of thick Plexiglas so guards can see what's going on inside without having to enter. There I lived for three days in one of those tanks with more than a hundred other men, all of them black or Mexican except me and another white guy. The tank also held two open, overflowing broken toilets amid a big puddle of piss and shit. At breakfast the second day guards used their truncheons to beat bloody a crazy guy who sat laughing to himself over his food; he was breaking the silence-at-meals rule.

On Monday, after the judge set my bail at $15 million, I was taken to "the hole" at Terminal Island, the federal prison in San Pedro, California, where I spent two days in a dark, filthy, slimy, damp cell listening to detoxing junkies retch and howl day and night. In eight years I never got used to having guards order me to strip, bend over, and "spread 'em" so they could look up my ass hole. I did learn to stifle any sign of emotion that might cause guards or other prisoners to perceive me as weak.


GREAT MOMENTS
IN
HISTORY
SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS
Louise mistakes the garage-door opener for the TV remote control and spoils her husband's Valentine's Day surprise.
I ♥ AL
Oh my.
Decetis.
February 14, 1981: After 2 years of undaunted amorous endeavors, Otto finally concedes that there may indeed be someone else.
It sounded like she said, "No, thank you."
BE MY VALENTINE
Decetis.

What Does GOD Look Like?

Text and Illustrations by Ori Hofmekler

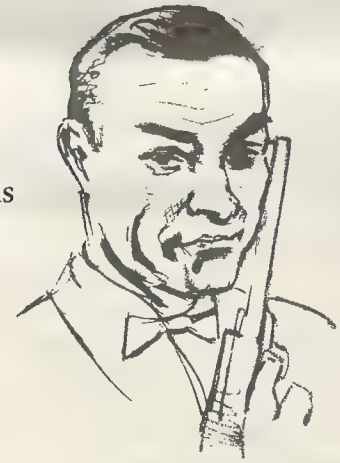
Did you ever go for a job interview where the interviewer looked like someone who probably would never, ever like you? That's what I feel when I look at these old historical pictures of God. This "grumpy old man" image really scares the shit out of me. If this is God, then I'm doomed.

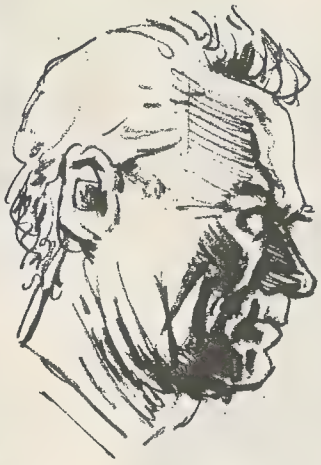
God
(Michelangelo)
16th Century

God
(Dirk Van Delf)
15th Century

God
(Hieronimus Bosch)
15th Century

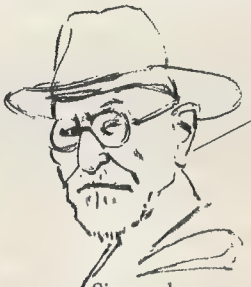
Since nobody knows exactly what God looks like, he might very well look like

this 

or this. 

Traditionally God was always carrying a weapon and saying something like "Make my day."

God was always portrayed as angry and unsatisfied. Any shrink would tell you that something must be wrong when someone is always unsatisfied.



Sigmund

"Suppressed libido can lead to psychotic behavior."

To be continued ...

In the late eighties, as the prison population exploded, I was transferred, with several busloads of other prisoners, from Petersburg, Virginia, to Raybrook in upstate New York. It was a grueling trip, 20-plus hours in handcuffs, shackles, and chains. On one of the buses, according to a widely told story, a lieutenant wrapped a mouthy prisoner in a thick layer of masking tape to shut him up. The man died of suffocation. (When asked by *Penthouse* to comment on this, Bill Bechtold, public-affairs spokesperson for the Bureau of Prisons, said he had heard about the incident and believed the guard in question had been prosecuted, but refused to give further details, citing the Privacy Act.)

When we arrived I and several other high-security prisoners—I was considered a "sophisticated" criminal, and my long sentence made me an escape risk—were thrown in "the hole." We were kept there 24 hours a day for a week just to let us know that in case any of us were thinking of complaining about the treatment we received in transit we could expect even harsher retaliation.

For what may be the first time in the history of U.S. prison riots, the October 1995 uprising was a protest not just about prison conditions but also the political forces that put people there. According to letters and affidavits I've received from convicts at different joints, what began as nonviolent work strikes to protest disparity in crack–versus–powdered cocaine sentencing erupted into full-scale rioting when Bureau of Prisons staff overreacted, ordered an emergency lockdown, and sent in black-clad, baton-wielding Special Operations Response Teams. My correspondents, most of whom had not participated in the demonstrations—told of beatings, gassings with tear gas and Mace, and hours of torture.

"After we were handcuffed and shackled," Joseph L. Davis, a prisoner at the Federal Correctional Institution at Greenville, Illinois, wrote in a letter he sent to me as well as to various members of Congress and B.O.P. Director Kathleen Hawk, "the officers at Greenville, in the presence of two prison officials, called out inmate Tommy Scott from the bullpen and beat him with a baton and sprayed him with pepper Mace. After he passed out, they carried him to the front of the bus and threw him on the ground, where they had another 15 or so inmates that had been beaten and sprayed with pepper Mace.... I thought Greenville was bad, but nothing could have prepared me for what awaited us at U.S.P. Leavenworth."

From Greenville, hundreds of prisoners, mostly African-Americans, were trussed up in special handcuffs (known as the "black box"), leg irons, and belly chains, put on buses, and shipped to the famous Kansas penitentiary. Upon their arrival at Leavenworth, they were treated to a traditional welcome known as "the gauntlet." Another Greenville prisoner, Richard Pruden, a white bank robber with more than half of a 13-year sentence under his belt, sent me his account of the Leavenworth beatings. Pruden says that when he hobbled down from the bus at Leavenworth, two guards dressed in combat fatigues grabbed him, one on each arm. They yanked him off his feet and ran him through a series of doors into the bowels of the penitentiary. At each doorway the guards veered to the side, smashing Pruden into the concrete-and-steel doorjambs. "There were a few old guys, a few lames, and one guy who had no teeth and no stomach and weighed about 120 pounds at five feet three," Pruden says. "They beat them just like everyone else." Pruden says he was carried to a holding cell, slammed against the wall, and told not to move or he would have his head bashed in. "I stood there as unmoving as I could for several hours."

Joseph Davis, who was on a bus that arrived before Pruden's, told in his letter of a similar reception. "I was dragged off the bus by my handcuffs and through this gauntlet of men with batons and gloves on," he wrote. "I was punched and beat as I passed, and after reaching the inside I was slammed into a brick wall and told to keep my nose on the wall. And the statement was made: 'So you want to riot, nigger?' I went to say I had nothing to do with the riot. I was told, 'Nigger, shut the fuck up, *now*!' Still being held by my handcuffs, I was slammed into an iron gate. Now there were people all around me, begging and crying for them not to beat them anymore."

The "welcome" lasted at least five hours. Pruden wrote that he was then "transported by two officers who more or less carried me briskly through the penitentiary and placed me in a cell." Later he got a visit from the warden, who told him, "Lie down and lick your nuts. You were lucky they didn't break your wrists."

The worsening of a bad scene all began on October 18, 1995, when the House of Representatives voted overwhelmingly to reject a recommendation by the Federal Sentencing Commission to modify the great disparity in sentences for crack and powdered cocaine. Bureau of Prisons officials had informed members of the Sentencing Commission (as well as their own staff) that there could be trouble if inequities in cocaine sentencing laws were not eliminated. The congressmen were unmoved. Under current federal law, possession or distribution of five grams of crack cocaine will get you a mandatory minimum five-year sentence, with no possibility of parole. To get the same sentence for cocaine powder, you would have to be caught with 500 grams. (A recently reported 20-year clinical study finds virtually no difference in the effects of crack and powdered cocaine.) In 1993 nearly 90 percent of offenders arrested for crack crimes and sentenced to lengthy mandatory prison terms were African-Americans.

The day after the Sentencing Commission's proposal was defeated, a fight broke out in a federal joint in Alabama. Two days after, on Friday, October 20, B.O.P. Director Hawk issued panicky orders for a nationwide emergency lockdown of all 70 federal prisons. Although most of the joints had remained calm, wardens and B.O.P. officials called the lockdown a "precautionary measure."

Locking down a penitentiary is the equivalent of slamming a lid on an already simmering pot. The federal system operates at about 150 percent of capacity; in most state penitentiaries and county jails the overcrowding is even worse. Cells made for one man have been doubled up, and in a number of institutions there are men sleeping on bunks in common areas. Tensions are exacerbated by the lack of privacy, the inescapable, constant noise and smell of other people, and, above all, the fear of violence, which can erupt at any time.

In 1995 frightened authorities did exactly the wrong thing. A lockdown means just that: You are locked in your cell 24 hours a day. Guards come by three times a day and toss in a bag containing an apple and a bologna sandwich, or a couple of hard-boiled eggs. By law, prisoners are supposed to get one hour of exercise a day, but during an emergency lockdown these regulations are suspended. During the nationwide lockdown B.O.P. staff were also

He got a visit from the warden, who told him, "Lie down and lick your nuts. You were lucky they didn't break your wrists."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

THANK YOU VERY MUCH

Asked about the role of the late Sid Vicious in the evolution of the notorious punk-rock group the Sex Pistols, band member Johnny Rotten replied, "He was just a coat hanger onstage. Nothing more, nothing less."

WE'LL DROP EVERYTHING

Actress Whoopi Goldberg announced she's writing a book that, among other life issues, will discuss the [illegible]ing behavior of men and women when they're in the bathroom.

SEVENTH-INNING STRETCH

Spectators at Toronto Blue Jays home games have discovered an extra benefit to baseball: watching exhibitoinist couples making love in the Skydome Hotel, inside the stadium. Some don't bother to draw the curtains, providing voyeuristic fans with a diversion during slow moments on the field. Hotel officials—embarrassed by one episode in which the crowd roared its approval for a couple's "prolonged" intercourse—said they will now warn arriving guests that they face a strict policy of eviction if anyone in the stadium sees them having sex. "We're a family hotel," the Skydome's manager said.

THE (NAKED) THRILL OF VICTORY

To the shock of innocent bystanders and fellow team members, **Brianna Scurry,** the goalie for the U.S. women's Olympic soccer team, stripped naked and ran around the outside of the stadium. It turned out she had made a bet that she would streak if her team won the gold medal.

DOES AMY KNOW ABOUT THIS?

Joey Buttafuoco, entering an Italian restaurant in Beverly Hills decorated with pictures of famous Italian-Americans, discovered his portrait ... hanging, appropriately, over a toilet in the men's room.

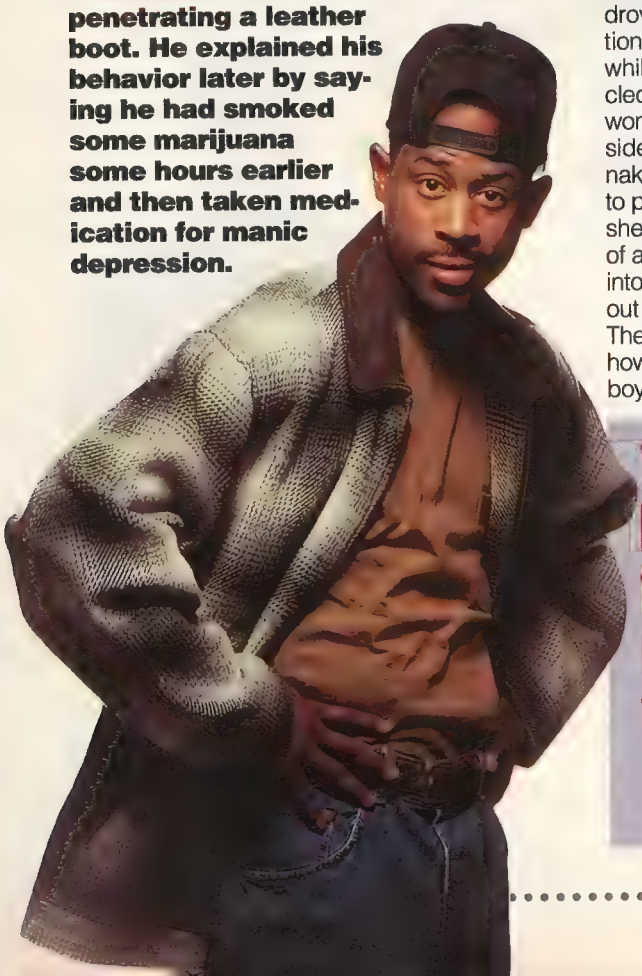
PREMARITAL STRESS

Nicole Brown Simpson's family's lawyer **Gloria Allred** on the male of the species: "Men are so hopeless. That's why women cry at weddings."

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

OH, THAT EXPLAINS IT

Arrested at a busy Los Angeles intersection after police discovered a loaded pistol in a car he was driving erratically, comedian Martin Lawrence bit one cop on the leg, penetrating a leather boot. He explained his behavior later by saying he had smoked some marijuana some hours earlier and then taken medication for manic depression.



THANK YOU FOR SHARING

Patty Smyth, the girlfriend of former tennis star **John McEnroe,** speaking to an audience at a rock concert at which he performed with her, revealed that her favorite nickname for him is "little sperm whale."

IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

A Virginia couple decided to act out a scene they had witnessed in a pornographic movie in which a woman hitchhikes in the nude. They drove to an intersection late one night, and while her boyfriend circled the block, the woman stood by the side of the road naked, waiting for him to pick her up. When she heard the sound of a car, she stepped into the road and stuck out her thumb. The stunned driver, however, wasn't her boyfriend.

THE ACORN NEVER FALLS FAR FROM THE TREE

Chicago Bulls star **Dennis Rodman,** the "bad boy" of the N.B.A., has barely discussed his father, who abandoned Dennis's mother when Dennis was a toddler. Dennis's father, the appropriately named **Philander,** has now surfaced, claiming, "I'm the bad one." He currently lives in the Philippines with two wives, runs a seedy bar, and keeps a vague count of the 27 children he has fathered by his wives and a number of other women. He says his ambition is to achieve a personal goal of fathering 30 children.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Wilson Pickett, the soul singer who rocketed to stardom in the 1960s, has entered a drug-rehab program as part of a deal to avoid jail time for a cocaine conviction. Pickett, now 55 years old, was already on parole following an assault conviction.

"We're all here for the same reason— to love me."

Singer Barry Manilow, greeting a concert audience

AMBITION'S BRIGHT FLAME

Actor Hugh Grant, telling an interviewer that now that he has hit his mid-thirties he is burdened by a proclivity to laziness, said his "ideal job" would be manservant to his girlfriend, model and actress Elizabeth Hurley.

"Coconut frozen yogurt with multi-colored sprinkles."

Madonna, defining happiness

FOOLS OF THE ZODIAC

Actress Gail O'Grady, who once followed the advice of her astrologer and abandoned her husband for his chauffeur (that didn't work out), apparently learned nothing from the experience. Subsequently, she followed the astrologer's advice and chose a particular day as the "perfect wedding date" to marry another man. Recently, less than a year later, she divorced him.

BULLETIN FROM THE P.C. FRONT

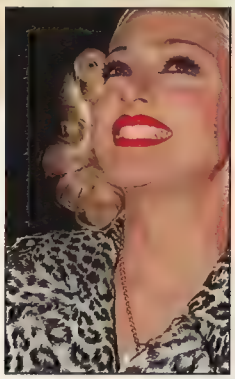
The U.S. Board of Geographic Names, a federal agency that renames prominent locations, has been beseiged by controversies over political correctness. Among them are protests by disabled-rights groups concerning a Texas stream called Cripple Creek, demands by Native American groups that several locations with the word "squaw" be renamed, and a controversy involving a small Connecticut body of water known as Nigs Pond.

THIS IS WHY WE WORRY

New Age guru Jean Houston (a spiritual adviser and channeler to Hillary Clinton) says this about such "high actualizers": "[They] have allowed their body-minds to become fields of space-time from which can be harvested the formings of the Form. Their will and intentionality have become macrophase and consonant with the primary order."

MOURNER OF THE MONTH

Melia Belli, daughter of the late celebrity lawyer Melvin Belli, decided not to attend his funeral, but marked her father's passing by taking a trip with her boyfriend to the Himalayas. The trip included what she described as a "screaming orgasm" aided by acid and "testing the fluidity of the doors of perception" by eating hashish-laced cookies and snorting drugs off her companion. Otherwise, Melia said, she learned that she is blessed with "the gift of being able to find the humor in death and human excrement oozing between my toes."



GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

An executive for the Gannett Company, which owns two Detroit papers that are locked in a bitter struggle with striking employees, objected during a National Labor Relations Board hearing when union lawyers tried to introduce into evidence several of those paper's articles on management's intention to hire replacement workers. The Gannett executive's grounds for objection: "With all due respect, we can't assume what is printed in the newspapers is true."

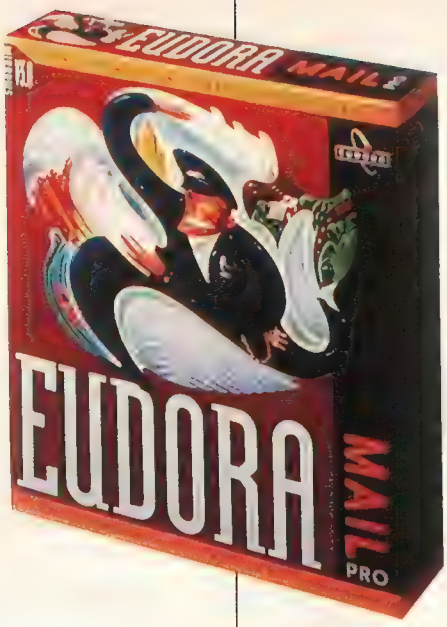
RIGHT STUFF

WISH LIST

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

GOING POSTAL

If you handle an immense flow of e-mail you need a postal professional. The best program for this job is Eudora Mail Pro from Qualcomm. Eudora grew up with the Net and has no problem keeping up with it. It organizes mail in an astounding number of ways, does all sorts of formatting and compression, and lets you create electronic stationery. You've never been able to do so much with mail. This is one program you absolutely must have.



YOUR EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

If interstellar conquest strikes you as an interesting profession, you need Master of Orion II: Battle at Antares, from Microprose. You can explore, colonize, and develop your own empire and conquer all star systems within the gadget's grasp. Remember, there can be only one master.

SPEAK AND SAVE

Not everything can be recorded at a computer; you still have to "go remote" from time to time. The perfect gadget for those moments away from your base is the Total Recall voice recorder and organizer. You just speak into it, file your comments, and you're ready to add them to your computer via Sycom's PC Audio Link, which downloads spoken notes directly onto your hard drive. It's one step away from having a computer link hardwired into your skull—which is where you want it to be.

COMMAND CENTRAL

There's no end to the multimedia computer systems vying for your attention these days. You might consider the new PCV-90 from Sony, if crystal-clear graphics and high-quality sound and 3-D games really turn you on. Add the CPD-100VS Multiscan Multimedia Display with crisp stereo speakers, a full-digital microphone, and a sub-woofer, and you may be ready to retire your TV.

TOTAL CONTROL

With advanced computer games offering players greater virtual freedom than ever before, the standard keyboard, mouse, or joystick capacity is hitting the limit. The breakthrough this season comes via SpaceOrb 360 from Spacetec IMC. This full-digital controller—a ball mounted on an array of buttons—gives you real 3-D multi-axis moves. With it, strafes, barrel rolls, and all the moves you can imagine are possible, as long as the game allows for them.

PACT STORAGE

more and more
are coming
Ds, and more
more computing
portable
going mobile,
needs a
the essen-
around
the most
machines
the ever-

expanding need is Case Logic. The unit shown here is known as the KSDM-1, and it's the perfect thing for carrying up to 12 CDs for your mobile computer—or a few less and a few music CDs for the portable CD player that rides along in the bag. Very stylish too.

LOCKDOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

stressed out, because they were required to work 12-hour shifts.

David Correa, a Cuban-born former pilot with Eastern Airlines who's now doing life with no parole for cocaine possession and distribution, sent me a detailed account of the lockdown and subsequent riot at the medium-security prison, F.C.I. (for Federal Correctional Institution) Marianna, in Florida. "You would not believe what is going on," Correa wrote. "I see all hell breaking loose down the road, and I want no part of any of it. The crowd coming in is younger. They have no education, there is no education to give them, and they all have so much time [to serve]! They are mostly blacks and Hispanics."

Correa added that the riots were not race- or gang-related, as many people supposed, and another inmate who called in a report to me from F.C.I. Memphis said the same thing. "The feds are saying it's racial, but it's not," he said. "During the riot, you had Crips and Bloods from L.A., you had gangs from Chicago, you had white guys, all in this together."

At Marianna, Correa reported, prisoner fury was exacerbated by the way the lockdown was handled. Staff told the prisoners that there would be a "special count" at four P.M., which meant that they would be locked in their cells for 15 minutes instead of being allowed to stand in cell doorways. Before the count, prisoners who, because of crowding, had been housed dormitory-style in a common room were added one by one to every regular two-man cell. It was two days before cells were unlocked and the men allowed out, and then only to the common indoor areas of their units.

"At this point," Correa wrote, "everyone was outraged at the lies, no showers, and, for those men who normally live in the common area who were stuck in a room, they had to do [without] fresh clothing or personal articles, plus they had to sleep on the concrete floor. This was the beginning of the security tightening at this institution, where there was absolutely no indication of any pending trouble."

With the men out of their cells but still confined to their cellblocks, Correa said, tensions mounted as staff began treating the men with overt hostility and verbal abuse, and enforcing rules and regulations no one had ever heard of.

Correa claimed that early on the morning of October 25 he saw Marianna staff meet in the parking lot outside the prison with members of a Special Operations Response Team. At six A.M. prisoners were released from their cellblocks for the morning meal and work call, in what was supposedly a resumption of normal activities following the lockdown. Marianna has what is known as "controlled movement": For ten minutes each hour the compound and outdoor recreation area are opened to allow convicts to move from one secure section to another. At the end of the move the compound is closed. Correa, already at his assigned job, saw the move through the window. He said a group of black prisoners in the yard refused to report to work. They were "voicing their complaints, making hand gestures only," Correa said. "No one had weapons, and no violence was being demonstrated."

At the present rate of incarceration, there will be more than seven million people locked up in U.S. prisons by the end of the century.

He added that he was standing near a female staff member who had a radio. He heard the compound officer say, "It has started."

"Shortly thereafter," says Correa, "the SORT team was running across the rooftop of the administration building that connects to the gym roof. SORT members took up positions with high-powered automatic weapons inside the compound and on the rooftops. The SORT people were wearing full riot gear, dressed in black with face shields and helmets. The weapons they carried into the compound were AR-15 machine guns, Remington 12-gauge riot-type shotguns, tear-gas guns, and tear-gas foggers and sprayers. They also carried shields and electric batons. There was a total of about 35 SORT officers, not counting the ones on the roof. They lined up shoulder to shoulder facing the rec yard, and assumed a defensive stance. When the inmates saw this massive show of force, they took up any object that came to hand: weights, pool sticks, weight bars. There was no attempt at all to talk to the inmates, who at this time totaled about 30 men, all African-American, and only trying to be heard."

The prisoners began breaking windows in the gym with weights, setting fires, and trashing the recreation area. Now the riot had really begun. Correa continues, "The SORT team stormed the yard, firing tear gas and setting off percussion devices among the crowd."

Another Marianna prisoner, Ignatizo Giuliano, a non-participant in the strike who reported for work in the recreation area and got caught in the riot, corroborated Correa's account of how the disturbance had begun. Giuliano told me in an affidavit of watching as the SORT team fired tear-gas canisters at the protesters, who picked them up and hurled them back. "Meantime a guard on the other side of the perimeter fence was shouting, 'Everybody down, with your hands on your heads!' while at the same time the SORT crew were yelling from on top of the gym for all non-participants to go to the right side of the field of the rec yard and lie down by the fence. This contradiction in orders was making the guard on the perimeter fence furious because he wanted everyone to lie down where they were."

Giuliano and around 230 other prisoners did lie facedown with their hands on their heads. They were ordered to strip to their underwear and march by twos through rows of armed SORT members, who tied their hands behind their backs with plastic straps and herded them into a caged outdoor recreation area. The straps work on a ratchet principle: The more you pull on the strap, the tighter it gets. "My straps were so tightly bound, my hands turned a deep purple and went completely numb," Giuliano wrote. "After approximately ten hours of having my hands bound behind my back, I could not stand the pain any longer. I was desperate to have something done with the straps since one of my friends told me that my wrists had started bleeding."

The caged area where the men were kept had no toilets. Prisoners were urinating on the back walls, and before long a large puddle of piss covered the floor. None of them had food or clothing, except undershorts, for 16 hours. The temperature dropped to the low forties. "We were freezing," wrote Giuliano. "We were all yelling for some clothing to wear, and finally they brought out short-sleeved jumpsuits, which proved to be better than nothing. As the night wore on, the concrete floor, which was the only place to sleep, became bitter cold.... Then, to top it all off, the guards brought out cardboard boxes for the inmates to defecate in. At this point the smell was unbearable. Every time someone would urinate or defecate, we all had to move closer together. At approximately five P.M. on the following day, two guards came and escorted me back to my unit. My

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

ANDREA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Penthouse's Earl Miller builds a bridge to the twenty-first century in a unique fashion, juxtaposing traditional black-and-white photography with space-age designs. The constantly evolving technologies of the present are opening doors to the future, and Miller captures this spirit by knocking the door on a previously hidden passion of Andrea Mountjoy, our April 1994 Pet of the Month.

"These photos show me in a very different way from my centerfold," Andrea says. "The clothing is futuristic, but we were in an old health club. You could sense the history of the place, and the darkness and dampness of the pool area gave it a dungeonlike feel. It was like mixing the future with the Middle Ages—and it made for a really cool atmosphere."

"We live at an exciting time," Andrea continues, "and just like everybody else I'm curious to see what the next century will

ning. That's another reason this was interesting. Earl has a definite, erotic vision of what models might wear in the future."

"I love to work with *Penthouse,*" Andrea adds. "It's always a pleasure to pose for such inspired photographers." Andrea, the pleasure is all ours.

Interview

Oliver Stone's film tries to make the *Hustler* publisher into a free-speech hero. But one of Flynt's closest confidants has a very different story to tell.

THE REAL LARRY FLYNT

Anyone still looking for proof that liberalism is truly debased in this country need focus only on the strange phenomenon of Larry Flynt's rehabilitation, a media work in progress."—*Los Angeles* magazine, November 1996

"This guy is absolutely not a phony. He is the genuine article." So said film director Milos Forman of the gentleman on whose life his most recent movie is based. In the forward to this same man's autobiography, the producer of Forman's film, Oliver Stone, was even more effusive: "I sometimes get the feeling that if he could rewind his life and edit it like a home movie, there is a bitter wisdom within that would not allow him to change anything." Whether these two

"I think the public should know the real man before they start to deify him. Neither *The People vs. Larry Flynt* nor Flynt's own book remotely resembles the truth."—William Rider

savvy Hollywood types have actually been taken in by Larry Flynt's workingman's hustle or are just out to hype their picture is anyone's guess. But no one can dispute that both the film and the book are nothing more than Larry Flynt's most recent—and possibly his most successful—attempt once again to reinvent himself. This being the nineties, Flynt has dropped his earlier wacky personas for something more dignified—Larry Flynt, Champion of Free Speech.

The new and improved Flynt, portrayed by Woody Harrelson in the movie and flacked by the typically credulous liberal media, is a somewhat outrageous and often out-of-control entrepreneur who, when confronted by a challenge from the Christian Right, was up to the fight. The focus is on an actual event: Flynt's magazine, *Hustler,* had published a crude parody of the famous Campari ads in which celebrities alluded to their first sexual experience, thinly disguised as the first time they tried Campari. The *Hustler* parody depicted the Reverend Jerry Falwell relating his first sexual experience—with his mother and a barnyard animal. Although it's true that the unanimous 1988 Supreme Court decision in *Falwell* v. *Flynt* was a major victory for civil libertarians and the press, to ascribe higher motives to Larry Flynt is taking poetic license to a new low. The simple truth is, Flynt hated Falwell. Additionally, the controversy helped sell magazines.

Anyone who falls for the propaganda that Flynt cared at all about civil liberties should consider the fact that, according to numerous sources, in the late 1970s and early eighties the phones at his office and at his home were always secretly tapped and recordings made for Flynt's personal enlightenment. The real Larry Flynt, who has blamed some of his more outrageous behavior alternately on being a manic-depressive or on his addiction to drugs following the 1978 Georgia-courthouse shooting by white supremacist Joseph Paul Franklin that left him paralyzed, has always been a small-time hustler at heart.

Los Angeles magazine, in a recent profile by writer John Lombardi, puts it this way: "Was he an anarchist trying in his rough way to protect First Amendment rights for the rest of the press...? Or was he a quasi-thug driven by tides of lust and greed originating in a clinical form of madness, who was eventually stopped by bullets and lithium?"

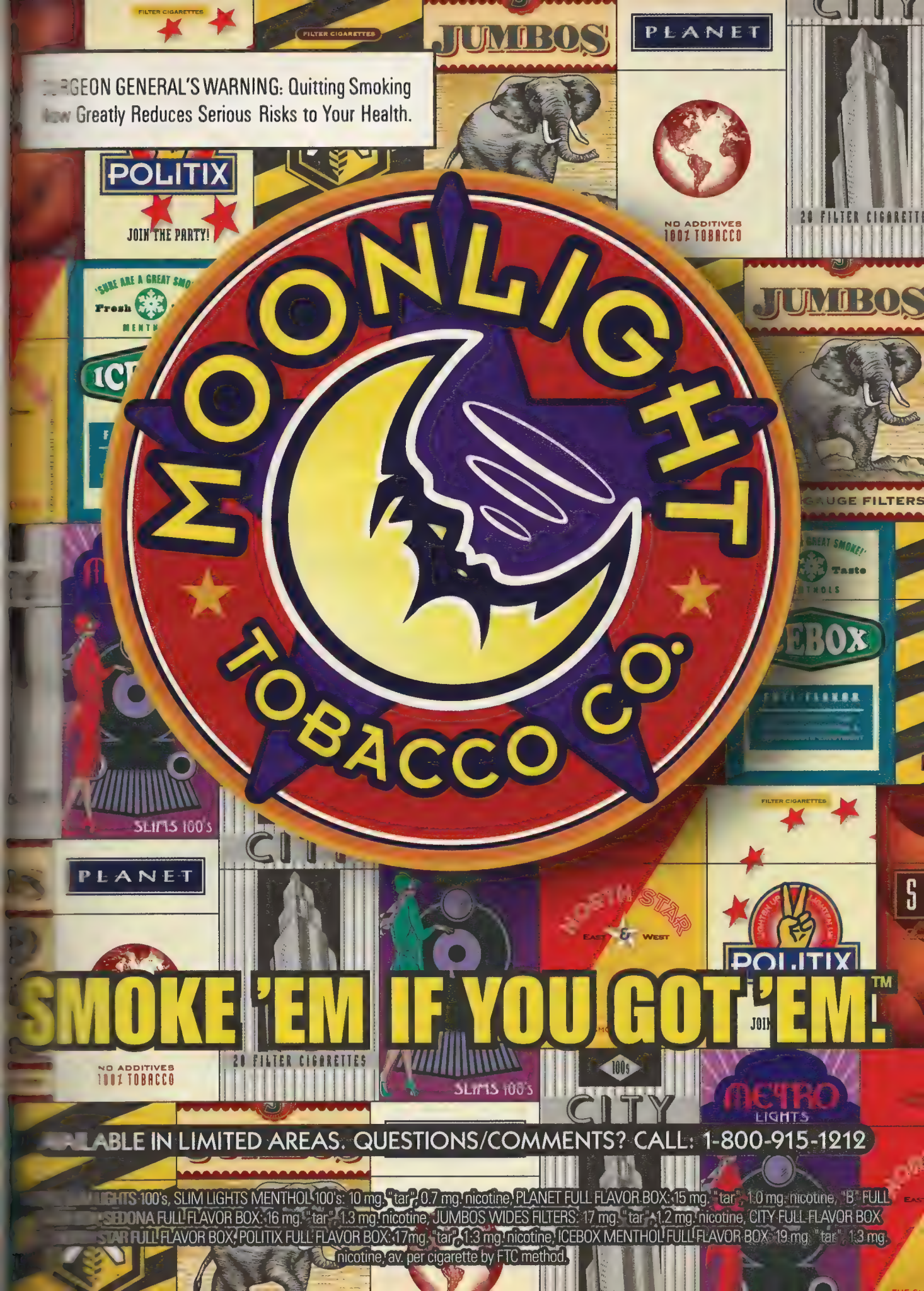
Flynt made his first cash money—and he does like cash—at his Hustler dance clubs in Ohio. Hostesses and dancers were required to have customers buy them a set number per shift of $3.50 Orange Blossom cocktails (which cost Flynt about ten cents apiece) or risk being fired.

Some journalists have apparently bought into the most current Larry Flynt story—the poor lowland Kentucky boy who made it big. Recent stories, in the wake of the film's smash premiere last October at the New York Film Festival, have totally ignored the behavior Flynt is capable of inflicting on people close to him. His life has been one hustle after another. In the late seventies he became a born-again Christian (fostered by a vision of Christ talking to him aboard his private plane) while hanging out with President Carter's evangelist sister, Ruth. At another time he deceived the country with a bogus audiotape that supposedly had an F.B.I. agent threatening John DeLorean's child if the automaker didn't go through with a drug deal. To garner maximum publicity, according to William Rider, his former chief of security, Flynt, knowing full well the tape was a fraud, released it on the eve of DeLorean's federal drug trial.

In recent years Flynt, the self-styled publisher for the blue-collar working man, has eschewed his humble roots in favor of surrounding himself with priceless English antiques in his mansion—*Brewster's Millions* gone California kitsch.

So now he wants respectability. Is this his greatest hustle, or is it something else? A TV producer who is familiar with Flynt believes "the man is so demented he can't separate a hustle from reality."

Obviously Larry Flynt is no stranger to controversy, and that controversy includes his hatred of the publisher and editor-in-chief of *Penthouse,* Bob Guccione. In 1986, after a protracted legal battle, Kathy Keeton, Guccione's wife, was awarded a $2 million libel judgment from *Hustler* magazine and Flynt. Although Flynt mentions the lawsuit in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STAR FULL FLAVOR BOX, POLITIX FULL FLAVOR BOX: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, ICEBOX MENTHOL FULL FLAVOR BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg.
nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

his book, he neglects to tell readers what the final judgment against him was. And, as readers will discover in the following interview with Bill Rider, Flynt's attempts to "get" Guccione went far beyond the courts.

Rider was for more than seven years the chief of security for Larry Flynt, and one of his closest confidants. A former Marine (who saw combat in Vietnam) and police officer, Rider worked for Flynt in the *Hustler* publisher's office and home in Columbus, Ohio, and moved with him to Los Angeles. Rider's wife, Marsha Leasure, was Flynt's executive assistant and, with the exception of Flynt himself, was the only person in his corporation having the authority to sign checks. Marsha Leasure Rider is the sister of the late Althea Flynt, Larry's fourth wife and the woman whom he refers to in his book as his only true love.

Most former Flynt employees are too terrified to speak, either on or off the record, of their ex-boss; Rider is an exception. I interviewed him in his home overlooking the Pacific Ocean.—*John Connolly*

Let's clear up one thing right at the beginning. You were fired by Larry Flynt in December 1983. Many people would think you're far from a disinterested observer. Aren't you giving an interview to Penthouse, *which is edited and published by Bob Guccione, a man he hates, to get even with Flynt?*

Definitely not. As you said, I was fired in 1983. My wife was also fired at that time. We took Flynt to court, and in 1990 a jury awarded us $8.6 million, which was reduced by the judge and we eventually settled. We live a very comfortable life based on that settlement. That's what I did to get even—not give this interview.

So why are you speaking out now?

Because of the new Oliver Stone movie and Flynt's autobiography. I think the public should know the real Larry Flynt before they start to deify him. Neither of these products is anything that remotely resembles the truth.

What do you feel are the biggest lies in the movie and the book?

Many things—especially the way Flynt's relationship with his wife Althea is portrayed, and the attempts of Flynt and his media promoters to present him as some kind of fighter for freedom of speech. These are an insult to anyone's intelligence. The characterization that I have read in the screenplay about Althea is a complete misrepresentation of who and what Althea was all about. Certainly this is a very overt attempt to put a different coloring on who and what kind of man Larry Flynt really is.

What's wrong with the depictions of Althea and her relationship with Flynt?

Let's start with her death. In the screenplay she is discovered drowned when Larry wakes up—and the tub is overflowing. In reality she was found dead a little before six in the evening, and the police report indicated that there was only about 12 to 14 inches of water in the tub. You have to remember that for years Althea ran the magazine, particularly after Larry was shot. In 1987 Althea was made president of Flynt Publications, at a salary of $1.6 million a year.

> "I believe Flynt was responsible for addicting Althea to drugs.... She also claimed that someone associated with him gave her AIDS."

Did Flynt ever act violently toward Althea to your knowledge?

I know that on at least one occasion he fired a shot at Althea, in the master bedroom. She ran downstairs and was very excited and frightened. She told me Larry had just taken a shot at her. I went upstairs and angrily snatched a chrome-plated .38 Smith & Wesson from Larry. I could smell the cordite, and there was a hole in the window frame of the master bedroom. [When asked to respond to this incident, Larry Flynt told *Penthouse,* "It didn't happen."]

Whom do you think was responsible for Althea's death?

Well, in my opinion, Flynt was. Number one, I believe he was responsible for addicting Althea to drugs. Even Larry admits to that. Secondly, Althea claimed that someone associated with him gave her AIDS through an AIDS-tainted syringe filled with blood. Thirdly, the spin that Larry's people put on her death, as well as the mystery surrounding her drowning face-up in a tub only partly filled with water. For instance, one of the nurses employed by Larry said that she saw Althea snorting or ingesting what she thought was cocaine. And Althea's body was discovered with cocaine nearby. But in the coroner's autopsy report [which ruled the death to be an accidental drowning] there was no trace of cocaine detected in her body or blood. That's suspicious, at least to me. You have to keep in mind that there was constant security there people were watching Mrs. Flynt's actions and behavior. If Althea didn't leave the house, if she was in fact housebound, bedridden, where did these drugs come from? I don't know the answer to that. But I also understand that there was an individual present earlier that day who had always supplied the Flynts with drugs for lots of cash over the years.

In Flynt's autobiography he states that he was crushed by Althea's death.

That's another lie. When Althea's family arrived at Flynt's mansion two days after her death, the house was dirty and unkempt. Flynt was still doing drugs, and kept the family waiting over an hour. When he finally let them into his bedroom, he basically ignored them and continued to watch porno films. When the family asked if he was going to have a memorial service for Althea, Flynt told them, "Tim Leary told me not to have any service for a few months, so you can go back home and I'll let you know." After about 15 minutes of this kind of thing, they left.

We received information from one of his bodyguards that for months before her death Althea no longer wanted to take her medicine. She didn't want to be spaced out. It was this bodyguard's job to search Althea's room to find drugs she wasn't taking, and then Larry would make her ingest them. Considering that the bodyguard searched Althea's room a couple of times a day, it's amazing that when Althea died they supposedly found all those illegal drugs, including cocaine, although the bodyguard never saw any of that stuff. Flynt also actually helped the *National Enquirer* and *People* magazine write lurid stories about Althea's death. The whole thing was anathema to me.

To whom did Althea will her estate?

A will that Althea made in 1984 named my wife [Althea's sister] the sole heir and chief beneficiary of her interest in the company and whatever. It's my understanding that Flynt had insisted for all those years that Althea change her will, and in 1987 she finally did. Less than two months after she signed a new will, which named Larry as the sole heir and chief beneficiary, she was found dead.

Earlier you mentioned Althea's contracting AIDS. What do you know about that?

I know that Althea told people about a man who performed "black bag" operations for Larry in 1983 during his manic phase. Althea claimed that she awoke

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one evening and found this individual standing over her, who quickly moved his hand behind his back as though he had just given her an injection. Then she saw that he had a syringe in his hand. Strangely enough, or perhaps not strangely enough, a few months later she was diagnosed with AIDS. Althea later told us she thought that's how she got AIDS. When Larry was asked about Althea's allegation, he did not act upset or surprised. He just said it must be her imagination. [When asked to respond, Larry Flynt denied remembering Althea's claim.] Soon after that, Larry took Althea and my wife, Marsha, out to dinner. Unbeknownst to either of the women, Flynt actually had invited the man who had appeared at Althea's bedside to join them for dinner! When Althea saw him at the table, she immediately took a cab home with my wife. Larry acted as though her belief that she had got AIDS from his flunky was no big deal.

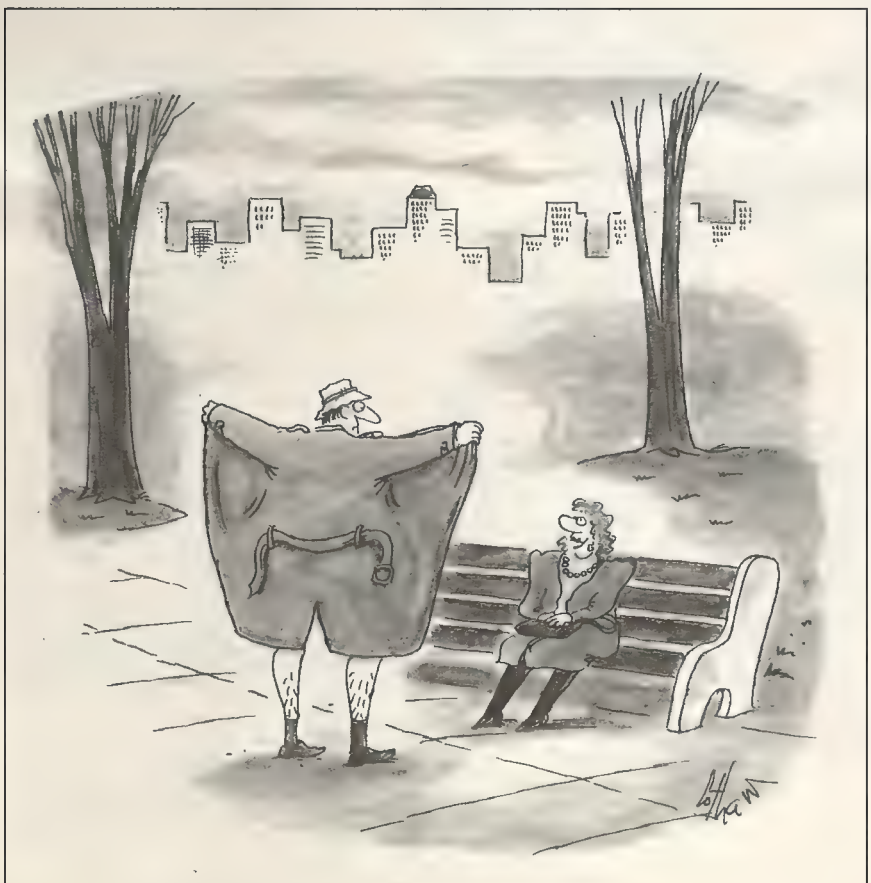
There are other accusations against Flynt from people in his family. His daughter Tonya has accused him of sexually abusing her as a child. Flynt denies it. Which one do you think is telling the truth?

Tonya is his oldest daughter. And I can only tell you that she made misrepresentations and false allegations against my wife and me for supposedly disciplining her. Whether Larry sexually abused her I cannot say.

Were there ever any other sexual-abuse allegations made against Flynt?

Sometime in 1983, during one of Larry's manic stages, he molested his 12- or 13-year-old daughter, Theresa. I have an actual recording of [a conversation between Flynt and his wife] that Althea gave me and my wife.

Theresa told Althea that Larry had molested her. Althea was really beside herself. She said, "Bill, you've got to get me a tape recorder. I've just found out"—and these were her exact words—"Larry's been playing with Theresa's pussy." I said, "What are you talking about, Althea? I can't believe this. What are you talking about?" And she said, "Just get me a tape recorder. I'm going in and confront Larry right now." So she confronted Larry, and on the tape Larry admits that he had Theresa lie down next to him on the bed, take her panties off, and then he examined what she looked like. He said, on the tape, that he didn't molest her, but he wanted to see if anatomically she looked like her mother. Now I leave it to your readers whether this is molestation or not. [When asked to comment, Larry Flynt told *Penthouse* he did not recall this incident.]



"Will you be my valentine?"

You say he was "manic" in 1983. Flynt has been quoted as saying he's identified his problem as bipolar manic-depression. Did you witness any of this behavior during the years that you were with him?

Nineteen eighty-three was a very scary year. This was the same year Larry alleged that I had raped Theresa, and, as I said, Althea also thought she had been injected with AIDS that year. From what I know about manic-depressives, one of their symptoms is to blame someone else for anything bad that they do.

What else happened that year?

During that terrible manic stage he threatened to give AIDS to a number of employees. One of them was Bruce Helford, who took Larry's threat seriously enough to leave California. He never came back to the company. [Editor's note: Helford refused to be interviewed for this article, saying he wanted to "forget that part of my life."] Larry even started to run for the presidency of the United States. He fully believed he was going to win. Yeah, absolutely. It was a genuine concern, not only for me but my wife and my wife's sister, Althea. There was an occasion in early 1983, after one of Larry's operations, in which we approached him and said, "Larry, we believe that you are becoming manic again." He refused to admit to this, did not listen to us, and just went into a downward spiral of mania.

And of course that was the year you were fired.

Yes....

In 1983 didn't Jimmy Carter's sister, Ruth Carter Stapleton, attempt to get him some help?

Yes. But Larry ignored all the warnings. He did not realize how much his behavior had deviated from the norm. In fact he liked to tell people, "I have all the answers; come to me and I'll give you the answers."

What kind of man is Larry Flynt?

First of all I must tell you in all candor that for many years I thought Larry was my best friend. I now know that nobody can be Larry's best friend.

How was your performance rated by Flynt until the day he fired you?

Superior.

Were you in charge of all his security?

Absolutely. But I did lots of other things for him, and my wife was also employed by Larry.

In what capacity?

As his executive assistant.

What were her duties?

To all intents and purposes she really ran the company on the business side. When he was not there she had sole check-signing privileges.

How often was Flynt out of the office?

During all the years that he was

Hofmekler's People

Folk Heroes, Part 164
New Yorker editor Tina Brown and political guru Dick Morris

addicted to drugs he was rarely there.

Why exactly were you fired?

Larry was very adamant that I testify in court in a manner that was inconsistent with my good health, meaning that if I testified as to what he wanted me to, I would go to jail for perjury. I mean, these were not borderline statements—they were flagrant lies.

How did he want you to perjure yourself?

During the John DeLorean cocaine trial Larry made available to the media the F.B.I. undercover videotapes of DeLorean and the F.B.I.'s undercover agent. Just before the start of DeLorean's federal trial Larry made public an audiotape that purportedly had an F.B.I. agent threatening DeLorean's child if he didn't go through with the drug deal. The judge in that case fined Flynt $10,000 a day until he would reveal the source of that supposed "threat" tape.

What did Flynt want you to say in court?

That a Japanese samurai gave me the audiotape, which I then gave to Larry. He also wanted me to say that with the exception of the F.B.I. director, the entire F.B.I. worked for him. Obviously I couldn't begin to state this in court, and I told Larry so, but he was very adamant. He said, "You must testify in this manner; otherwise I have to do something." That was Sunday afternoon. The next morning we went to court, and Larry repeatedly asked if I was going to testify in this manner. I refused, at which point Larry became enraged and screamed at me, "You're fired! You're fired! You raped my daughter!" Now this accusation was incredible enough—but it happened in front of a packed courtroom.

What happened to your wife?

She was fired later that day.

How much did Flynt pay for the DeLorean tapes?

He said he paid $25 million for the originals of the F.B.I.'s videotape that he gave to "60 Minutes" and other television shows, but Larry really only paid $10,000.

Whom did he purchase it from?

From a clerk at the law offices of one of John DeLorean's attorneys.

But these F.B.I. videotapes were real. The so-called threat audiotape was fabricated?

That's right.

How much did he pay for the "threat" tape?

Fifty thousand dollars.

And whom did he pay that to?

I would prefer not to say, because the tape-seller was an innocent person.

Is he the person who made that tape?

No, he is not. I do know who that person was. In the movie screenplay it is represented that Larry and an editorial assistant got together to fabricate the tape. That is a complete distortion of the truth.

Did Flynt know where the tape came from?

Of course. Flynt lied about it.

Why would he do something like that?

Well, first of all it sold magazines, as he said many times. Self-promotion and self-aggrandizement were, in effect, exactly the same thing, because you can make money from the promotion of the magazine.

Who shot Larry Flynt in 1978?

Joseph Paul Franklin, who is serving two life sentences for two murders. Franklin confessed to shooting Larry, but was never charged.

Does Flynt believe that Franklin did the shooting?

Flynt, for his self-aggrandizement or self-promotion, preferred to put a conspiratorial spin on it.

Is Flynt a conspiracy theorist?

Larry always made a big deal out of the J.F.K. conspiracy stories. He even went to the scene of Kennedy's assassination in Dallas a few times. I think Flynt has been successful in promoting theories about this, and it may sell magazines for him. It certainly helps to make him a controversial figure, and gets him written about.

You mentioned earlier Flynt's new image as a fighter for free speech. In the movie his court battle with Jerry Falwell makes him look like a First Amendment hero. Did Flynt, in your dealings with him, ever say that he was waging this battle for free speech?

Never. Larry would like to be pictured as a crusader for the First Amendment, but in my experience with Larry he was just out for what he could personally get out of the press. Larry was no defender of any kind of freedom except his own. He had no tolerance for anyone who believed anything different than he did. In fact he even tapped and recorded phone calls of his executive employees, as well as Althea's phone and the phones at his residence.

Why?

Larry had an innate distrust of everyone.

You testified at great peril to yourself and your family in the trial of the murder of producer Roy Radin—that became known as "the Cotton Club murders." Did you know any of the people convicted for that murder?

Yes, one of them was Alex Lamotta Marti and the other was Bill Mentzer; both were Larry's bodyguards.

Was Flynt aware that these people were suspected of having committed a murder prior to their being arrested?

He was acutely aware—they had bragged about it.

What exactly did Flynt say when he learned about that?

When Lamotta and Mentzer bragged to Althea that they had committed the murder, she went to Larry and told him to fire them. I was right there when Flynt told her he would do no such thing. "They may be S.O.B.'s, but they're my S.O.B.'s," he told us. And after I was fired Flynt promoted Lamotta to head of security.

Why would Flynt keep people like that in his employ?

All I can tell you is that when I told Flynt that I wanted to divest ourselves of association with these people, he told me, "No, forget it, let them be." I can only conclude that he wanted the power to have these people on his payroll.

Why does Flynt hate Bob Guccione?

Larry always hated Bob Guccione. Obviously he saw Guccione as a magazine competitor. But more than that, it was very personal. He was very envious of Guccione. Once or twice a year Flynt would say to me, "Bill, I want that fuck Guccione dead. We need to put a hit out on him. Will $50K get it done? Can you do that for me?" I would yes him to death and drop it, until the next time he brought it up.

You have to understand that Larry Flynt was a real prick to work for. He was the meanest S.O.B. on earth. He'd use his secret recorded phone conversations to get information that he would use to fire people. Not only would he throw things at people, he would humiliate them in front of anyone. He was a maniac. He was loud, crude, and abusive. If he thought you were not 100-percent loyal to him you were immediately out the door. So the best way for me to keep my job when he'd give me off-the-wall orders was simply to say, "Yessir," and ignore them.

"During that terrible manic stage, Flynt threatened to give AIDS to a number of employees. One took his threat seriously and left California."

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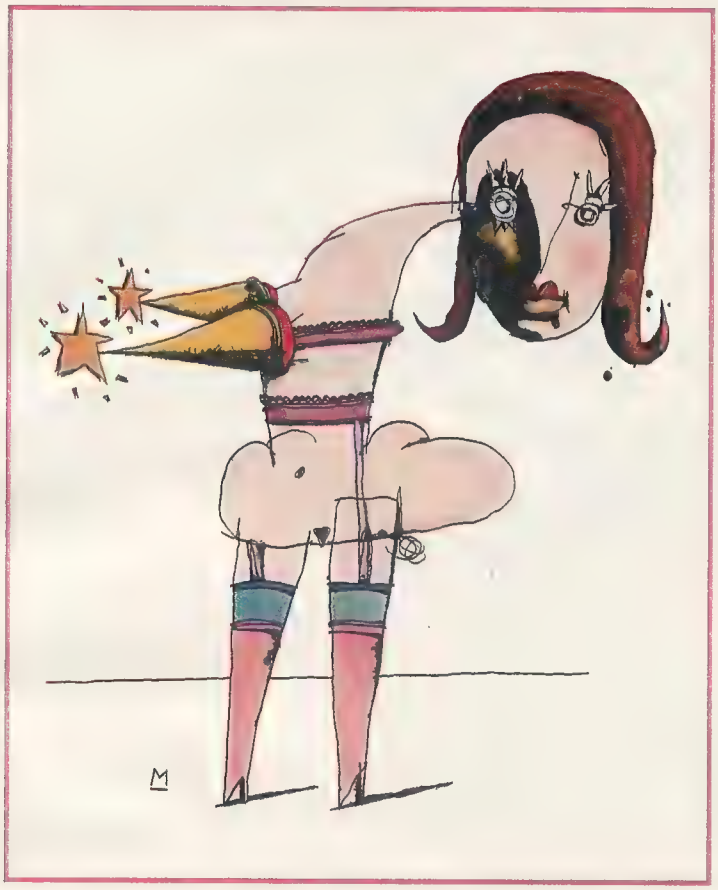
Our continuing compilation of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks. Written and edited by Michael Dorsey. Illustrated by David Miller.

Ribald Rimes



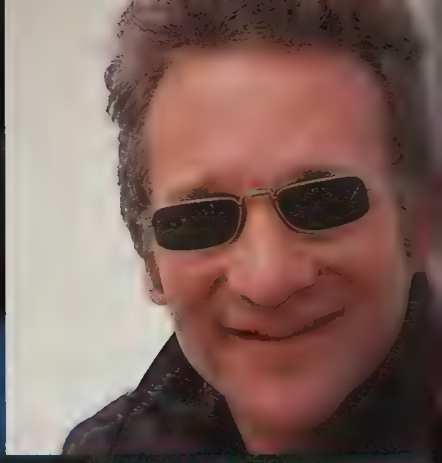
Young Beauty could bring out the beast
in a eunuch or even a priest.
When she pouted her lips
or wiggled her hips,
she broke three Commandments at least.

Sleeping Beauty was horny as hell
when the Prince woke her up from the spell.
But when she opened her mouth
his erection went south,
as he nearly dropped dead from the smell.

Rapunzel had beautiful boobs,
a fine ass, and all the right moves.
But her swain lost his will
when he got to the sill
and found he was climbing her pubes.

A laudable lass from Suez
had a tongue as unique as a fez.
It was long and so quick
that with one tiny lick,
why, your dick began pumping out Pez.
—submitted by Julie Sheehan

Original limericks can be submitted via the *Penthouse* Web site, http://www.penthousemag.com; our favorites will be published in an upcoming issue.



"THE MONTEL WILLIAMS SHOW"
Montel bares his soul to the viewing audience after learning that he's the (illegitimate) son of Bruce Willis.

"POLITICALLY INCORRE
The host, Bill Maher, receives an increase in salary after being caught masturbating in a public theater

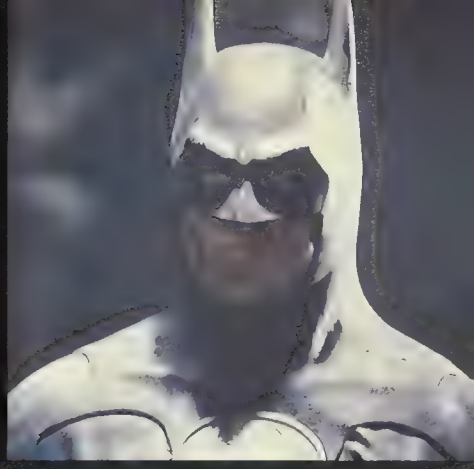
"MURPHY BROWN"
Tempers flare as her network offers anal sex with the "F.Y.I." journalist of your choice as first prize in a viewers' contest.

TV SHOW

PLOT PREDICTIONS FOR 1997

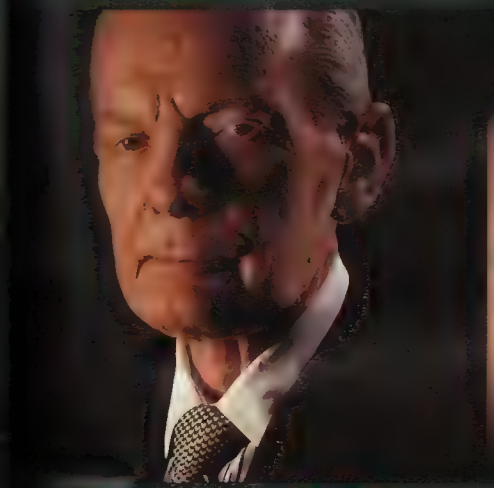
"GERALDO RIVERA LIVE"
Geraldo will film an actual, carefully orchestrated murder-in-progress, and then interview himself every night for two weeks on the subtle moral, social, and constitutional implications of his act.

SATIRE BY BILL LEE



"BAYWATCH"
Implant failure and leakage causes the accidental drowning of all the show's female stars.

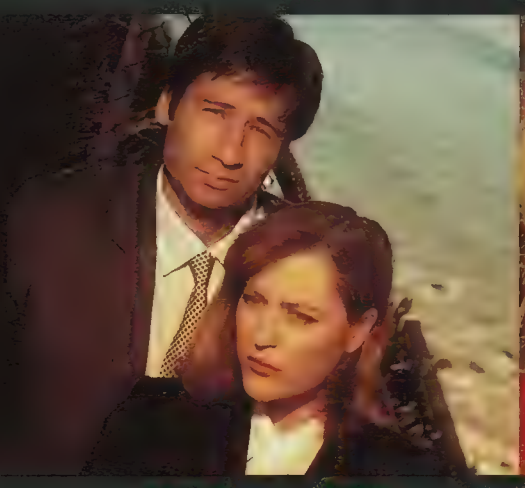
FOX NEWS
Batman will make a special appearance on the ten-o'clock news to demonstrate that "in the proper context television's most violent fare can be child-friendly."



AVID BRINKLEY
longtime newsman confesses (on national TV) at he's been dead for the past ten years.

"HOME IMPROVEMENT"
Tim devotes an entire episode of his (appropriately titled) TV program, "Tool Time," to the building of a penis-enlargement machine.

"ROSEANNE"
Roseanne donates a pair of her edible panties to Somalia, ending several years of starvation in that African country.



ACE UNDER FIRE"
ace (Brett Butler) marries a Jewish doctor, gives up turns to sniffing airplane glue, and gets a job teaching sturbation-abstinence at outhern Methodist University.

"THE X FILES"
Military censorship scuttles the show, pronouncing the entire series "a jumble of different TV signals fused together by the collision of electromagnetic weather disturbances and high-altitude meteorological balloons."

PBS
According to network president Ervin Duggan, public television will accept phone-sex ads next season because "there is no palpable commercial product involved."

I nearly came on the spot when I thought of eating my friend's pussy in front of an audience.

Many of us use the Internet to explore new facets of our sexuality, from exhibitionism and anal sex to "plain vanilla" cybering. What sexual ground have you broken in cyberspace? Send your hottest stories to StolenKiss@aol.com.

SEE YOU, SEE ME

Ever since I was a young girl my steamiest fantasies have involved exhibitionism. "CYouCMe" technology is a dream come true. By attaching a video camera to my computer I can send live video through my Web site for the whole world to see.

I started out by posing in high heels, a black leather G-string, and a cut-out leather bra that exposed my silver-dollar-size nipples. With the camera on, I slowly turned so my audience could see my firm, round ass cheeks, which were held apart by a strip of leather that disappeared into the crack.

Exposing my body to hundreds of anonymous men turned me on so much that I could hardly wait for more. The second time, I asked my friend Maya to operate the camera so we could get some deliciously nasty close-ups. As she zoomed in on my newly shaved pussy, I spread the lips wide and fingered my clit

until it was swollen and begging for attention. Then she handed me a long, leather-covered dildo, which I rammed into my aching cunt.

A moan interrupted me, and I looked up to see Maya rubbing her pussy under her short red leather skirt. "You're making me sooo hot," she whispered. I beckoned, and she joined me in front of the camera, hiking up the skirt to pose with her slit totally exposed. I quickly took a second dildo and slid it into her cunt as she moaned in ecstasy. "Lick me," she begged. "I want your tongue in my cunt."

The thought of eating my friend's pussy in front of an audience made me so horny I nearly came on the spot. Ripping her blouse from her body, I sucked and bit her long, pink nipples before moving down to her cunt. Her fingers pulled at my hair as I buried my face in her cunt, roughly tonguing her clit while the dildo stretched her wide open. When she came I was so excited that I climaxed as well. Needless to say, we're looking forward to our next "home movie."—*A. B., New Jersey*

BACKDOOR MAN

I have always wanted to be fucked up the ass, but my lovers have never been adventurous enough to fulfill this desire. Finally I decided to go trolling for a backdoor man—online. I created a room called "Anal Fantasy" and quickly struck gold.

MarquisDSX: Can you take an iron-hard cock in that tight hole?

HotBlonde: Try me!

MarquisDSX: Lean over the table so I can see your ass. Mmm … very nice. Now spread your legs.

HotBlonde: Like this?

MarquisDSX: Wider. I know it's hard to keep your balance on those spike heels, but I want you totally open.

HotBlonde: Finger my ass hole, please.

MarquisDSX: Slipping a finger into your ass … slowly working it open …

HotBlonde: Oh, God … starting to shake …

MarquisDSX: Rubbing oil on a small vibrator, holding it against your little pink hole … reaching my hand under your cunt to squeeze your clit as I slide the dildo up your ass.

HotBlonde: Moaning as it fills me …

MarquisDSX: Taking out a bigger vibrator … sliding it into your dripping cunt.… Are you ready for my cock?

HotBlonde: So ready … please fuck me.

MarquisDSX: Removing the small vibrator … slowly pushing eight inches of throbbing meat into your greased ass hole.

HotBlonde: Gasping … so good.…

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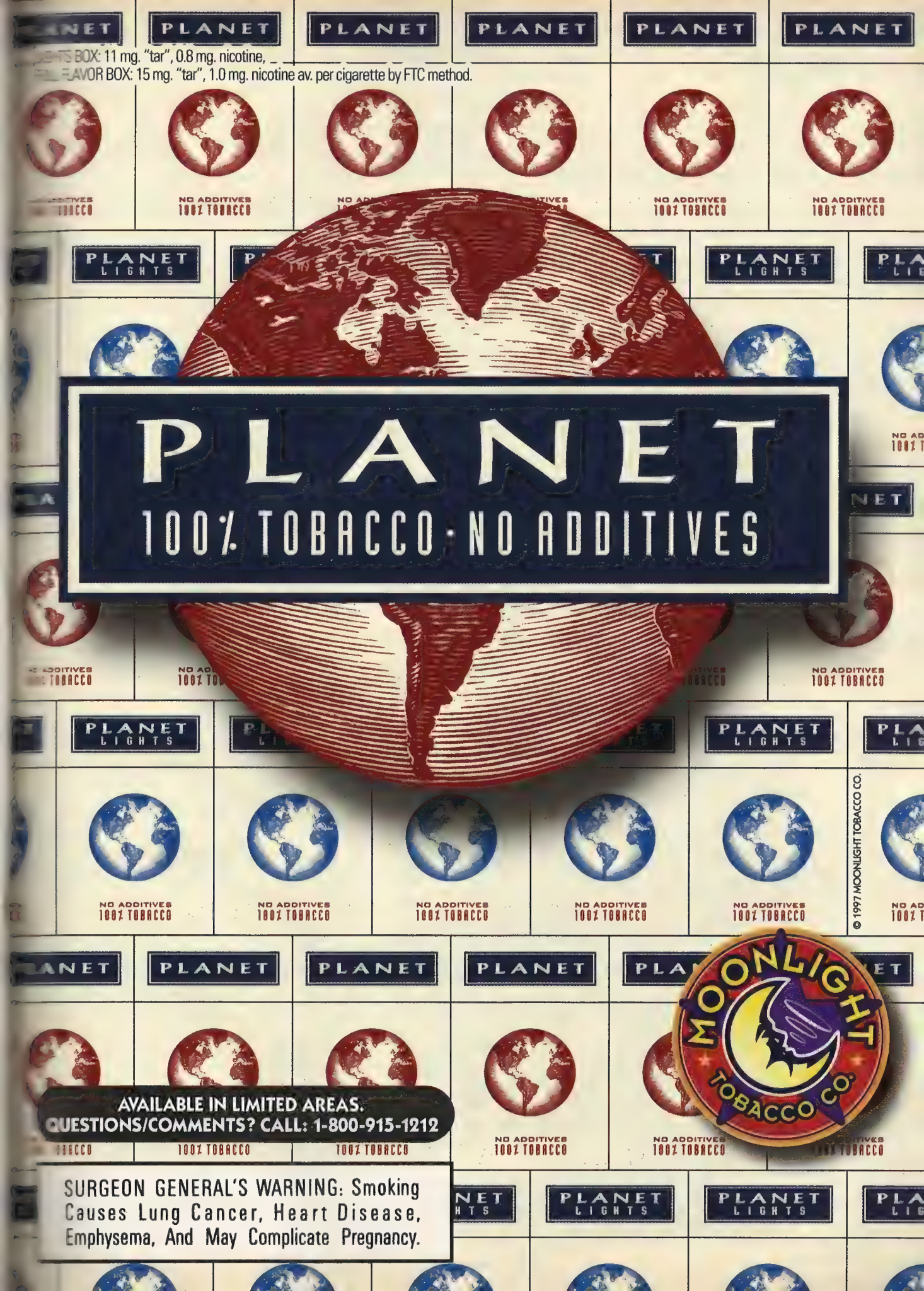
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AVOR BOX: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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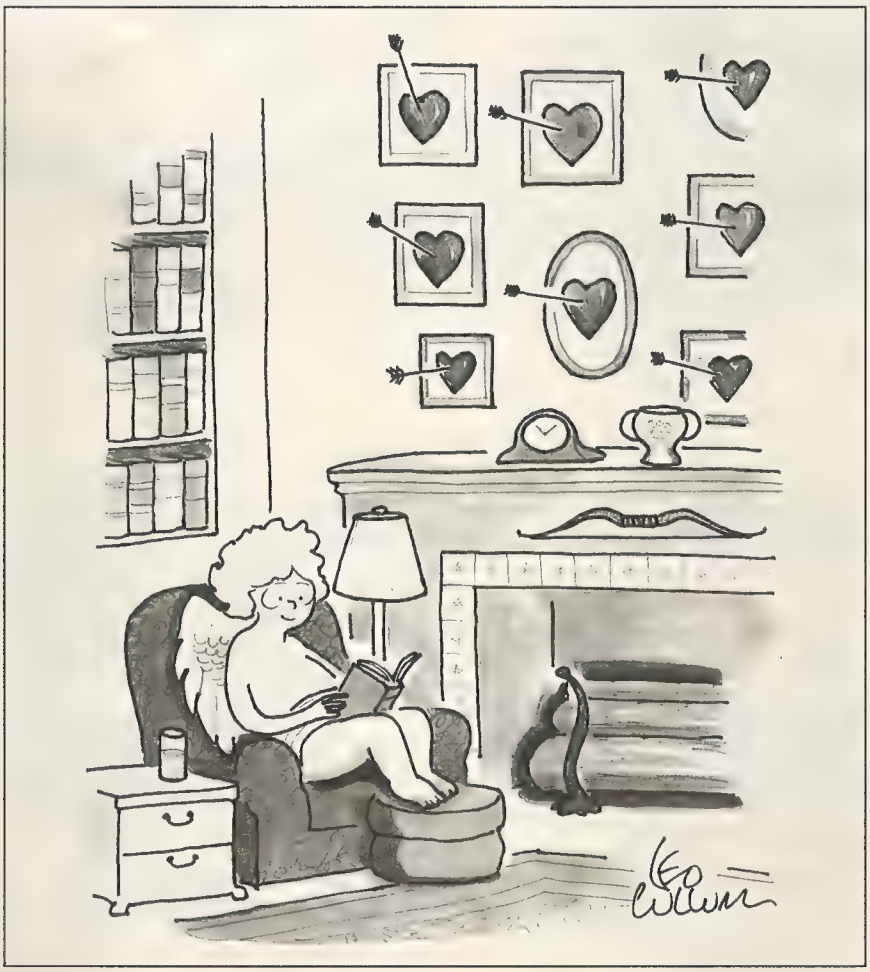
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

squirmed. I ate her ass hole for at least ten minutes, all the while rubbing my own river between my legs. I rolled her over and kissed her on the mouth again, this time working my way down until I was licking the edges of her pussy and the insides of her thighs. Her skin was smooth, her scent attractive and light. I began to slide my tongue along the outside of her slit, and she moaned with approval. Then I got brave and spread her open with my fingers, the juice glistening off her pink labia. I licked her bigtime, my tongue dipping in as far as I could get in her hole, her come spilling out into my mouth.

Vivian had her hands on the back of my head, her hips off the bed, my face smashed against her soft pussy, my tongue slithering in her insides like a hungry snake. I could tell she was coming when I tasted the more pasty fluid. I drank it up with each lick. After about a hundred licks, my face looked like a glazed donut. I sat up. Vivian rose up, and we giggled and kissed. She said she loved following my directions.

All this time I still hadn't felt her tongue inside me. I lay down on my stomach without saying a word, and she knew what to do. She caressed me, fingered my pussy and ass hole, and made me come once without even touching me. Vivian then gave me the same treatment that I'd given her, licking my back down the middle until I felt her spread my ass cheeks apart. The next sensation I had has to be the best a person can feel. Vivian licked my ass hole, and I was in heaven. Her face was buried in my ass, and I could feel her tongue penetrate my anus, sending waves of electricity through me. After she'd given me a tongue-fucking that way, I rolled over and positioned my little slut on her back, placing a pillow under her head. She knew that she was about to be fed. I kissed her passionately and then straddled her head. I moved up and sat my fat pussy directly over her face. As I lowered myself for the ride, Vivian eagerly reached up to greet my pussy. Her tongue was immediately at work, sending me over the edge almost upon contact. Her tongue inside me slurped up my cream, and I rubbed back and forth against her mouth, pulling her head into my pussy with each motion. Her tongue and mouth devoured my fleshy folds. I was so hot at that moment, and so was she, that there was nothing we wouldn't do. I came so hard I squirted for the first time, right into Vivian's mouth. I fell forward and finally rolled off her. Her face was covered from the bottom of her eyes to below her chin with my come. I licked her face clean and we held each other. The clock said 5:30, and by 7:00 we were locked into our third sixty-nine.

Vivian still does everything I tell her to do, although now we take turns. We have shared the young man who cleans the pool, and two other guys. Last week my old friend Kim came to visit me. Kim was soon introduced to our game, and now I have two pussies to lick.—*B. S. Pennsylvania*



ONE TOUGH DAME

I greatly enjoyed your article "Tough Dames" [November 1995], about women who wrestle and dominate males professionally. Let me tell you about one of these women. First of all I'm six feet tall and 190 pounds and can bench-press more than 250 pounds, so athletically I'm no slouch. I have wrestled a few female bodybuilders in the past, and while I found their unearned holds fairly tight, they were not the most competitive of wrestlers. My last encounter, however, was a completely different experience.

I met this girl for a match at her apartment in downtown Manhattan. She opened the door, and I thought, *Wow, this girl is beautiful.* Indeed she was, but she wasn't very big—maybe 140 pounds, tops. She looked more like a fashion model. We talked for a while before our match—we had quite a bit in common—and then went into our respective rooms to dress for battle.

When she came out I noticed that she had some muscle on her, but was nowhere near as big as the other girls I had faced. I stretched a little, thinking that I'd take it easy on her. Then the match began.

Within seconds she had me in a killer headlock and flipped me down onto the mat. I got up to my knees and flipped her over, but she squirmed free. She put me in a chokehold, winning a submission very rapidly. The total time of the first fall: less than three minutes. *Okay,* I thought, *lucky ... now let's get serious.* We began to wrestle again. Her hands were so fast I couldn't follow. Within seconds she had me down on the mat again in a combination full nelson and scissors. I could barely breathe. Submission earned once again in under three minutes. This gorgeous girl, 50 pounds lighter than me, was kicking my butt.

I found myself suddenly very confused. I wanted to be able to defeat her, but at the same time was loving every moment of her triumph. Again she had me gasping for air. As I looked over at her intensely seductive face, she was hardly breaking a sweat. After submitting to her two more times, I took consolation in the fact that I had not been pinned. But the match was still young. Although I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

Be stronger, smarter, harder, better! *Ultimate tune-ups for top performance*

FIRST-TEE FACE-SAVER

Stepping up to that first tee can put black fear into the heart of the strongest man. Talk about performance anxiety! Not only is it your first full swing of the day, but you've got all those other golfers watching—no doubt laying odds you'll shank one into that goldfish pond about 30 yards away and 90 degrees to the right.

The cure for first-tee shankers is surprisingly simple, says Randy Myers, fitness director at the P.G.A. National Golf and Sports Club in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida. Instead of bracing yourself with a mantra or a goofy visualization—or a prayer—all you need do is stretch. "The golf swing involves so many muscle groups, your opportunity for fluidity is severely limited if you don't loosen up before you play," says Myers.

He promises that the following three quick stretches will not only cure shank shots, they'll help you hit the ball straighter and farther. (They'll also give your back a measure of protection.) Do these in the locker room before you reach the first tee:

Hamstring Stretch. Lie on your back with your butt against a wall and your legs extending up the wall. Flex your feet, one at a time, so your toes point as far as possible back down toward the floor. Hold each flex for five seconds. Repeat five times with each foot. (For a little extra, drape a towel over your flexed foot. Pull down on both ends of the towel to work your hamstrings a little harder.)

Buttock Stretch. Lie on your back near a wall, so that with knees bent both feet are flat against the wall. Prop your right foot over the left knee. Now grab your right foot with your left hand and your right knee with your right hand. Keeping your back flat on the floor, push up on the knee while pulling down on the toes. Hold ten seconds. Repeat three times with each leg.

Hip-Flexor Rotation Stretch. Lie on your back with knees bent and both feet flat on the floor close to your butt. Prop your right foot over the left knee. Grasp your right ankle with your left hand and right knee with your right hand. Keeping your back flat on the floor, press your knee away as you hold on to the ankle. Maintain for ten seconds. Repeat three times with each leg.

Externals

LIP TIPS FOR ACTIVE MEN

Ah, winter. Skiing, snowboarding, fumbling with jumper cables in a howling blizzard. Such fun! But while you're enjoying that winter wonderland, one small part of your anatomy is taking a beating. No, not *that* part. It's your lips, says Charles Zugerman, M.D., associate professor of clinical dermatology at Northwestern University Medical School. Some lip do's and dont's:

- *Don't lick 'em.* Evaporation of saliva just makes lips drier.
- *But do wet 'em.* Keep a humidifier running indoors, and make a point of drinking lots of fluids. Dry winter air can suck the life out of delicate lip tissues.
- *Do cover 'em.* Use protective balms with sunscreen (at least S.P.F. 15). Most of us forget that the sun's ultraviolet rays are just as *ultra* in winter as in summer.
- *Don't scorch 'em.* Minimize your lips' exposure to irritants like spicy foods and drinks.

For more information, write for a free copy of "Your Guide to Healthy Lips," from Blistex, Inc., P.R. Department, 1800 Swift Drive, Oak Brook, Ill. 60521.

STRESS AND MEMORY

Fear, loathing, and lost keys: Scientists say angst makes you absent-minded.

If you've been misplacing your keys a lot lately, it may not be premature senility, as you fear. It may simply be stress, some new studies indicate.

How does stress affect memory? When you're under pressure the brain releases a slew of "fight or flight" hormones designed to prepare our prehistoric ancestors for attacks, says Robert M. Sapolsky, Ph.D., Stanford University professor of biological sciences. Some of the most important of these "fear chemicals" are hormones called glucocorticoids (G.C.'s). In animals, high levels of G.C.'s have been known to damage or shrink the hippocampus, a part of the brain crucial to memory. Now new research shows that long-term exposure to G.C.'s can be harmful to the human brain as well.

Short-term stress-induced brain drain is reversible; long-term may not be. Perhaps it's time to reconsider that debilitating overtime assignment.

THE GOODS ON BADMINTON

So you thought badminton was a wussy party game meant solely to provide a break between vodka tonics? Nothing could be further from the truth. Serious badminton players work *hard,* according to the American Council on Exercise. A recent study of nationally ranked players in Italy showed that these guys are exercising at an average 60.4 percent of their aerobic capacity, and achieving heart rates about 82 percent of those reached on a strenuous treadmill workout. That's right in the same ballpark as brisk walking or cycling.

Nutrition

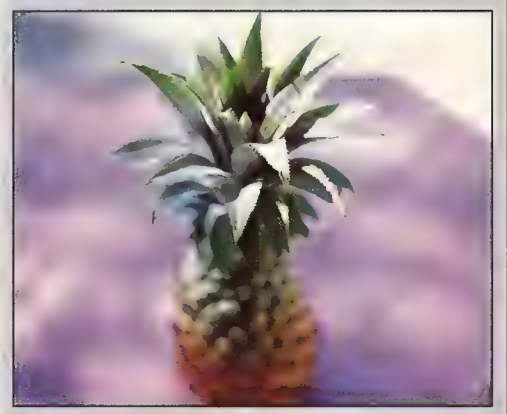
BREAKFAST POWER SHAKE

Can't cook up a nutritious breakfast and still get to work on time? Below is a high-energy blender drink you can whip up in a jiffy as you scan your day planner. "This is more than just a quick pick-me-up," says Barbara Whedon, R.D., a nutritionist at Thomas Jefferson University Hospital in Philadelphia. "The proteins and carbohydrates make it a sustained source of energy."

1 cup plain or vanilla nonfat yogurt
1 cup fresh or frozen fruit
2 tsp. honey

Blend ingredients until just mixed. For variety try different fruits, yogurt flavors, and types of sweeteners. Calories: about 250.

"Very active men who do a lot of high-intensity exercise can easily double the amounts without any problem," says Whedon.



NOSEBLEED NOSTRUM

What do you do when your schnozz spouts a gusher? If you're like most people, you probably tilt your head up and back—it's the favorite advice of dads and moms.

That's a mistake. Actually the first thing you should do is blow your nose, says Ronald Charles, M.D., assistant professor of emergency medicine at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center at Dallas. Blowing removes any blood clots that might have formed. If available, also use a blood-vessel-constricting spray like Afrin. Then tilt your head *forward* to avoid swallowing blood, and use your fingers to apply gentle pressure to both sides of your nose for about ten minutes.

If that doesn't do the trick, call your doctor or head directly to the nearest emergency room. "It could mean something else is wrong," Charles says.

FEVER RELIEVER?

If you're planning a trip to a Third World country, you may need to take a course of antimalaria medicine before you go. And because in some areas the malaria bug has become resistant to the traditional medicines, doctors have turned to a newer drug called mefloquine to ward off the mosquito-borne disease.

But wait. A study at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine suggests that people who take mefloquine (Lariam) are almost eight times more apt to experience severe psychological side effects—wild mood swings and even psychosis—than people who take the older drugs proguanil and chloroquine.

Before getting a prescription, ask your doctor to check whether your destination warrants the newer, and riskier, medication.

FRESH AS A DAISY

If you had a few too many last night, how will you perform today? Maybe just as well as if you'd been sippin' Lipton, says Siegfried Streufert, Ph.D., professor of behavioral science at Penn State College of Medicine.

Streufert examined 21 healthy businessmen, all under the age of 46. The evening before, he had had them drink until the level of alcohol in their breath reached 0.10, the threshold of intoxication in many states. The next morning the volunteers all passed standard decision-making tests with flying colors—even though some *felt* as if they were thinking through flannel.—*J. Garrard*

DID YOU KNOW?

- Many medical-insurance companies will reimburse part of your health-club membership cost. Some that do are Aetna Health Plans, U.S. Healthcare, and Keystone Health Plan East.
- Over-the-counter anti-inflammatory drugs like aspirin, Advil, and Aleve can cause hearing loss. "Hearing usually returns to normal once the drug is discontinued," says Thomas Balkany, M.D., director of the University of Miami Ear Institute.
- Of those with chest pain admitted to coronary-care units, only 30 percent have actually had a heart attack. Don't play the odds, though. Get checked if you feel pain.

Pay less at the pump: Some medical insurers now reimburse health-club costs.

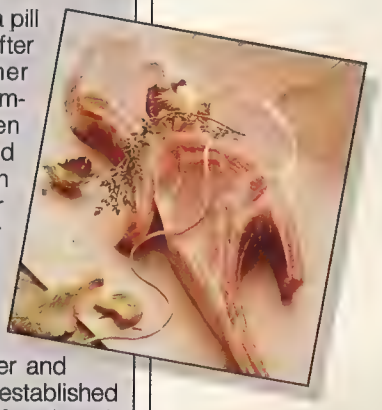
Discoveries

DIABETIC? CHEW ON THIS

For the millions of men whose diabetes threatens everything from their heart and eyesight to their potency, there's good news on the horizon. If the results of a recent study hold up, it may be that taking supplements of chromium picolinate—available in any health-food or nutrition store, or by mail order—can lower a diabetic's blood-sugar level.

The study, conducted in China by researchers from the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Agricultural Research Station in Greenbelt, Maryland, involved three groups of 60 diabetics each. One group took 1,000 micrograms of chromium a day, another 200 micrograms a day. The third group got only a placebo, a pill containing no chromium. Results after four months: Those on the higher chromium dose showed dramatic improvement on diabetes tests. Even those on the smaller dose showed some benefit. (Warning: If you are on insulin, do not lower your dosage for any reason without consulting your physician.)

Good food sources of chromium are whole grains, broccoli, orange juice, meat, and cheese—and there's even some chromium in beer and wine. Though currently there is no established Recommended Dietary Allowance for chromium, doses of up to 200 micrograms a day are considered safe.



Men's Sexual Health & Fitness

Just be firm: A new virility-booster can point you in the right direction ... up, that is.

POTENCY PILL UPDATE

In June we reported on a new pill that can boost a man's sexual desire and potency. Now that pill, called MuraZon, is available in the United States, and enthusiastic testimonials are beginning to pour in from gratified customers

from ages 20 to 80.

"I could get an erection, but I couldn't keep it up," says a 24-year-old engineering consultant from Birmingham, Alabama. "I had tried other 'potency' products, but nothing worked.

"After the second week on MuraZon I started to see results. It was like, 'Wow, that was cool.'

"I definitely plan to keep on taking MuraZon," says this happy user. "I think it's great."

A 28-year-old carpenter from Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, reports even quicker results. (John A. Blackman, executive V.P. of Larjen Pharma, the maker of MuraZon, notes that some men see results within days, while for others it may take up to three weeks.) "Once in a while," says the carpenter, "I'd have a problem either getting or keeping an erection. I had a breakup with a longtime girlfriend, and was pretty depressed after that. I was treated with a medication, but that seemed to make the sexual problem worse."

MuraZon started working within a few days. "It's definitely improved my sexual performance," he says, "and it did it very quickly. I'm back in a relationship."

MuraZon is an all-natural product with an active ingredient, *muira puama,* that has been used as an aphrodisiac by the Amazon Indians for at least 300 years. In Europe, according to Jacques Waynberg, M.D., Ph.D., director of the Institute of Sexology in Paris, more than 2,000 men have taken muira puama in clinical trials. After 15 weeks, penile response and rigidity of erection were restored in 62 percent of these patients.

Waynberg notes that MuraZon is especially effective for otherwise healthy men whose sexual dysfunction has psychological roots. Using MuraZon as part of what he calls a "total sexual experience"—including romance, relaxation, and tenderness—"we reach a point which is exactly what the man was accustomed to before he started experiencing sexual dysfunction." MuraZon, in short, "brings a man back to his normal vitality.

"It's a natural product," Waynberg adds, "for natural sexuality."

A 120-tablet bottle of MuraZon costs $49.95; 240 cost $89.95. Includes pamphlet and video. To order, call (800) 452-7536.

SAFE SPERM-STOP OPTION

The thought of vasectomy can send a cold shiver through a man, and we don't mean his spine. But more than just the vision of some shaky-handed surgeon messing around in a very sensitive locale, many fear that vasectomy could be a risk factor for a number of ailments. Most of the medical warnings on vasectomy have been rescinded, but since many men are just coming to the vasectomy decision for the first time, we decided to review the medical literature.

The first health fear concerning vasectomy was that it might be linked to heart disease. This bugaboo was raised back in the seventies, when some scientists argued that sperm with no place to go might evoke antibodies, which would then clog the arteries that feed the heart. But a dozen years ago a huge government study showed that the death rates of vasectomized men were actually *lower* than those of men who had not gone under the knife.

More recently, scientists raised the possibility of increased

prostate-cancer risk for vasectomized men. But last year a Stanford study put that theory to rest too. After interviewing more than 3,000 men, about half of whom had been diagnosed with prostate cancer, the researchers found that the frequency of cancer was no greater among men with vasectomies. Their conclusion: The findings "do not support previous reports of increased prostate-cancer risk associated with vasectomy."

If you are considering this sperm-stopping surgery, don't worry about your health sliding downhill. If anything, the evidence points to *increased* well-being for men who've made the cut.

SPEED KILLS

What a waste: A whole evening of wining and dining and dazzling small talk. In fact your moves were downright perfect—until the moment of truth. Then, suddenly, your eagerness betrayed you. Before you could say, "Thank you, ma'am," you were done. *Check, please!*

Premature ejaculation, a condition affecting at least one in three men at some point, is better than not being able to get it up at all. Better because at least you get your rocks off. But if truth be told, it can happen so fast you barely feel it.

For many men the problem disappears as they settle into stable relationships, but for a few it only seems to get worse. Two tried-and-true techniques can overcome the problem in 95 percent of men, says Troy A. Burns, M.D., medical director of The Diagnostic Center for Men, in Lenexa, Kansas.

Stop/Start: The trick here is to ask your partner to masturbate you until you are just on the verge of ejaculation. Then (bravely now) tell her to stop. Without further stimulation, the urgency to ejaculate will subside. After five to ten seconds, ask her to start again. Repeat this cycle three times. The fourth time, allow yourself to come. Repeat this exercise two or three times a week; then try it with full intercourse.

Squeeze: Begin as above, but when your partner stops, have her squeeze the head of your penis hard between two fingers. Don't worry, this won't cause any damage, but it sure wilts you quick. After a brief pause, have her work you back to full arousal, then squeeze again. Yikes! But what's a little discomfort in the search for control?

For more help with premature ejaculation call The Diagnostic Center for Men at (800) 331-4636. For $79.95 they'll send you a video and a pamphlet on P.E. as well as a book on male sexuality.—*J. Garrard*

Checkups

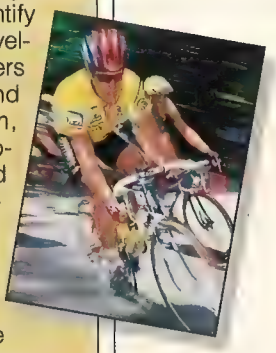
INSPECTING THE JEWELS

If it could happen to Lance Armstrong, it can happen to any man. Armstrong, 25, a top American cyclist and former world champion, was about as healthy as they come. But early last fall he felt severe pain in one of his testicles, then coughed up blood. The diagnosis: testicular cancer, the number-one cancer in men between the ages of 20 and 35.

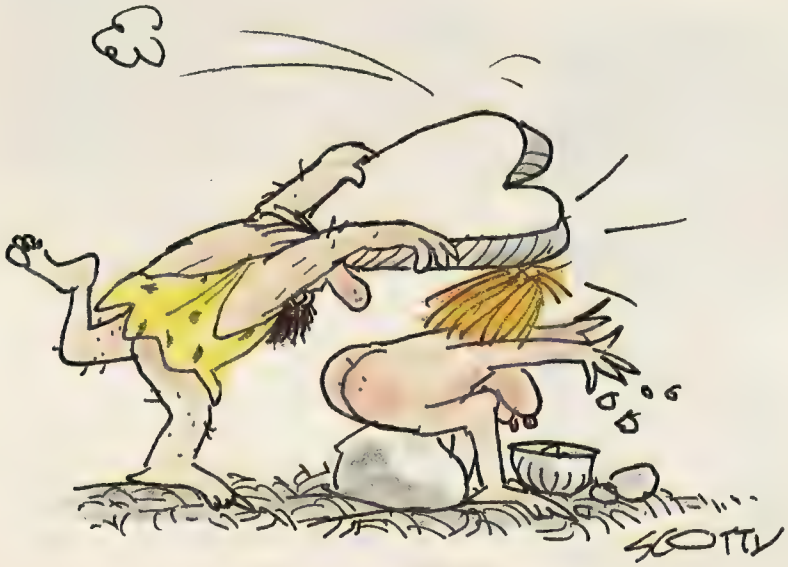
The good news is, the cure rate for testicular cancer runs as high as 97 percent. But only if you catch it early. Here's how to examine the family jewels:

While in a warm bath or shower, gently roll each testicle between thumb and fingers. Feel for abnormal, pea-size lumps. If you find one or if you notice excessive soreness or sponginess, call your doctor.

Coming soon is a more refined testing technique that should allow doctors to identify testicular cancer earlier. The test, developed by a team of Dutch researchers from the University of Nijmegen and University Hospital in Rotterdam, checks for abnormal versions of a substance known as platelet-derived growth factor alpha-receptor transcript. In experiments the telltale substance turned up in every one of 27 tissue samples taken from men with testicular cancer. The test, which could be done on semen samples, may be available at some clinics within two years.



Know when to hold 'em: Testicle checks should be done once a month.


SCOTT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

actually *was* able to hold her off for a couple of minutes, she once again maneuvered me onto my stomach. With an incredible force she put me in an arm lock and drove my left shoulder into the mat, flipping me over immediately. Before I could get up I was trapped between her legs with her unbelievably firm ass grinding into me as my shoulders were pinned to the mat. I couldn't move; I was totally controlled by this deceptively tiny but dangerous woman. Suddenly I felt myself not wanting to move. This session was one of the most stimulating experiences of my life.

We continued to wrestle for another hour or so, totally ignoring the distractions of her constantly ringing telephone and outside city noise. After it was over I returned home and was sore for over a week.—*S. M., New Jersey*

NIGHTINGALE'S TAIL

When I first started subscribing to your magazine I wondered if the gods above would ever smile down on me with a sexual experience worth writing about. When I least expected it, it finally happened. A couple of months ago I found myself in the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. What a depressing way to spend the last part of summer break before college resumed.

When I awoke after the surgery I was sore beyond belief and unable to move much. With my only entertainment options being soap operas and talk shows, I chose to lie on my hospital bed and masturbate under the covers. I was just starting to get a good hard-on going when my angel of mercy entered the room. Carrie was a beautiful petite blonde student nurse just assigned to me. "Hi," she said. "I'm here to take care of you. Just relax and let me do all the work."

That won't be a problem, I thought as I gazed into her beautiful, Irish-green eyes. She moved to my bedside. Saying she was here to change my bandage, she began to remove the sheets that covered my growing hard-on. Luckily she left my manhood just a bit concealed. I was safe for now. After she delicately changed my bandage, she surprised me by saying she was also going to bathe me. She started by doing all the safe areas—arms, legs, chest. Next she rolled me over and washed my behind. What a great feeling that was. Then it happened: She put me on my back again and completely uncovered my body to finish washing. I thought I could fight off the urge, but the second that warm washcloth touched my crotch, an eight-inch flagpole was raised.

Carrie let out a gasp of approval. "What do we have here?" she cooed. Feeling embarrassed, I said I was sorry, and told her I just couldn't help it because she was doing such a good job. When she said she could do even better I really perked up. She proceeded to drop the washcloth and do some serious stroking of my rod. Since I had already started this by myself, it took only a couple of minutes before I shot a load high in the air and on her gentle hand.

Carrie looked down at my come-covered cock and said, in a pouting tone, "This will never do. I just washed you. I guess I'll have to clean it again." With that, she began to lick all the come from my cock and started giving me a blowjob. Even though I'd just shot my load, I quickly began getting hard again, thanks to her warm kisses to the head of my prick—only this time I wanted to be more involved. I reached over to get under her short white skirt. Much to my pleasure, her panties were already soaking wet when I started fingering her hairless snatch. Carrie could see that I was straining to reach her, so she got up on the bed and knelt over me in a sixty-nine, positioning her petite tush right in my face.

With this invitation, I went to work on her love button with my tongue. The perfumed aroma from her cunt juices was

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mesmerizing. As her moans grew more intense, my tongue lapping sped up. In my frenzy to gather every drop of her sweetness my tongue brushed up to her pink pucker hole. To my surprise, she purred. Wanting to confirm this response, I wet a finger and began to invade the tight hole. She loved it. Carrie responded like she was hypnotized by my bung-hole teasing. I continued to test the boundaries, and before I knew it my tongue was thrusting in and out of her backside. Who would have thought it—this sweet young thing was an ass freak. Lucky me!

Just as I was about to come from her blowjob, she stopped and said she had better plans for my next load. She crawled farther down the bed and began to lower her pert little behind onto my waiting prick. She did all the work. All I had to do was lie back and enjoy the view. She started off slow and let out a moan as my bulbous head tried to penetrate her tight space. Within a few minutes, however, she had impaled my whole throbbing member. I would have never thought such a cute little butt could accept such a large load. Near the end she picked up the pace and was really thrusting up and down over me as we both came together. I filled her bowels with an even bigger load of hot love goo than before as she let out a shriek of pleasure.

After several more days of Carrie's special bedside manner, I was begging my doctor to remove something else just so I could stay in the hospital a few more days.—*J. S., Ohio*

FRAT FUCK

I have been reading *Penthouse* for a number of years now. Whenever I've needed a quick orgasm I could always count on the "Forum" letters to aid in my quest. I never thought I would ever have an experience that would match any of those that I'd read about. Fortunately for me, though, my last week at college this semester provided me with several. Since I had an extra week to stay after my finals, I assumed that I just would be packing. However, a couple of members of a campus fraternity rescued me from what could have been a very boring week.

Late Sunday night I got a call from Tony, a guy I had been seeing most of the semester. Tony is about six one, with a muscular frame and dark skin. On top of that he is bald, which is my current weakness. Since he had finished pledging, we'd been having sex on a regular basis, and I was more than happy to see him. I threw on some jeans and went downstairs to meet him. When I got to his truck he had a surprise for me. He had brought one of his fraternity brothers with him. Dino was about my height, five foot four, with extremely dark skin and an average build. Instead of being upset, I laughed. It had been a while since my last threesome, and I thought it would be fun.

We got to Tony's place in record time. Dino seemed shy, but he would prove to be otherwise before the night was over. For a second no one seemed sure of what to do, so I went into the bedroom. They followed and quickly discovered me undressing. I began rubbing my 38Ds against Tony, and informed him that I was more than ready to fuck. He didn't want me to neglect Dino, so I started brushing my ample ass against *him* as well. Dino responded quickly; I was greeted with a nice hard erection. Not wanting to waste a perfectly good hard-on, I pulled down his pants and engulfed his wide six-inch dick. He sighed in appreciation of my tongue talents, and began running his hands through my hair. All the while, Tony stood by enjoying the show I was putting on. When Dino had reached his maximum hardness, I stopped sucking, kissed the head of his dick, and handed him a condom.

Tony had already undressed, so all I had to do was wrap my lips around his dick. I went down on all fours and waited for Dino to enter me as I inhaled the eight-inch monster in front of me. I heard the condom wrapper rip open, and I came so hard that come was dripping from my pussy lips. As I was starting to get all wet from the sucking, Dino shoved his way inside. My breath caught for a second, which forced Tony farther into my throat. Dino continued his assault on my pussy for several minutes, rubbing against its walls with each stroke. I started moaning, but the sound was muffled by Tony's dick. When I grunted in approval, Dino decided to pound my sopping pussy even harder. I love being stuffed, and I had already started coming when I felt Dino grab my hips and go into overdrive. He bucked hard a few times and then got up.

My pussy was still screaming for attention, so I stopped sucking Tony's dick and lay on my back. Tony didn't need an invitation; he entered me hard. The one thing I love about Tony is his ability to fuck me just right, and tonight would be no different. I wrapped my legs around his shoulders and he sunk in deeper. He grabbed my thighs and started ramming my pussy so hard that I thought I would faint. I began to whimper from all the orgasms I was having, and the next thing I knew he was telling me he was about to come too. I wanted him to stay inside me as he came, but he wanted me to swallow it. We compromised, and I had a nice come shower all over my chest and pussy. He waited for a second, and then thrust his still-hard dick back inside me.

It took us another five minutes to realize that Dino had left the room. We found him on the sofa half-asleep. My mouth woke him up, and he was surprised to see me giving him head. For the next 30 minutes I alternated between them, always stopping before they could come. When my attention went back to Dino, I felt Tony behind me. He began fucking me doggie-style while I held Dino's dick in my mouth. With every new twinge, my pussy had my tongue mimicking the action on the member in my mouth. It wasn't long before my ass was covered in come, but I had yet to get my reward from Dino. I kept sucking and used every trick that I knew to elicit his spunk, but nothing was working. As I was about to give up, I felt him buck. Five minutes later, my mouth was flooded with another load of nut. I sprawled out on the floor for a few minutes while they looked on.

I was still horny, but it was close to five A.M. and they had finals in the morning, so we all got dressed and left. I enjoyed every second of it, and would gladly go through another week of rock-solid members from the men of Omega Psi Phi.—*R. D., Texas*

VIRGIN SACRIFICE

I never planned it. It just happened. During a date with a 21-year-old (I am 37) I discovered he was a virgin. That was a switch for me. The tables were turned. This time I could do the seducing and make this boy realize he was missing one of the greater pleasures of life.

After a few more dates I discovered to my surprise that not only had he never experienced a good fuck, he'd also never experienced the thrills of foreplay. He had a lot to learn, but I had to be careful. I didn't want him to think I was the older woman trying to steal his virginity from him.

We made it a game. I was the instruc-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

> Vivian's tongue inside me slurped up my cream, and I rubbed against her mouth, pulling her head into my pussy with each motion.

MONIQUE

"When I want to get to know a man better, I come right out and tell him he makes me hot. I don't waste time beating around the bush."

LOVE HER TENDER

It's Valentine's time again—time for romance, lingerie, and steamy glances. Fortunately this year everyone has a sweetheart in our irresistible February Pet of the Month, 28-year-old Monique Nobrega. "I want the whole world to have someone special in their lives," says our smiling Australian-born flower, "and posing for *Penthouse* is my small way of giving love to everyone who sees the magazine." This philosophy carries Monique through her work as both a dancer and a massage therapist—she says she considers it her primary mission to "give my customers my undivided attention and to help them forget their worries." Worries? After seeing these photos readers will be lucky if they can remember their names.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER, JR.

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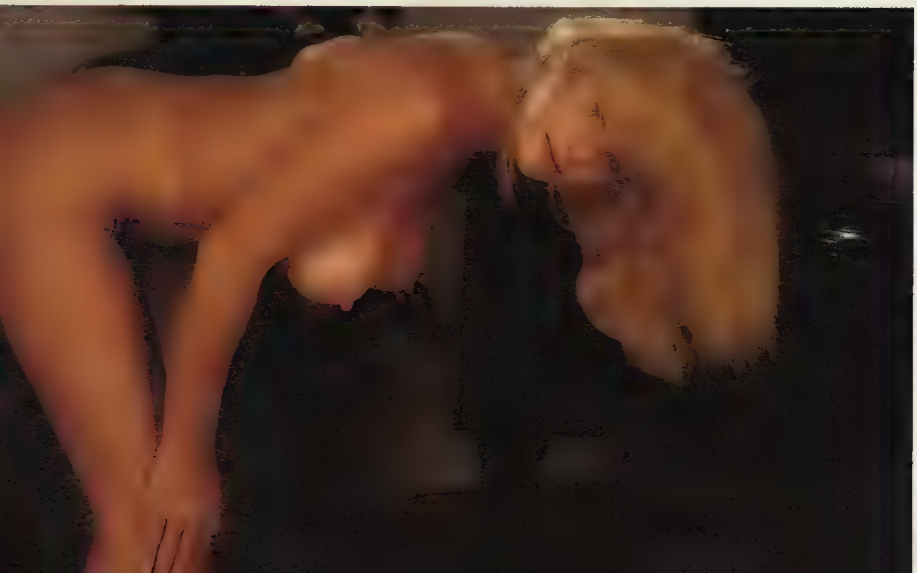

Since she currently resides in the sexy tropics of Hawaii, it's only natural that Monique's favorite sports are water polo, boogie-boarding, and surfing. In fact one of our adventuresome Pet's craziest exploits involved 20-foot swells and a tiny thong bikini. Needless to say, spectators on the beach caught more than a few waves that afternoon.... Our bold and beautiful Pet is also far from shy when it comes to her love life. "I once made mad, passionate love in a glass elevator in the middle of Waikiki," she confides. "One of the benefits of being a model is it's easy to talk yourself out of potentially embarrassing situations." But when she's not frolicking among the breakers or making her date the envy of all other men, Monique spends quiet time at home with loved ones. "I enjoy all that comes with the companionship of family and friends," she says. "Openness, security, trust, and the chance to be my true self. The one downside to modeling is that people tend to judge you by your looks. My dearest friends and my family accept and love the real me for who I am, inside and out."

"When I want to get to know a man better, I come right out and tell him he makes me hot," declares our Valentine. "I don't waste time beating around the bush—life's too short."

"I consider a true honor to be chosen as a Pet of the Month," states our 40-27-37 wonder. "Everyone knows *Penthouse* models are the most erotic women in the world."

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MISS MONIQUE NOBREGA/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

What are some of her favorite things? Monique admits she's a sucker for a man in uniform, she loves mellow rock, and she loves the taste of brandy and chocolate mousse (although not at the same time). Her total self-assurance inspires her to live for the moment and never look back. She enjoys fulfilling her man's every whim and desire for the sake of his happiness. "They say all you need is love," she states proudly, "and this is my love letter to the world."

All we can say is, Monique, please write again soon!

To see more of Monique, visit the Pet of the Month Fan Club at http://www.penthousemag.com.

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Newport

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MILITARY affairs

At the end of the twentieth century such traditional tools of diplomacy as sanctions, travel restrictions, and the withholding of recognition are no longer able to sway intransigent states unless they are backed up by credible military force. With diplomacy in disrepair, responsibility for protecting our national interests has fallen on the armed forces.

Our elected leaders and their appointed satraps aren't entirely sure how to operate in this new world. Threats to a country's tranquility this side of an actual invasion have been insufficient to mobilize an effective coalition. It doesn't matter who occupies the White House. And it is futile to rail at America's former coalition partners for their hypocrisy or lack of courage. Today uneasy rests the mantle of political authority in the Middle East and elsewhere. Political leaders in the Western democracies as well as those from the former Soviet bloc lack the kind of popular support that would let them risk overtly siding with the United States in a military showdown against states like Libya, Iran, and Iraq. Our natural allies—Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, France, et al.—will usually go along with an American initiative, but only after a diplomatic rain dance to assert their independence, and an appropriate delay to demonstrate that their acquiescence was not automatic. This convoluted response to threats to peace is messy and unsatisfactory, if unsurprising.

Despite the Dayton treaty, Bosnia may still explode.

Where does this leave us? If the past several years are any guide to the future, it seems that the U.S. has come to accept the hazards of unilateral military intervention in pursuit of rather vague political goals. In the case of Bosnia, from 1992 to 1995 two American administrations and the Europeans procrastinated while the evil of a thinly disguised policy of genocide was allowed to triumph. The final curtain has not fallen on Bosnia; it may yet lead to another great war. If this occurs, despite the public relations of the Dayton peace accords, President Bush's refusal to commit U.S. power early on will rank in folly with the dithering fantasies of those who produced Munich, the invitation to World War II.

There will never be general acceptance of what amounts to unilateral military intervention by the U.S. in flash-point trouble spots around the world. Critics will contend that such actions don't involve America's national-security interests, or that their costs should not be borne by the long-suffering American taxpayer. Such arguments aren't compelling enough to try to resurrect the fantasy of mutual-defense treaties and organizations to keep the peace and punish transgressors. U.N. and NATO resolutions are little more than fig leaves to cover the real reasons for our unilateral military intervention. These are best left unstated.

Political sage Walter Lippmann probably had it right some 30 years ago when he said, "We are not the policeman of mankind." Unfortunately, he was wrong in believing that benign neglect could in itself check the cancer of totalitarianism. America cannot be the world's policeman, but it can and should play the role of global deputy sheriff, with the motto "Have gun, will travel." Yes, there are many risks associated with unilateral military intervention, but the risks of doing nothing are even greater.

Before a policy of unilateral military intervention becomes a given, however, some of its practical implications need to be acknowledged. For decades the political-military-industrial complex preached "military preparedness" as the way to ward off the evil of war. Although this was only partly valid, it did give its adherents the cloak of certitude. Today our armed forces must be able to move on very short notice to a trouble spot anyplace in the world and be ready to carry out a full range of missions.

The second reality to be recognized is that the cost of rapidly deploying a credible military force with its high-tech weaponry to a remote region is quite high, though not astronomical. The paradox is that if a unilateral military intervention prevents a flare-up from igniting a war, it will be cheap, no matter the cost. If our leaders seek personal political advantage by trying to pursue this policy "on the cheap," they may succeed, but the policy won't—and there will be unnecessary casualties to make the point.—*William R. Corson*

The Unrepentant Voyeur **by Ralph Gardner, Jr.**

kDiRnAgGs

Most men are intrigued by lesbians, but don't often get

My opportunity came recently when I was writing an article about drag queens for a woman's magazine. The latest twist in drag is drag *kings*, women who batten down their breasts with Ace bandages, glue on sideburns and whiskers, stuff a dildo or, if one isn't available, a pair of socks down their pants, and strut around making believe they're guys. For some reason this drives many of their sister lesbians wild with lust. "Four women have major crushes on me as a man." Mo B. Dick, one of the stars of the flourishing Greenwich Village drag scene, told me proudly.

Still, the talent I'd seen swaggering around the Village in combat boots, butch cuts, body piercings, and keys dangling from their overalls made me wonder: Why bother? These chicks already had more body hair than

Photograph by Andrew Unangst

ance to hang out with them and ask about their sex lives.

most guys. However, my sense of journalistic responsibility demanded that I keep an open mind. If a drag king happened to be gay and gorgeous—a "fem" or "lipstick lesbian"—I probably wouldn't be able to distinguish her out of drag from any other beautiful woman walking down the street causing fender benders. And few things turn men on, myself included, as much as the prospect of a beautiful but unattainable lesbian, the woman who can have any man she desires but only wants another woman. My goal was to find one.

The search didn't start auspiciously. When I made a date to interview "Dred," a drag king whose cross-dressing talents other dykes speak of with reverence, and asked how I'd recognize her at the espresso bar where we had agreed to meet, she told me she'd be the one with the shaved head. As it turned out, she also had the gait of a telephone repairman. "I've never been with a man," Dred volunteered.

Her friend "Villain," another drag king who joined us, was more to my taste. She had shoulder-length blonde hair, a cute little body, and an active sex life, from what other members of New York's incestuous lesbian community told me. Villain admitted that she became so infatuated with "Buster Hymen," a drag-king superstar, after spotting her at a local club that she spent two weeks trying to track her down.

Unfortunately, when Villain located Buster the attraction wasn't mutual. "I don't just go out with any old groupie," Buster told me when I met *her* at a SoHo café a few days later.

Villain tried to put the best face on their encounter. "We had lunch," she said. "She looked at some of my art."

Apparently Villain was no Monet. "I gave it to her straight," snorted Buster, whose butch persona supposedly sends lesbian hearts aflutter. "She didn't have the sexual energy that I like."

I liked Buster. She was tough-minded, original, had pretty light-gray eyes, and was bisexual to boot. "I'm fast to go to bed with anybody—male or female," Buster proclaimed. "It's very intense with women. They tend to be very vocal. With men it's cheaper and sleazier, and that can be kind of exciting."

To seduce a man, Buster dresses up as Candy Hymen, Buster's kid sister. Candy comes with a plaid parochial-school uniform that's several sizes too small, white knee socks, Mary Janes, a choker, and her hair in braids. Buster reported she's four-for-four with the opposite sex as Candy. "The guys really respond, they eat it up," Buster said. "I'll use any excuse to wear the dress."

Does she prefer one sex to the other? "A penis is a novelty item," Buster reflected. "But breasts make sex more fun. It's hard to value one over the other. I like pussies too. I'd like to be able to get it all with one woman, but it's impossible. That's why I have to be bisexual."

Buster was actually starting to turn me on. If she was quick to jump into bed with anyone, presumably that included me. I asked her to demonstrate how she walks like a man, mostly as an excuse to get a better look at her body. Unfortunately, Buster's body was more N.B.A. first-round draft pick than *Penthouse* centerfold—all gangly legs, broad shoulders, and narrow hips.

Upon reclaiming her seat, Buster admitted that, all things being equal, she prefers another butch. "I like a girl who fights and struggles a little before she gives in," she said, eyes flashing.

Buster's club act, performed with what is rumored to be the largest dildo on the circuit, culminates with her poem "Ode to My Erect Cock" (Buster majored in literature at Yale). " 'Rise, oh rise, and face the light of the full moon. I await the wisdom of the Earth to bring my cock to its full potential,' " Buster orated as the café's jaded patrons glanced up from their lattes. "At a lesbian bar I'm reciting these poems. You'd think I'd get kicked out."

Her most meaningful performance came last summer in Provincetown, the gay world's favorite resort destination, where she did her act with her mom in the audience. When Mrs. Hymen left halfway through the show—no one ever said it was easy being a mom—Buster was so relieved, she celebrated by persuading the lesbian lead singer of the house band, a Jim Morrison impersonator, to give her a blowjob.

"It was violent sex onstage with this girl," Buster reported gleefully. "I got off, and it made it all worthwhile. It was this beautiful moment in my life."

The most disillusioning thing I learned on this assignment is that lots of lesbians—who, we guys fantasize, have these wild sex lives—are just as repressed as straight chicks, if not more so. "Women have a lot of issues around sex to begin with," Buster observed. "When you get two women together you double the potential to have trauma."

Oy vey! There's even a syndrome known as "lesbian bed death," where lesbians "stop having sex after a month," according to Diane Torr, a performance artist who runs drag-king workshops and is considered the den mother of the drag-king movement. Diane explains the sudden explosion in female drag as an effort to add a little spice to gay sex. "The lesbian community needed pepping up," she asserted.

I'm here to report it's working. Club Casanova, a lesbian bar on scenic Avenue B in the East Village, was

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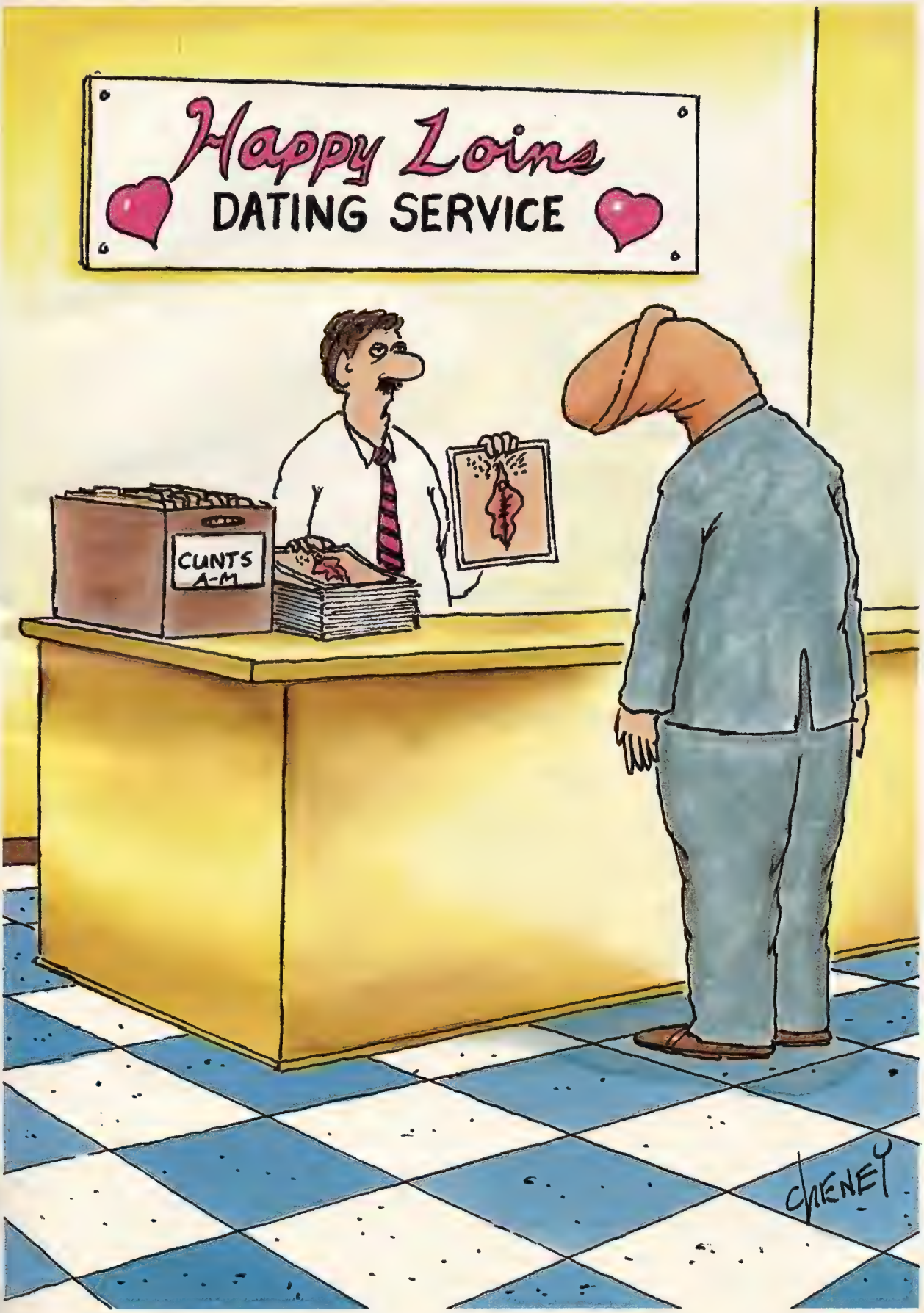


"Just nod when you see one you like."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

tor and he was the student. First, I would teach him how to kiss, caress, and lick my entire body. He was eager to learn, and I was eager to teach. The night of the first session I wanted him to touch and suck my tits. He was very eager to do so, and his lips and hands found their way under my shirt and bra to my soft breasts. The harder I wanted him to suck my nipples, the more excited he got. To think this was his first time got me even more turned on. Although we both were feeling hot between our legs, I asked him to stop and wait for the next lesson before going any further.

The anticipation of being with him made my desire for him more intense. He finally arrived at my home, and after kissing passionately, I took his hand and put it between my legs. I instructed him to take his finger and touch my clit in a circular motion. As I started to feel the blood rush to my cunt, I directed his finger into my pussy. The warmth and wetness he felt inside me made me moan with excitement. He continued to massage my clit and finger-fuck me. In no time at all I felt the waves of an orgasm go through my entire body. Lesson two had gone wonderfully.

On to lesson three—the next evening. He begged me to let him go down on me. I was a bit nervous, but felt that he must really be ready. He slid his mouth down my body until he reached my willing clit. I can't express it, but he gave me the greatest oral sex I have ever experienced. He licked and sucked me with such intensity that I felt sure he had done this to someone before. I was totally turned on, and wanted his big, hard dick to enter me, but I knew he was not ready yet. I decided that for the next lesson I would give him pleasure.

The day came, and I wanted to lick, kiss, and fondle every part of him. My tongue moved from his head to his chest, then down between his thighs. I wanted him to want my mouth on his pulsating cock as badly as I wanted it there. After teasing I finally put it in my mouth. I licked and sucked every part of it. He couldn't hold back, and before long I tasted his come in my mouth, and swallowed. I don't think he could believe what he had just experienced. The anticipation kept increasing. I wanted him to fill my pussy with his come. Even though I know he wanted me too, he was still fighting to hold onto his sacred virginity.

I didn't want to pressure him, but my cunt was aching for his dick. Soon, to my delight, the day finally came when he gave himself to me. I had fallen asleep, only to awaken to him lying naked on top of me. His cock was hard and pressed against my throbbing wet lips. I asked him if he was ready now, and with that his dick entered me. The firmness and thrusting of his dick in my pussy made me scream with excitement. He moved slowly in and out at first, and then the thrusts became harder and harder. Finally I felt his warm come shoot deep inside me. Never had I experienced anything so wonderful.—*C. M., Illinois*

GETTING LOST

Brad and I have been roomies for about a year. Last week he asked if I wouldn't mind "getting lost" for the evening so he could have a romantic night with his girlfriend, Patty, to celebrate their six-month anniversary. I work nights, so I'd normally be gone anyway, but it occurred to me that if I hung around for a while I might get to see some action. As a mere mortal 23-year-old male, I had made quite a habit of fantasizing about Patty—she's gorgeous.

That afternoon I took a few moments to raise the window blind in Brad's room about an inch, giving me a clear view into his room from the back patio; then I opened the window a few inches in anticipation of any sound effects. Next I moved my car down the street and out of sight.

In our house my room, adjacent to Brad's, is located directly across from the bathroom. A little after five o'clock I turned off my light, opened the door just a crack, and waited for Patty to arrive (she was coming over early to shower and start dinner).

She showed up and started working in the kitchen. I flopped on my bed and tried to get some rest, but was too excited. At about 6:15 I saw the bathroom light go on. I got up, quietly crept to the bedroom door, and peeked through the crack. Patty was standing in front of a mirror, brushing her hair. My heart was pounding as I saw her drop her shorts to the floor. She stood across the hall from me wearing only a black bra and black lace panties. I was so hard I thought my zipper would break. Suddenly she turned and closed the bathroom door, but not all the way. As I heard the shower start, I went out and moved toward the bathroom, looking through the crack in the door just in time to see her remove her bra and toss it on the counter. Then she pulled her panties off and threw them next to the bra. It was the most incredible sight I'd ever seen. Her breasts were firm, with tan lines that showed the shape of her bikini. Her nipples were dark and beautiful, about the size of 50-cent pieces—big for her overall breast size. They were hard, and stuck out at least half an inch. I gazed down at her pussy. She had more pussy hair than any girl I'd seen. I was surprised the panties covered it all. When she entered the shower I ran back to my room, dropped my pants, and thought about what I'd just seen. My hand had barely reached my hard cock when I came all over the rug. I pushed the bedroom door all the way closed and rested on the bed.

Brad arrived home, and the two of them ate dinner. I wanted to see what was happening, so I pushed out my window screen, climbed outside, and made my way along the unlit patio to the family-room window. I could see them sitting at the table, talking and laughing. Patty looked radiant in her dress. Music from the stereo carried out to the patio. After dinner they moved to the living room and sat on the couch. I could see them perfectly from where I was, and because the patio was dark I knew they couldn't see me. Soon they began kissing, and things heated up quickly. As they kissed Brad felt her breasts with his left hand. Soon she put her hand in his lap, stroking his cock through his jeans. After a few moments she stood up, reached out her hand, and led him down the hallway to his bedroom.

I moved down the patio, stopping a few inches from Brad's window, my back against the wall. The light came on. I could hear my own breath, and felt tingly, my heart beating like thunder in my chest. Since the window was open, I could hear rustling and whispering. I lowered my head to the one-inch gap, and peeked in. They were standing near the door, kissing. Patty's back was to me. Brad began unzipping her dress. I could see she wasn't wearing a bra. He continued unzipping. I reached down and slowly stroked the boner in my pants. I knew I would come the second she dropped that dress—but she pushed Brad away and said, "You just wait right there."

I moved back out of the window as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

She was nearly out of breath from moaning and panting when she said to Brad, "Fuck me from behind."

FEAR OF FLYING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLIFF FEULNER

Much like a favorite recurring fantasy, the remarkable images of photographer Cliff Feulner appear once more in our pages, having previously been featured in June 1994 and February 1995. Feulner's imagination is daunting, as are the numberless possibilities for its expression in this lively but surreal medium. Dreams, to Feulner, are the theater of obsession and desire. Each image has its own scenario and its own internal logic. Comedic, even absurd imagery has a place in Feulner's "Illusionary Realities." Every fantasy has a meaning—however symbolic or indirect—and every meaning is unique to its dreamer. How Feulner creates his images is not as important as why. "We are also entertainers," the photographer says. "Art must inform, excite, challenge, and of course survive ... that is entertainment! I like to engage the mind as well as the eye of the observer. I prefer to let my photos touch him spontaneously and elicit a genuine reaction."

"Humor is an essential ingredient of my photos," says Feulner. "My goal is to point out all the hilarity of fantasy life."

KLASSE
STOPE

METROPOLITAIN

In many of Feulner's dream-scapes, hell-fire and damnation are repre-sented by religious icons and deadly lightning bolts.

There's a thin line between voyeurism and exhibitionism, according to Feulner. What's more exciting—watching or being watched?

Dreams aren't black and white. Feulner's fantasies contain a touch of red, the perfect chapeaux, and, of course, location is everything.

The Joke Man

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of ...

Jackie Martling

• God creates Adam, and soon Adam is complaining that he's all alone in the Garden of Eden. So God says, "Okay, I'll make you a companion, a beautiful creature who'll cook and clean for you. It will be able to converse intelligently on any subject, and never ever complain or argue."

Adam says, "That sounds great."

God says, "Yes, but it will cost you an arm and a leg."

Adam says, "Damn, that's expensive. What can I get for a rib?"

• What's the difference between pink and purple?

The tightness of your grip.

• Did you hear where Michael Jackson is building his new house?

Dubois.

• A new guy moves into the neighborhood, so Stukowski goes over to meet him. Stukowski says, "Hi. I'm Stash Stukowski from next door."

The new guy says, "My name's Burf."

Stukowski says, "So, Burf, what do you do for a living?"

Burf says, "I work with logic."

"Logic? What do you mean?"

Burf says, "It's very simple. Have you got a dog?"

Stukowski says, "Yeah, as a matter of fact I do."

"Okay, if you have a dog, then logic says you probably have a doghouse."

Stukowski says, "Yeah, I do."

"Okay. If you have a dog, and you have a doghouse, then logic says you probably have a couple of kids."

Stukowski says, "I do."

"Okay. If you have a dog, and a doghouse, and a couple of kids, then logic says you're probably married."

Stukowski says, "Seventeen years."

"Okay. So if you have a dog, and you have a doghouse, and you have a couple of kids, and you have a wife, then logic says you're probably a heterosexual."

Stukowski says, "Damn. That's pretty interesting."

Later that day, Stukowski is talking to Schmidlap, his neighbor on the other side. Stukowski says, "So I met our new neighbor. His name's Burf. Says he works with logic."

Schmidlap says, "Logic? What's that?"

Stukowski says, "It's very simple. You got a dog?"

Schmidlap says, "You know damn well I don't."

Stukowski says, "Faggot."

• A midget sidles up to a tall blonde and says, "Hey, what do you say to a little fuck?"

She says, "Hello, you little fuck."

• How are women and rocks alike?

You skip the flat ones.

• What do a nearsighted gynecologist and a puppy have in common?

A wet nose.

• Did you hear about the new blonde paint?

It's not real bright, but it's cheap, and spreads easy.

• Dell'Abate comes home from his first day working as a waiter. He says to his wife, "What a clean joint I work in. We use tongs to pick up the ice cubes, tongs to pick up the rolls, tongs to pick up the napkins. They even have us tie a string to our dicks, so that when we have to take a leak we can just pull on the string to get our dicks out."

His wife says, "How do you get it back in your pants?"

Dell'Abate says, "I don't know about the other guys, but I use my tongs."

• Did you hear about the blind skunk?

Fucked a piece of shit.

• Goldberg is sitting in a bar, looking incredibly glum. The bartender says, "What's wrong?"

Goldberg says, "I had to go on a week-long business trip, so I hung a weight from the bottom of my wife's bedspring just above a bowl of cream."

The bartender says, "Did you come home and find cream on the weight?"

Goldberg says, "It's worse than that. The weight churned the cream into butter."

• A naive young British sailor is in a pub in London. He meets a wild girl, and she takes him upstairs. She takes off her pants and panties. He looks between her legs and says, "What's that?"

She says, "It's me lower mouth."

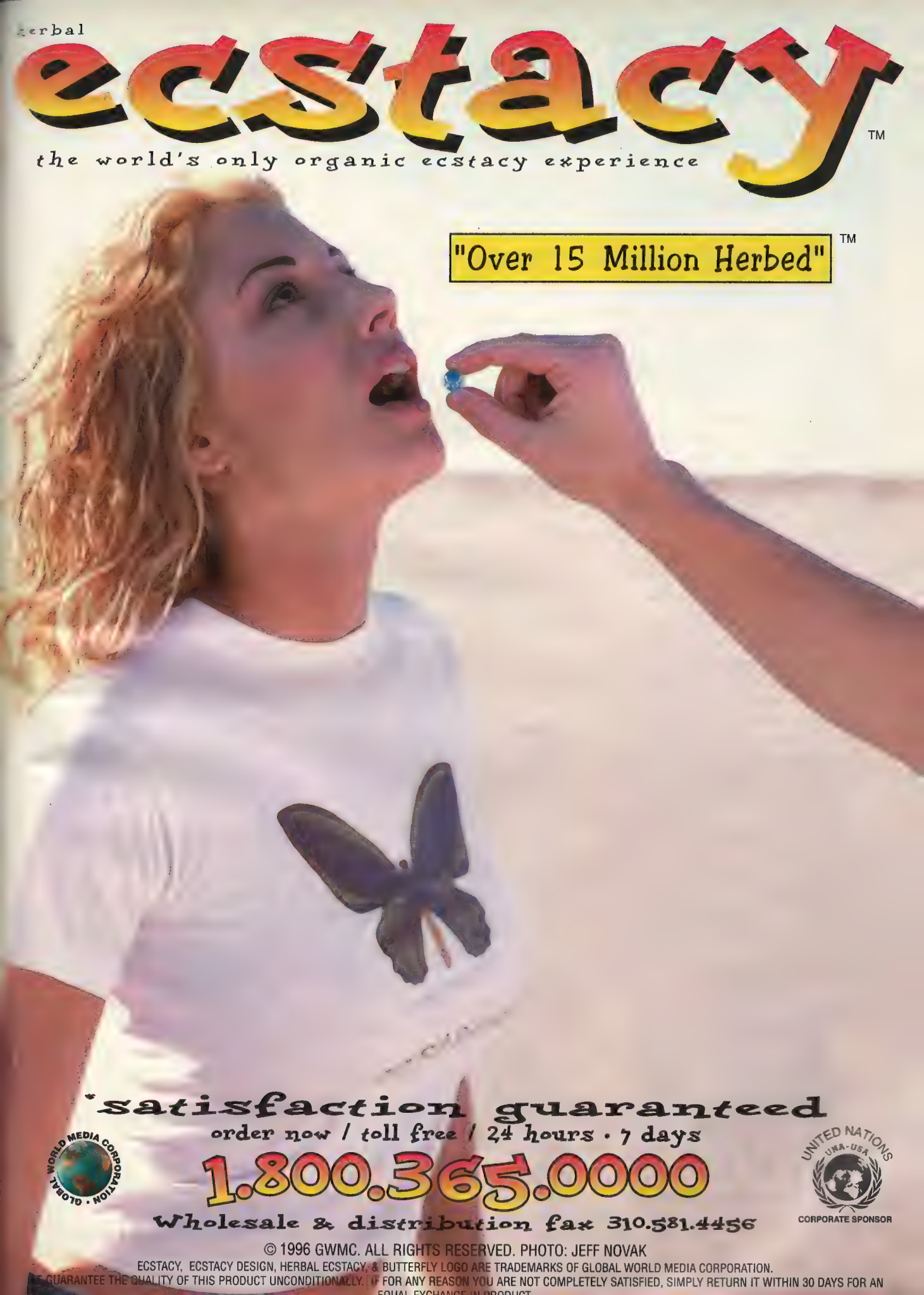
He says, "What do you mean 'your lower mouth'?"

She says, "Just what I said, it's me lower mouth. It's got a mustache and it's got lips."

He says, "'as it got a tongue in it?"

She says, "Not always."

For more of Jackie Martling's universe of laughs, be sure to check out JokeLand's World Wide Web page at http://www.jackiejokeman.com. Or if you think you can stump the Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse *magazine, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a free copy of his* Sgt. Pecker *CD.*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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

she disappeared. Brad sat on his bed, directly under the window. I held my breath. Every sound seemed to echo in my ears. After what seemed like an eternity I heard him say, "Wow."

I turned and stared through the window. I'm certain I gasped out loud, but thankfully nobody heard me. Patty stood in the doorway wearing a white-lace teddy. It had spaghetti straps that held up see-through lace and white silk. Her dark nipples could easily be seen through the sheer fabric. The teddy went down only as far as her hips, and below that she was wearing the sexiest pair of matching white-lace panties I have ever seen. They were small, and the lace was held up by a thin string. Her incredible muff of light brown hair stuck out around the sides and the top. My throbbing cock exploded in my pants without my hand to help guide it. I didn't care.

Brad walked over to her, and they kissed in the doorway. She got down on her knees and unbuttoned his jeans. As she pulled them to the floor I saw he was as hard as I had been. His cock stuck straight up at her face. He had to be at least nine inches long, with a perfect banana-like curve. Patty started to lick it, and put it into her mouth. She braced herself against Brad's leg with her left hand and stroked his cock with her right, alternating between sucking and stroking. She finally said, "Don't come yet, I want you inside me."

She stood up and removed Brad's shirt. He pulled Patty's teddy over her head, and she lay down on the bed wearing only the revealing panties. She raised her hips and pulled the panties off. Brad moved to the foot of the bed, crouching down, and began to lick her cunt. She moaned loudly and panted instructions at him. "Lick my clitty, yes. Make me come in your mouth. Oh, I need your tongue." She put her leg up on the windowsill, less than an inch from my face. I could now clearly see her pink pussy lips as Brad's tongue moved up and down on her clit. Once again I was hard as steel. When I finally took my eyes from her wet pussy I looked up and saw her teasing her own nipples. She kept moaning, "Yes, yes," as she was twisting them gently and rolling them between her fingers. They were rock hard now and stuck out much farther than I had seen earlier that evening.

Brad moved up and put his cock into her. As he began pounding her, she moaned louder and wilder, screaming, "Yes, yes. Fuck my cunt!" She moved her right hand down between her legs and began rubbing her clit in a circular motion. Her left hand was still on her breast, playing with the nipple. I was so hot by now that I didn't even care if I got found out. I dropped my pants and began jacking off furiously.

She was nearly out of breath from moaning and panting when she said to Brad, "Fuck me from behind." He pulled out his hard, wet cock and she rolled over. She offered her tight, round ass in the air, and I could see both of her holes. Her wet mound of pubic hair was amazing from behind. Brad's boner found its way back into her love canal and he pumped her so hard that her ass was slapping loudly against his stomach. I could see her right hand still rubbing her clit. Within seconds she screamed, "I'm coming! Yes, just like that. I'm gonna come! Yes!" She stretched out flat on her stomach and didn't move for a minute or two. Brad pulled his cock out and got on his knees. She turned around and smiled, propping herself up. "Your turn," she said quietly.

She moved over to the foot of the bed and began sucking his member again, this time only inches from my face. Her left hand was on the windowsill, so close to me that I thought she would feel my breath. She stroked Brad's cock expertly. The more she sucked, the more turned on she became. Within minutes her hand had moved from the windowsill to her pussy. She was on her knees with her legs spread. I watched her rub her clit with wild abandon while she sucked Brad's dick. Suddenly Brad said, "I'm gonna come," and she shoved her face onto his cock and held it there while he pumped his semen into her. She kept rubbing her cunt until she came again, opening her mouth and moaning loudly. Brad fell back on the bed, silent, and Patty reclined next to him. She was on her back with her knees up, and I stared at her cunt until I couldn't take it anymore. I moved around to the side of the house and came for the third time that evening. I can't wait for their next anniversary.—*D. S., California*

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LARRY FLYNT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Were there other people on Flynt's enemies list?

Yes, several. Near the end of 1983 at a dinner at the residence Larry gave a check for $1 million to General Mitchell WerBell, a former officer of the O.S.S., which was the forerunner of the C.I.A. WerBell was told to put hits out on a number of people. [Flynt claims that he was only joking, and no charges were ever filed in the matter. But at the time the Los Angeles County sheriff said he was taking the matter seriously. "I've been led to believe that Larry Flynt has a propensity to try to harm people he sees as his enemies," Sheriff Sherman Block said in October 1988.] Mitch was a very wonderful gentleman, very ethical, but he certainly had the wherewithal to put out a contract and get the job done—make no mistake about that. So I took him aside, because I wanted to make sure there was no doubt in Mitch's mind as to what's going to happen. And I said, "Mitch, if you think you're going to cash this check, it's no good. So before you do anything, remember, that check isn't any good."

How did you know that?

My wife had previously stopped payment.

Do you know the names of the people on WerBell's hit list?

Frank Sinatra, *TV Guide* publisher Walter Annenberg, Hugh Hefner, and Bob Guccione. There were more, but those are four that I remember.

You told us that Flynt helped the National Enquirer *write a story about his dead wife? Did he make a habit of working with the* Enquirer*?*

Often. I know he sold them the information that Ruth Carter Stapleton was dying of cancer.

How would Flynt be paid for these stories?

He told us it was in cash. Larry loved cash, and he always had a large amount of it around.

Where would he keep it?

He had a wall safe in his bathroom and a portable safe in his bedroom.

How much cash are we talking about?

Oh, it depended on what time, but there was as much as $300,000 or $400,000 cash in his safes.

During the preparation for the filming of Oliver Stone's movie about him, it was reported that Flynt traveled with some of the movie's stars to the Cayman Islands. Had he made other trips to the Cayman Islands when you knew him?

Yes, often.

What was the purpose of those trips?

To put the cash that he received into banks in the Caymans without paying taxes on it.

What do you mean?

Well, one deal I know about is a complicated one involving returns of unsold magazines. Most publishers get the covers of unsold magazines back from the wholesalers in order to rebate their advances. But Larry insisted on getting the entire magazines—not just the covers—returned to him. Then he claimed to the I.R.S. that these magazines had been destroyed. But in reality he sold them to a man who paid him in cash—and then resold them in adult bookstores around the country.

How would Flynt get the money into the Caymans?

Larry would fly it on his private jet to the Caymans, and then a friendly Canadian businessman would arrange for Larry to avoid Customs inspection.

Let's move from money to sex, Flynt's other preoccupation. His voracious appetite for sex is legendary. Was Althea understanding about his affairs with other women?

She didn't relish it, but she knew she had no real control over him.

Did she ever feel threatened by other women?

The only two times she ever felt threatened were when Larry was swarming around Ruth Carter Stapleton and when he purchased a very expensive bracelet for Hugh Hefner's daughter, Christie.

Did he ever do anything with men?

Larry used to tell a story he found to be very amusing about a guy he wanted to teach a lesson to. Larry said he grabbed him, took him up to his office above the club, and forced the man to give him a blowjob. I have no idea if that ever happened.

During Flynt's illness and protracted addiction to drugs, when he didn't come to the office for years, where would people discuss business affairs with him?

In his bathroom at home. Especially during his drug-stupor years. The first thing that he did or had to do medically, physically, when he awakened was to go into the bathroom, and he would spend hours in the bathroom attended to by his nurse. Obviously, if you wanted to conduct business with him, and some things were really pressing, you would have to do it by going to the bathroom.

Do you know what Flynt's sex life is like these days?

I don't know for sure, but I understand he has a new hand-pumped penile implant, like Nike's sneaker, The Pump. When Flynt's girlfriend wants sex, I guess he tells her, "Pump me up, honey!"

Before the shooting in 1978 Flynt supposedly had sex as much as ten times a day. Do you think it is some sort of poetic justice that he can no longer have normal sex?

I would only say, what goes around, comes around.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

about it. The fact that countless people write to me for how-to advice is only part of the service, the basis of which is to try to solve their problems, many of which stem from ignorance, or an inability to understand and communicate with the opposite sex.

The idea of a sex seminar is actually repugnant to a lot of people, especially those who probably need it most, but there are also countless pairs of lovers for whom their sexual relationship is too intimate and beautiful to want anyone else even to know about it. Plus you have to be prepared for a backlash; that's one of the reasons that people who give out sexual advice are often licensed sex therapists. There are schools that award Ph.D.'s in sexology and prepare you with a complete education on human psychological and sexual response.

At best, all a sexual missionary is apt to get across is an extension of the missionary position, M.P.'s No. 2 and No. 5. Although I have attended several world conferences on sex, I prefer the kind of sex seminar that has happened several times in my own house, where it was usually referred to afterward as an orgy. It is fun to talk about sex, but it is much more fun to do it yourself. There is no substitute for experience, and the best way to learn something is to watch an expert do it first.

Please forgive my criticism of your proposals, because I think the gimmicks you have come up with are clever, and you could take them further. For those who still do not have refrigerators with automatic ice makers, you could market a flexible ice tray with penis-shaped molds instead of the old-fashioned square cubes. The candy-cane idea can also be taken further, especially as in England there is a traditional type of candy stick known as "rock," usually preceded by the name of the seaside resort where it is sold. Hence the Graham Greene novel *Brighton Rock*. The feature of this sweet is that the name of the locale is incorporated into the cross section of the stick, so however long you go on licking it you can still read it. This maybe could be manufactured with girls' names in place of the town, and in other colors than the normal shocking pink.

A word of warning: Not everything we eat is suitable for vaginal application; for example, do not use a jalapeño pepper as a dildo, and do not grab your lover's cock (or anyone else's) after you've handled chiles or if you have curry powder on your hands, as I once did unthinkingly. The gynecology departments of various hospitals have often been surprised by the strange objects they have been called upon to remove from the vagina vault, unopened soda bottles and electric-toothbrush attachments among them. So remember, just be careful.

NOISEMAKERS

I'm a 25-year-old male, originally from a small, quiet town in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia. Recently a former lover of mine told me that it had always been too "quiet" during our lovemaking sessions. I really had no explanation for her.

Thinking about it now, I can see that it was possibly a combination of being from such a small town and the shyness I grew up with as a child. I guess, somehow, with so much shyness in my earlier years (I was also quite a loner), I had planted it deep inside myself.

All my past sexual experiences, save one or two, have been very quiet, soft, and serious. I think part of it could also be that I concentrate more on giving my lover pleasure than I do on my own. Making her feel good, whether she has an earth-shattering orgasm or not, makes me enjoy sex all the more.

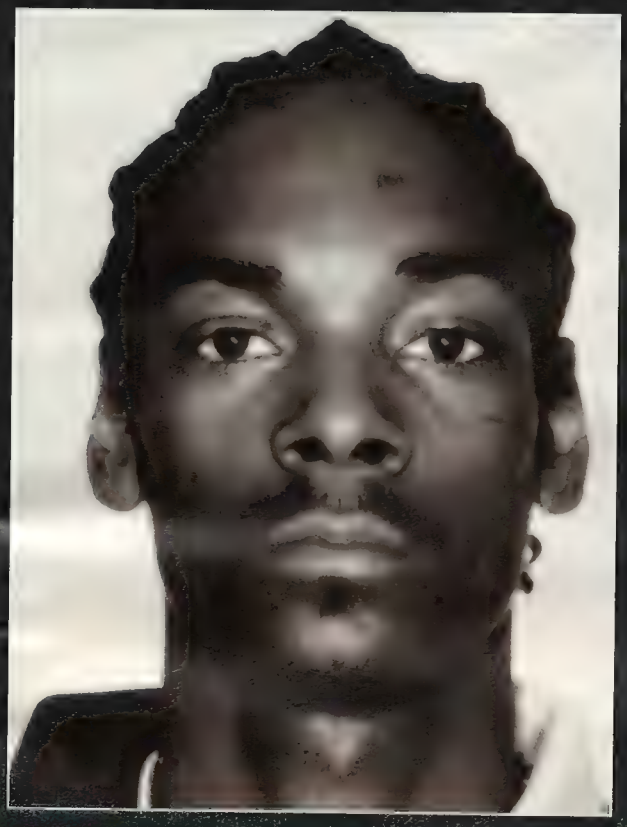
My question for you is this: What kind of suggestions could you give to help

"Since you regard chocolate as a symbol of sexist, clichéd consumerism, I thought you'd rather have something you could bust my balls with."

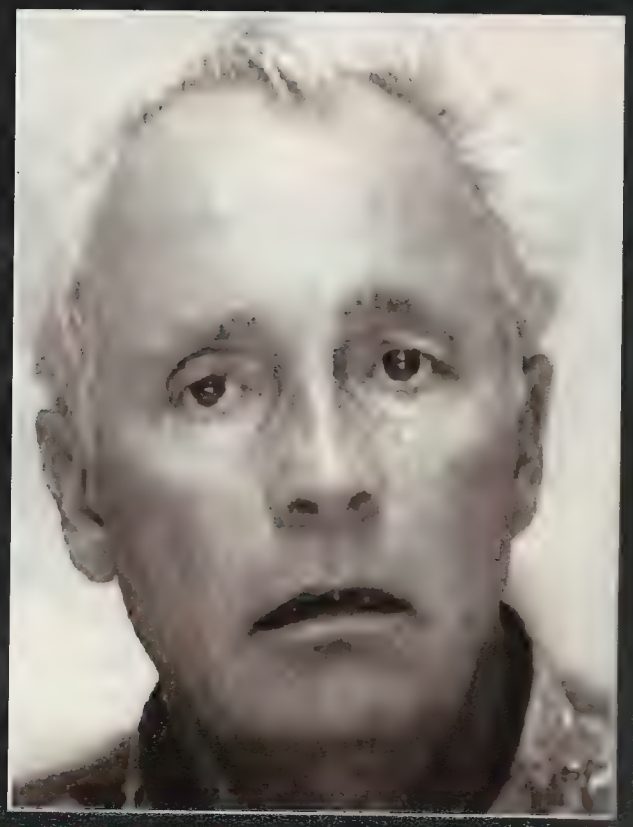
THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE BUSTED

MUG SHOTS

From *Mug Shots: Celebrities Under Arrest.* Copyright © 1996 by George Seminara. (St. Martin's Press, Inc.)

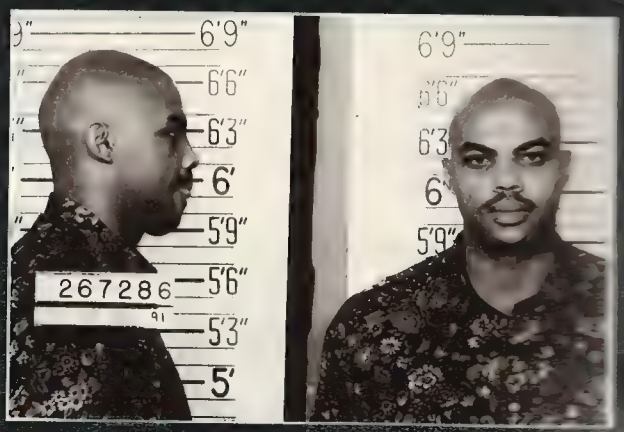


Snoop Doggy Dogg (Calvin Broadus) Arrested August 25, 1993. Charge: Murder. Acquitted in California Superior Court in January 1996.



Evel Knievel Arrested October 10, 1994. Charge: Weapons possession by an ex-felon. Released on $10,000 bond; awaiting trial as of publication date.

Jim Morrison Arrested December 9, 1967. Charges: Breach of peace, resisting arrest, immoral exhibition. Fined $25 for breach of peace. Other charges dropped.



Charles Barkley Arrested December 21, 1991. Charges: Battery and disorderly conduct. Acquitted of all charges, on the ground of self-defense.

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me break through my shyness and quietness a bit while still savoring the beauty of the easygoing, serious side of lovemaking?—P. J., Georgia

People's feelings about noise vary enormously. One of my exes has a house in what used to be the country but is slowly being encroached on by developers. When I stay with him I am awakened at about 6:30 in the morning by an unusually noisy garbage truck. Hardly have I gone back to sleep when my ex's chickens, also having been awakened by the trash truck, start their dawn chorus.

The owner of this slice of nature grumbles like hell about the noise of the traffic when he comes to stay with me in the city, and the joke is that this is the guy about whom I used to complain that *he* didn't make enough noise when he was making love. He told me it was because when he was a student in London he was always screwing girls who lived in what the English call "bed-sitters," which means a fifth-floor walk-up with a sink and a gas ring, two chairs, a table, and a bed, with a bathroom about two blocks away. In days of yore it was strictly forbidden for single girls to bring their boyfriends into this primitive environment; hence the rule of silence.

We hear horror stories of people who suffer from schizophrenia, but in fact all of us have several different aspects of ourselves wrapped up in one body, and often our different personalities are brought out by differing circumstances or people. If your girlfriend's lead-guitar-playing brother dropped by for dinner you'd behave quite differently than if it were your boss.

So what you do to keep everyone happy is to agree with your girlfriend that the two of you will act out a part in a movie, novel, or whatever. You can try being Fred Flintstone, or Yogi Bear, or even Tarzan, while she can have a go at Hillary Clinton, Sharon Stone, or Tarzan's Jane. By moving outside yourself you could have a bit of fun, and pretend that all the noise isn't really you. If that's not comfortable, then just accept the fact that you're a person who doesn't make a lot of noise during sex. There are screamers and grunters, and there are silent-movie types, and the silent films went on a long time and are still a way to enjoy a nice evening. Relax, let go, or just go with the flow.

CONCENTRATION

I think you are the only one who can help me with my problem. My wife is a lovely woman 20 years my junior. I am a mature gentleman, and after 25 years of marriage we still love each other deeply. We are both healthy, slender, attractive, and educated. The sex is gone, however, and we want it back. About five years ago Carolyn went to the hospital with toxic shock syndrome, and I almost lost her. They let her out two and a half months later, so weak that I had to carry her to the car.

While she was in the hospital people were constantly poking, squeezing, and cutting her body. After she got out and I nursed her back to health in about six months, I tried to make love to her, but she wasn't ready for anyone, including me, to touch her in any way. I of course understood, and our relationship became platonic. It never faltered—except for the sex.

Now she is back to her beautiful, bubbly, healthy self, and wants to resume our sex life. My confidence as a lover, meantime, has gone bye-bye as a consequence of the ordeal. We occasionally get each other off manually, but there's no intercourse.

We have tried a couple of so-called shrinks, and all they know is the old Masters and Johnson bullshit. We don't want to go to school, we want to fuck. I don't have any trouble getting it up—we both get excited, but we just can't get on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

PENTHOUSE CELEBRATES VALENTINES IN THE DECADE OF

Self Love

SATIRE BY BILL LEE

NARCISSUS, I WANT A DIVORCE!
WAS IT GOOD FOR ME?
ME
PROPERTY OF HIM
HIS KID

AND THEY SAID IT WOULDN'T LAST.

THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

By Gavin Edwards

Having a ring through your kielbasa presents etiquette questions that Emily Post never imagined.

From a young age men are taught that one biological imperative outranks all others: Cherish your penis and keep it out of harm's way. So when I told male friends that I was considering enhancing my genitalia with a piercing, they did not react in an encouraging fashion. They tried to dissuade me with phrases like "insane," "gangrene," and "rusty spike through your flapmeat."

When asked, I'd say that I was becoming semi-permanently "ribbed for her pleasure." But the truth is I believed it would intensify my own pleasure. When I got my nipple pierced the year before, I discovered it was now ten times more sensitive than it ever had been. If the same proved true with my cock, I was in for a treat.

I had a wide variety of piercings to choose from. The ampallang is a bar running horizontally through the tip of the penis; the apadravya is a bar running vertically through the tip. Some men get both, which makes your dick look like it has cross hairs. You can pierce your foreskin, your scrotum, or even the area between the scrotum and the anus. I opted for a Prince Albert—so named because Queen Victoria's consort supposedly had one. A hoop enters by the frenum (the web of skin connecting the head of the penis to the shaft), travels through the urethra, and goes out through the natural hole at the end of the penis. In the Victorian era extremely tight trousers with binding crotches were in fashion, so men would use the ring to fasten their cock in either the left or the right pant leg.

I went to the Gauntlet in New York City, since one of my fetishes about piercing is that it should always be done in a sterile environment by experienced professionals. I picked out a gold five-eighths-inch ring for $145. I also dropped $35 on the procedure itself, which is how I ended up sitting in a chair, staring at the ceiling, while painful things were happening below my waist. Local anesthetic can't be given without a physician, so I was relying on my piercer, Jon, to be quick and sure-handed. He inserted a metal tube in my urethra to guide the ring; then he punched the hole in the frenum and looped it through. It hurt more than blue balls, but less than a potato peeler on the foreskin.

Jon swaddled my penis in tissue paper, slipped a surgical glove over my mummified member, and fastened it all in place with a rubber band. That night, while I was out with some friends, the glove kept slipping off. I had to keep heading to the bathroom to refasten the package. A few weeks later it was safe to test-drive. The Prince Albert actually heals much faster than other genital piercings because urine, which is sterile, keeps the new hole clean.

Having a ring through your kielbasa presents etiquette questions that Emily Post never imagined. What is the appropriate moment to tell an eager young woman that you're the boy with something extra? I decided that you aren't actually obligated to mention it before the two of you end up in bed—but that you may have an easier time getting there if she knows you're the lord of the rings. A small percentage of the chick population is repulsed by the idea, but most find it provocative. The key is not to be heavy-handed; the best scenario is when she hears about it through the grapevine from one of her female friends and decides to try it out for herself.

Condoms become slightly more vexing with a Prince Albert. If you roll them on too tight, the metal can puncture the latex. Fortunately, leaving a small pouch at the tip easily solves this problem. I found that even wearing a condom, my sensation was significantly increased. My first time using the new-and-improved penis, with a passionate, married Spanish woman, I thought my frontal lobe would overload. Prince Albert was no fool.

Having a Prince Albert means that you will often attract girls who are themselves pierced in intimate places. When Marsha, a beautiful redheaded co-worker, heard the news about my piercing, she began flirting with me fiercely. Finally we drove away for a weekend tryst at a bed and breakfast—where I discovered that she had a gold ring through the hood of her clitoris. Before we drove home on Sunday evening I called my roommate and told him how blissfully the weekend had gone. He drank in the information and had only one question: "Are the two of you magnetized yet?"

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

with it. Because of what we went through we both have "attitude" problems.

Twenty-five years is a lot longer than most people stay married today. Our marriage has never been better, and will never come apart. We would like to make it even better by enjoying sex with each other again. Any suggestions?—R. A., Florida

Most of our sexual problems are psychological. When they are purely physical they usually have simple physical remedies; our hangups are much more difficult to cure.

The science of psychiatry is still in its infancy, but many people nowadays consult shrinks on a regular basis, just as sensible sexually active women keep in close touch with their gynecologists. This is not necessarily a good thing, since shrinks come in all shapes and sizes, and some are not averse to using their patients as guinea pigs in psychological experiments. In *The Dice Man* novelist Luke Rhinehart has his antihero throw dice in making all his decisions in life. This is fine, except that the dice thrower is a qualified psychiatrist, and soon has the idea to get his patients to do the same thing. Of course it works for some of them—and is disastrous for others. The book is fiction, but shrinks in real life sometimes might just as well be working on the same principle.

Still, do not be downhearted. Your situation is not unusual—yours and your wife's—although the events leading up to it may be more extreme than the norm.

The best lovers are those who are turned on by giving pleasure rather than receiving it, but they have to feel loved. One serious rejection and they never really recover, at least not with that particular person.

You are reacting to that time when your wife was still so traumatized by her hospital experience that she could not allow you to touch her and your ego took a subconscious beating. You are aware of this on the surface, but most sexual arousal happens in the subconscious, so it is very difficult to overcome such problems.

Though you do not actually say it in so many words, I take it that your failure on the fucking front is caused by erection problems, commonly referred to as "power failure." You start off fine, stiff as a ramrod, but before you have got your partner excited, the iron avenger goes limp. One common reason for this is lack of concentration. Your mind wanders away from the job at hand, your lovely lady's pussy, and you start thinking about the stock market, or your mother-in-law's varicose veins, and before you know it supercock has shrunk—and remembering what the shrink told you makes it shrink even more.

This state of affairs is not really related to age; it can happen even to very young men, although an older man may not have a sufficiently powerful libido to keep him going. That ability gradually lessens with age and the realization that there is more to a sexual relationship than just shoving it in. Emotional and intellectual maturity are also a roadblock when it comes to purely animal sex; not to mention being in love with the object of your desire, which can sometimes cause a lot of hangups.

Bearing all this in mind, you may eventually be able to overcome your inhibitions, but there is another alternative. There are now available several drugs (the original was called papaverine) that can give you a sustained, rock-hard erection for an almost indefinite period. One drawback is that they have to be injected directly into the penis, but any doctor who specializes in sexual problems should be able to help you with this.

I am not suggesting that you need medical help, nor that you must become reliant on drugs to maintain an erection, because I think that if you had the confidence of knowing your hard-on would be not affected by any adverse circumstance, it would soon restore your confidence and enable you to penetrate your wife whenever either of you felt inclined. She in turn probably suffers subconscious guilt feelings from her rejection of your advances, and this also is acting as an inhibiting factor.

After a candy-cane fuck her pussy is a little sticky, but if I lick enough that goes away, and boy what a treat!

TOO SOON TO TELL

My husband and I have been married for ten years. I believe our sex life has taken an unusual twist—for the better, as far as I'm concerned. I love my husband, and our sex life has always been okay to good. John measures just over five and a half inches long and just under four inches around. I think this is probably below the average size of a penis. Before I was married I had several lovers, all of whom were pretty well hung. Anyway, about a year ago John encouraged me to spice up our sex life by suggesting I wear more sexy lingerie and shave the lower part of my bush. Actually it was stimulating to me to see how excited he got by just looking at me. His little weenie would be straining as he watched from our bed. John began ejaculating 20 to 60 seconds after any type of stimulation. Naturally this started leaving me completely unsatisfied.

About six months ago I tried to help him with his premature-ejaculation problem. I attempted to jack him off and stop just before he came. I'd let him regain his composure and do it again. He'd shoot off in about ten seconds. I gave him this type of therapy a few more times, with the same results. The next time I tried to give him his therapy, after I stopped jacking him he began to do it himself while I watched. Now 90 percent of the time I start him off and he finishes. This was getting trying, because he wasn't into oral sex or getting me off in any other way. I found myself masturbating in the middle of the night because I was so horny.

Thank God about three months ago I ran into one of my old lovers at the grocery store. While we were talking I began to remember how good it used to feel when he made love to me. I couldn't stand it, so I asked him to help me get my groceries home. Well, when I got him to our house the groceries weren't the only thing he put away.

Fortunately or unfortunately he knew two of my previous lovers, and must have told them of our encounter. So now I'm currently being satisfied by three of my premarital lovers. Two of them are married and swear they are only having sex with their wives (except for me). The third is single, and I have him wear a condom.

My husband seems perfectly satisfied to have me start him up and then finish himself off, all in about a minute. He has sex with himself about three or four times a week, and about once or twice a month he makes love to me, his short version, finishing up in about 60 seconds.

I love John, but sexually I need more. I do enjoy watching him jack off, but it doesn't do a lot for my satisfaction.

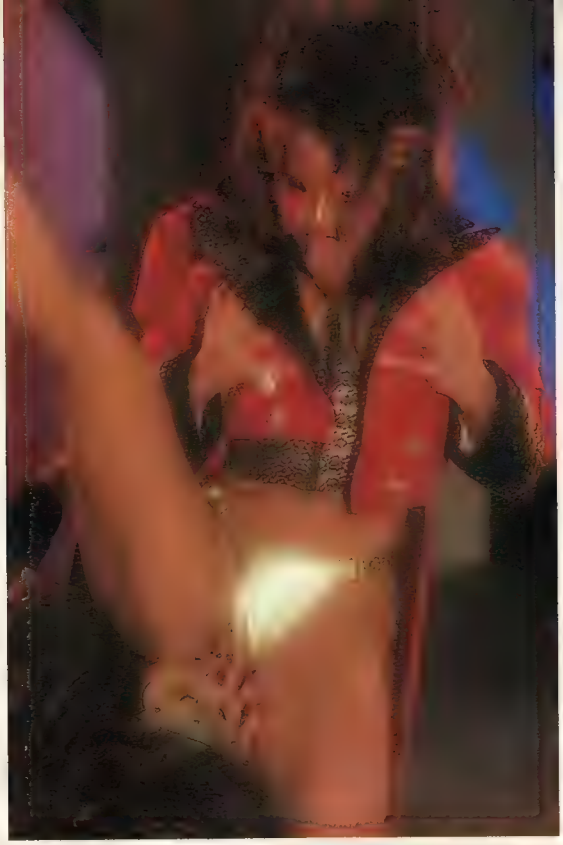
What can I do to stop his premature ejaculation? I'm sure you must have some experience with this. How long

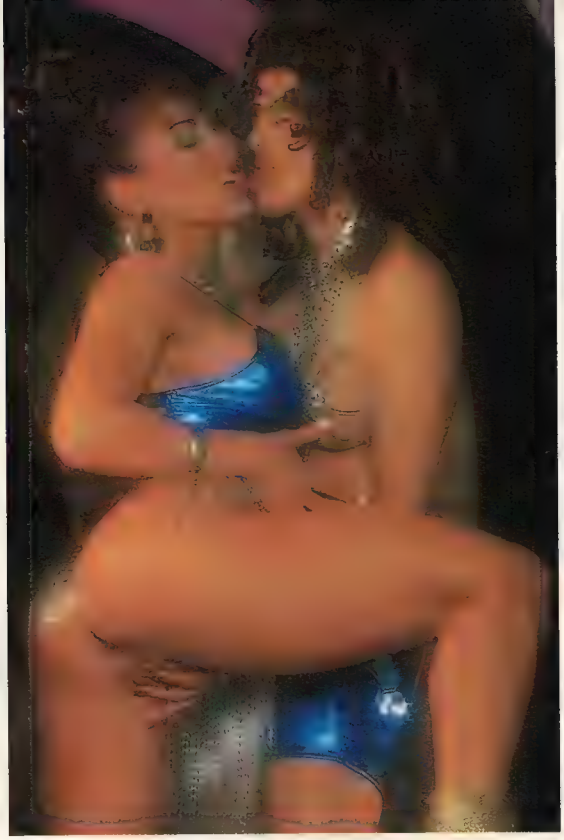
CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

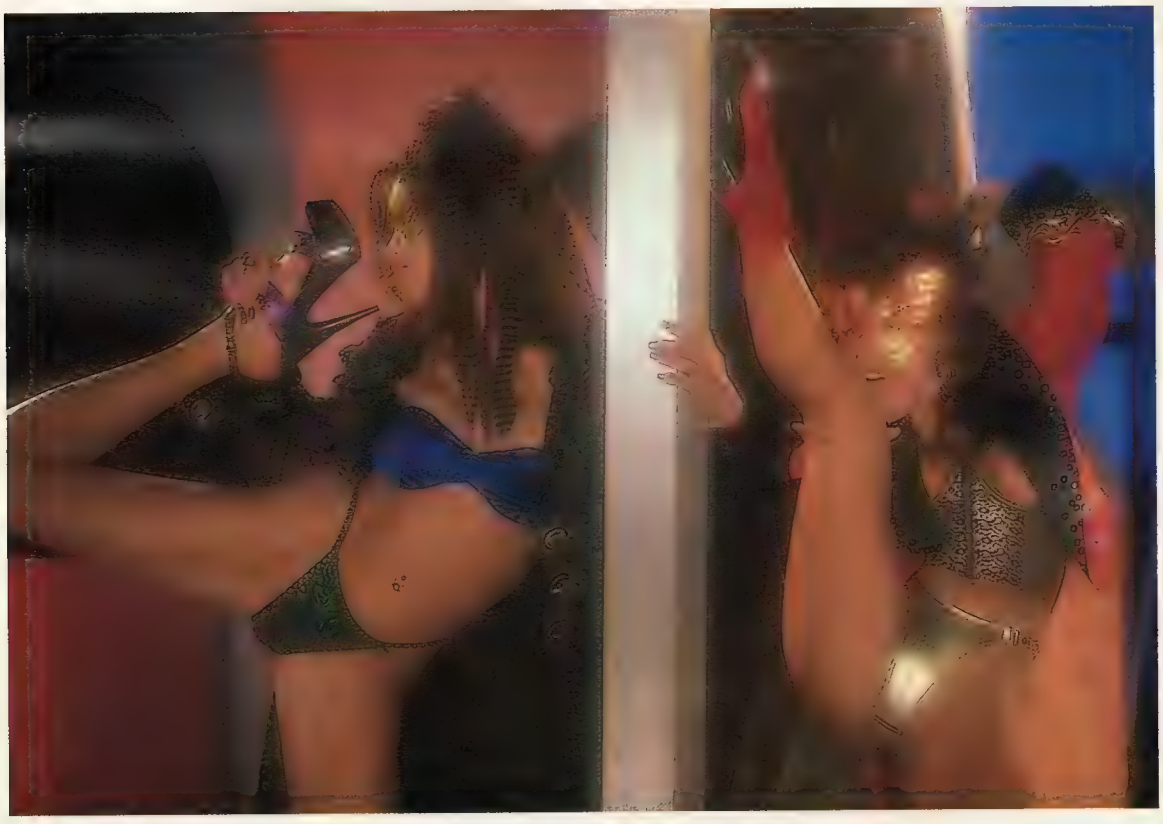
JULIA & ANNIE

Chains.... My baby's got me locked up in chains." That's Julia and Annie's favorite song. They play it all the time, at least as often as they play with the chains themselves. Julia and Annie love the symbolism of interlinking ... they love chains—the way they look, the way they feel, the way they smell ... even the way they taste. And there's so much you can do to another person with a love chain—you can tie her, tug her, pull her, even spank her.

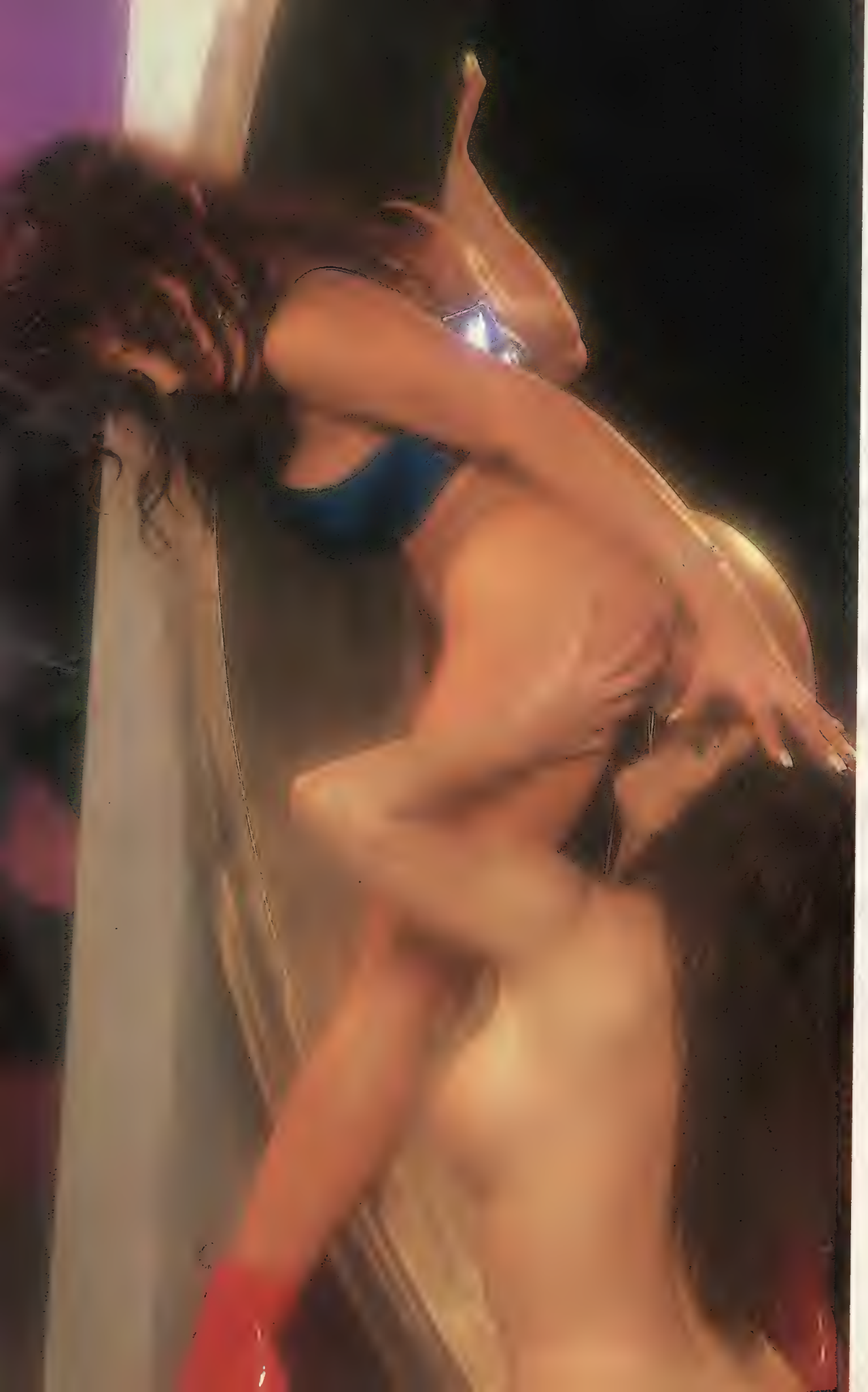
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER





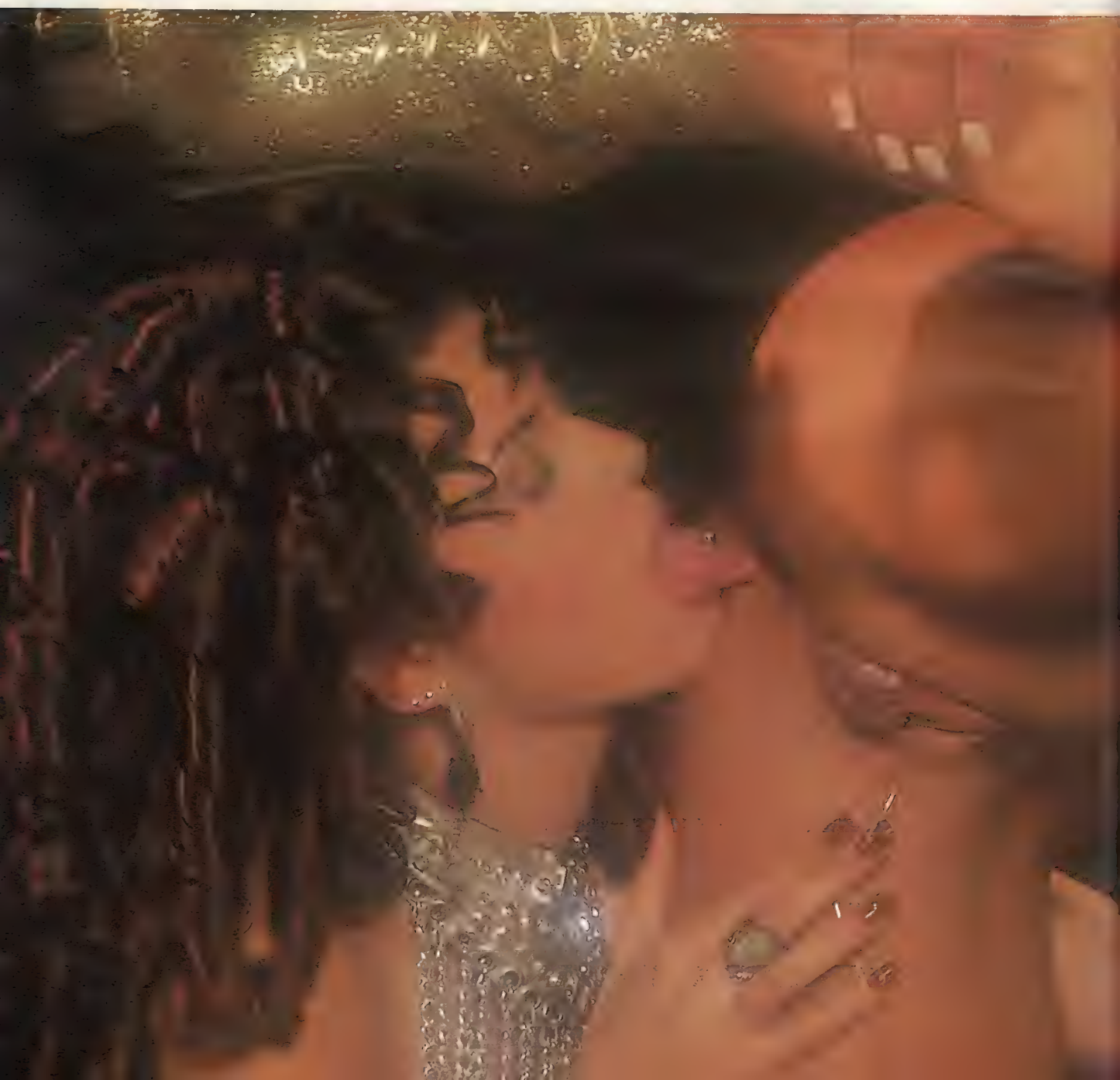


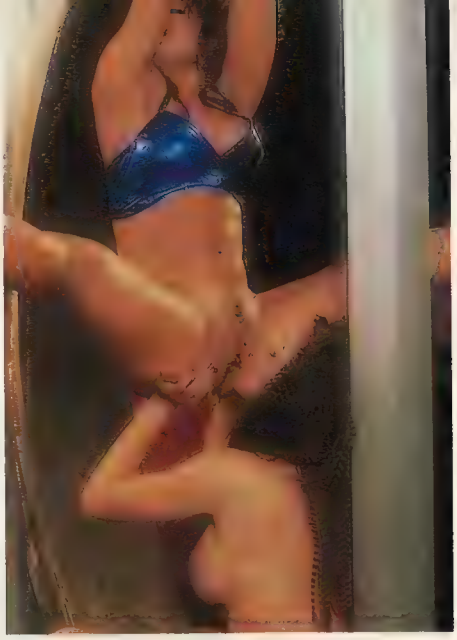
You have to be properly primed for a session with these ladies. Julia crushes her generous, jutting bosom into Annie's chest. Annie rewards her with a vigorous pump between her thighs. They grind together.

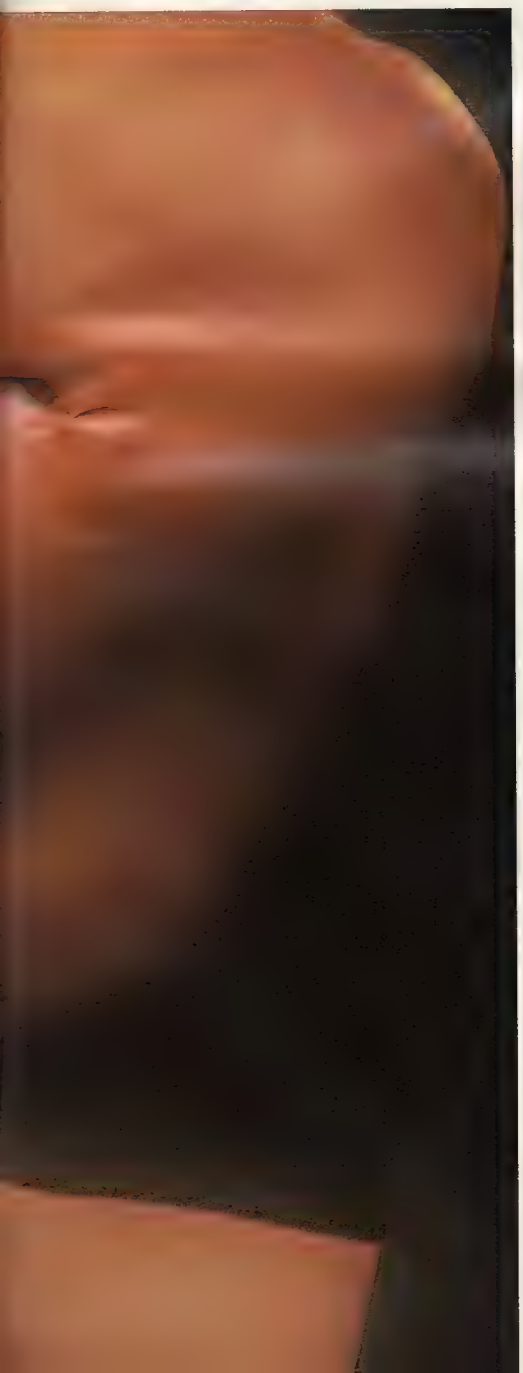


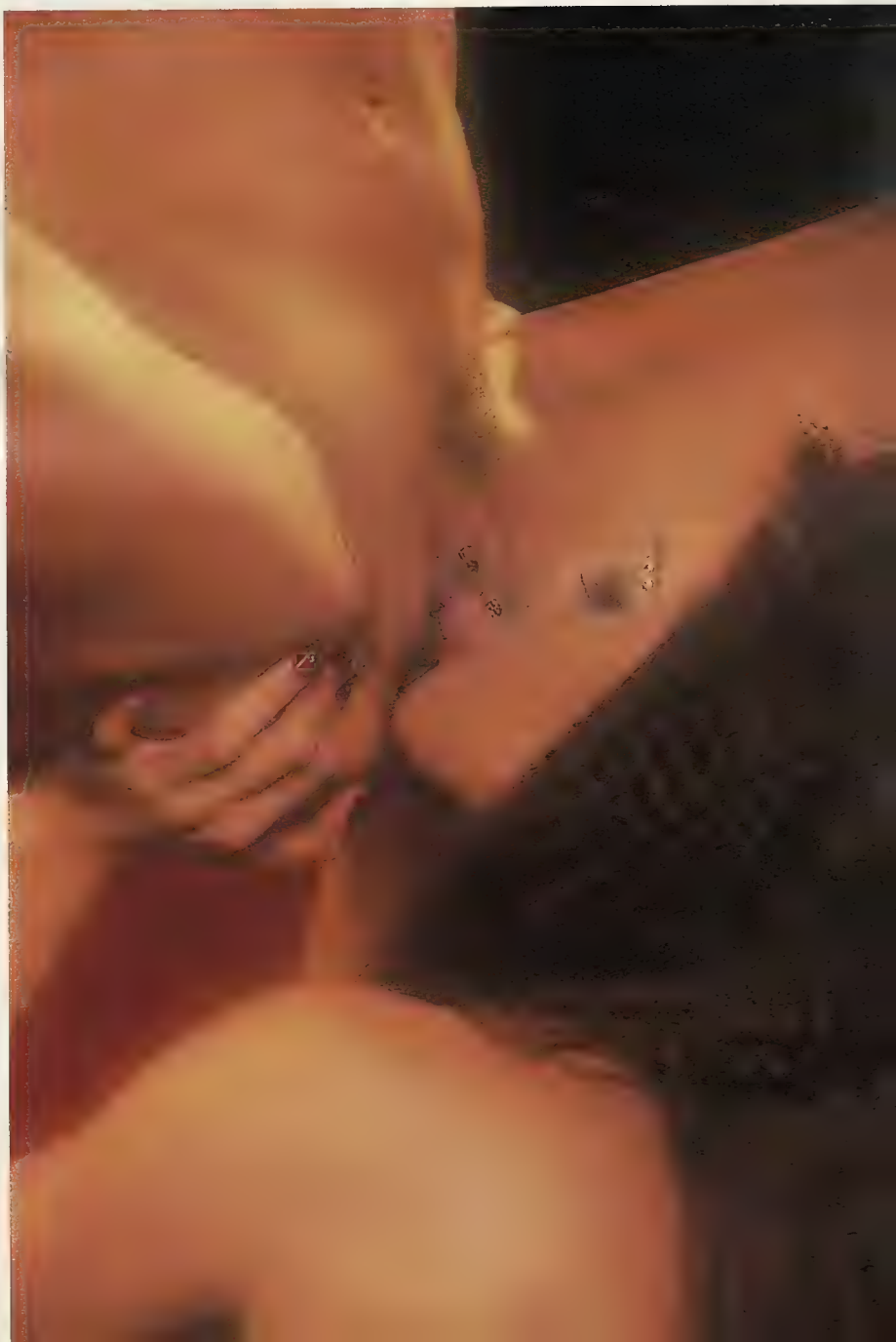
The chain hangs suspended like a wispy bridge of sighs between Julia's pierced pea and Annie's sharp teeth.

Sometimes you've just got to have a ball *and* a chain. What a surprise for Julia, feeling the cold tiny orb sticking up from Annie's wet tongue. The incessant soft/hard rubbing makes Julia squirm with delight and excitement.









The chain quivers lightly, linking the girls' most delicate, most intimate places. They hold their breath.

Then the fun begins—a pushing-pulling tug-of-war over who gets to yank her lover's chain.

Julia takes the lead; Annie accepts the fluid links and fills her mouth with metal.

In the end, however, according to Julia and Annie, "Lovers who chain together, remain together".

X RATED VIDEO

By Al Goldstein

THE LAY'S THE THING
Juliet and Romeo
(Xcel) ⚓⚓⚓
Tragedy? We don't need no stinkin' tragedy in adult entertainment. Give us a Romeo who lusts not only after Juliet but practically everything that crosses his path.

The plot's not always the thing —especially when you have a wealth of gorgeous talent to fill the screen.

A Romeo who would fuck mud, in other words. Forget about that star-crossed-lovers bullshit. While you're at it, screw death too—happy endings only, please. No clouds darken this clear, satirical sky as director Joe D'Amato gathers some of Italy's hottest bodkins for a run at Shakespeare Lite. The production values are excellent, hovering somewhere in the vicinity of a sub-par PBS drama. Stephania Sartori is our Juliet—blonde, lithe, and thankfully untouched by a plastic surgeon. Her lovely mouth-size tits made me recall a more innocent time, before the Invasion of the Silicone Monsters crushed everything natural in adult entertainment.

TALK DIRTY TO ME
Oral Addiction
(Vivid) ⚓⚓⚓
Christy Canyon's arrival at a hospital for the intellectually addled ignites a tape-long fuck-fest in this lively offering from newcomer director Ralph Parfait. The aptly named Canyon doesn't need much more than her massive sweater-pies to touch off an orgy, but in this broadbrush plot she's the victim of a Tourette's-like syndrome that makes her run off at the mouth with non-stop dirty talk. Christy does a star turn here, displaying herself like a museum piece, but she finally consummates with her doctor (Mark Davis) in a five-star bang. If you can suspend your disbelief long enough to accept a mental hospital full of male psychiatrists and caseworkers who have long hair and studly bods, then this one's a keeper.

PENTHOUSE PICK
Party House
(Wave) ⚓⚓⚓
Okay, so you lose your stake in a poker game. What do you do? Hit up your relatives? Hit up the local loan shark? Rent your house out to a film company for an adult-video shoot? If *Party House* is any indication, you'd be better off with a Mafia shylock than with an adult-video crew. This is all a clever way to get into the oldest plot in porndom —"behind the scenes" at an X-rated shoot. But the women here are sizzling hot, especially the game-for-anything Jenteal. And the loopy porno-crew antics are kept to a not-so-obnoxious minimum. Tony Tedeschi does a comic turn as the director, and this one's directed by Toni English, so there might be some crossover here.

CLUB FÊTE
The Joy Club
(Xcel) ⚓⚓
We are once again in *Behind the Green Door* country. (Aren't there any new plots in porn?) *The Joy Club* is a place where all bets—and all clothes —are off. It serves as a pressure-relief valve for Allied troops during World War II. The period of this period drama tends to drift: All the uniforms are slightly wrong, and the civilians are dressed in styles of a number of decades, from the twenties to the nineties. But European productions like this one can still supply some of the most amazing bodies in adult entertainment. So if you slog past the lousy production values—the English dubbing is only vaguely in sync—you can enjoy the intermittent flashes of erotic brilliance.

FOREIGN TONGUES
Body Language
(Vivid) ⚓⚓
Janine has one of the best bodies in adult entertainment, and she's one of the hottest dancers on the high-end strip circuit. But she's saddled with a brittle for-display-only sensibility. She does a lot of solo masturbation scenes and girl-girl stuff, when what we really want to see is her getting boned. The plot of *Body Language* is negligible: Cold hubby just doesn't understand her, so wifey must make up her own erotic world. Rote Californicating follows—by the pool, in the hot tub, etc. Someday someone is going to find Janine's hot button, and then we can all stand back and watch in amazement. This tape's not the one, though.

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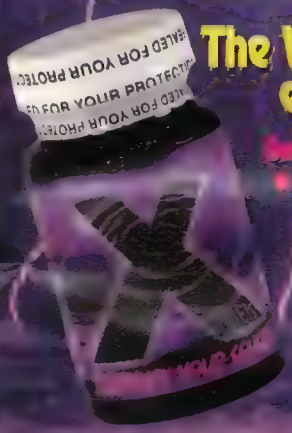

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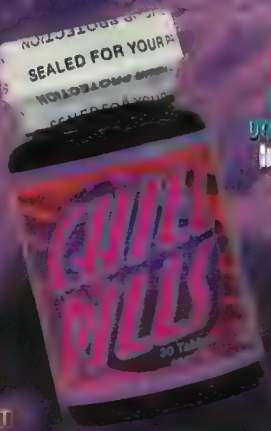

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A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from international media

EXTRA

Hard Times

© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 15, NO. 8

ON THE ONE HAND ...

A club called Students for Satan has been accepted as an official campus organization at Riverside Community College in California. The student senate, which passes on such matters, determined that the club had a right to exist, but that did not mean the senate approved of its philosophy. The dean of student activities said that Students for Satan would not be scrutinized more closely than any other club, "and if they violate any rules or regulations, they will be treated like any other club." (Reuters)

For a club fund-raiser, members will be selling their souls.—Editor

... ON THE OTHER HAND

In San Luis Obispo, California, three Satan-worshiping high-school boys were accused of raping, torturing, and killing a 15-year-old girl under the belief that a virgin sacrifice would assure them a "ticket to hell." (Reuters)

If tried and convicted as adults, they'll never get to join Riverside's Students for Satan. Still, their ticket to hell is punched.—Editor

NATIVE TALENTS

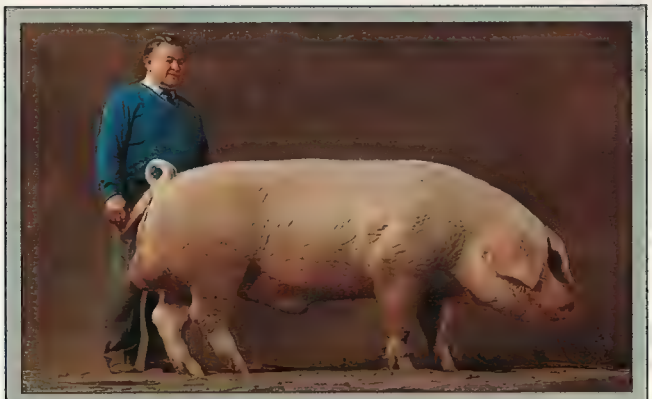
In Tarlac in the Philippines the 1996 Miss La Paz beauty pageant took a turn for the unusual during the talent portion of the show. When contestant No. 5 got up to perform, she was dressed in an Igorot costume and proceeded to conduct a native rite called a *cañao,* in which she hacked a chicken to death. Not to be outdone, contestant No. 6 came out dressed as an Amazon, tore open another chicken, and ate its insides raw. (*Daily Independent*)

Who won the beauty contest? The one with the biggest boobs, of course.—Editor

HARD TIMES FOR HARD HATS

During a speech on outdoor safety on the job, Harry Glass—an electrical engineer from Pasadena, Texas—was warning his listeners about the need to wear a hard hat on the job at all times. He removed his hard hat and was pointing out its safety components when a bird passing overhead delivered a large dropping to the top of Glass's unprotected head. But all was not lost. Glass's story won the grand prize in a "worst-workday" contest. *(The Wall Street Journal)*

Good thing Harry wasn't looking up and talking about safety goggles.—Editor



CONGRESS AT WORK

In an official letter to the U.S. Department of Agriculture earlier this year Congressman Joseph K. Knollenberg (R-Mich.) made the following request for less government intervention in pet-snack manufacturing:

"I am writing to you on behalf of Mr. R. Miles Handy II, President, Oink-Oink, Inc. [of Detroit]. According to Mr. Handy, the United States Department of Agriculture was allowing Oink-Oink to purchase pork penises for use as a pet treat. They were purchasing the raw product from Iowa Packing Company. After several months of doing so, the U.S.D.A. began to 'dye the raw penises green.' As a result of this, Oink-Oink, Inc., is unable to use them because of this discoloration. I would greatly appreciate your comment on this situation."

As we went to press, officials at Oink-Oink acknowledged Knollenberg's efforts, but did not know if anything had changed. Calls to Knollenberg's office were not returned, leaving the possibility of green pork penises in the food chain unresolved.—Editor

HOT REAL ESTATE

From a classified ad in the Hurlburt Field, Florida, *Commando:* "KENWOOD—5BR, 3.5BA, 2700 sqft, 1 story brick, formal LR and DR, eat-in kitchen, huge family room, 2 car garage, patio and 2 dicks, quite street near excellent schools ..."

"Quite street" is right. Sounds perfect for a gay couple or two single women.—Editor

CANNED HAND

A couple in Tampa, Florida, got a lot more than they bargained for when they purchased ham from a local Publix Supermarket. Several days after they'd eaten most of the ham, the husband discovered the tip of a human finger in it while making himself a sandwich. Upon complaining to the store manager, they were offered an apology and a $25 gift certificate. The couple is suing the store for damages in excess of $15,000. (*St. Petersburg, Florida, Times*)

The least the manager could have done is give them the rest of the finger.—Editor

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An amazing love pill made from green oats is proving to be "sexual rocket fuel" that can help men and women feel their oats in the bedroom, researchers reveal.

Dr. J. Dudley Capman, a gynecologist and clinical professor at Ohio University College of Osteopathic Medicine, disclosed: "I've been amazed by what it has done for some of my patients." Cary C., a 42 year old contractor from Alameda, CA has tried the pill – called Passion's Fire – and he declared: "It's sexual rocket fuel! It turns you into a superman. I think taking Passion's Fire can save your marriage. It really puts your sex drive into high gear!"

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Larry K. of St. Petersburg, FL, said Passion's Fire has had a remarkable effect on his sexual energy – even though he's 77 years old. "I've been taking it for years and I'm convinced it's improved my sex life substantially."

Said "Maria S., 40, a Sacremento saleswoman: "When I take Passion's Fire, sex seems to be on my mind a lot more."

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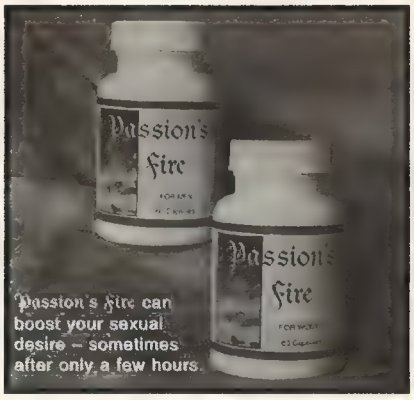

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DRAG KINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

jammed with dirty-dancing dykes as a bubble machine added a festive touch. Villain go-go-danced on top of the bar, though, I'm sad to report, with all her clothes on. Dred, looking like Jimi Hendrix with a beauty makeover, swept through the adoring crowd in an Afro and bell-bottoms. I was relieved to find a few other men in the audience, though most were drag queens who had come out to show solidarity.

Mo B. Dick, the evening's master of ceremonies, got the festivities under way by bellowing, "I ain't no homo." Mo fancies herself a male-chauvinist pig from the bowels of Brooklyn. My mission, you may recall, was to locate a beautiful lesbian, though a quick canvas of the suspects in my immediate vicinity produced, as the cops say, "negative results."

Mo introduced "Budd," a wiry little drag king with a peach-fuzz mustache and boxer shorts that peeked out over the top of her pants. Budd gave a spirited lip-synching of Bob Seger's "Old Time Rock & Roll." When the applause died down Budd's fellow drag kings crowded onto the stage, and the dancing, as well as my search, resumed.

As I waded through the crowd the metaphorical seas suddenly parted, and I spotted her. She was dancing, naked above the waist except for a leather vest that flapped open every time she twisted and shaked, showing off her exceptional chest. And she had this smug smile on her face. She was obviously an exhibitionist, an unapologetic cockteaser. Except that she wasn't. She was a cunt-teaser, a "clit licker," as the lesbians affectionately describe one another. I slipped outside to get some air and regain control of my racing libido.

On the street I ran into Budd, whom I started to interview. Suddenly, the beautiful lesbian joined us. She had defiant dark-brown eyes and a mouth that could have made the cover of any fashion magazine. Her name was Corrine. She didn't want to be interviewed. She wanted me to get lost. So did Budd. The sexual attraction between them was palpable. I stole a final, jealous look at Corrine's perfect tits and retreated.

The next time I spotted the two of them they were back inside dancing, or rather heavy petting to music, writhing against each other, torturing me. "In the straight world we can't express ourselves physically—people don't want to see it," Budd explained matter-of-factly when I called her a few days later to debrief her on her evening. "In a gay club it's our space."

Maybe so, but Budd admitted that even the other drag kings commented on their behavior. "I truly did not realize we were dancing so suggestively," Budd insisted. "As far as I was concerned the rest of the bar wasn't there."

Budd revealed that Corrine, whose phone number she refused to share with me, had come to Club Casanova that night on a mission. "She literally wanted to take me home and 'fuck Budd.' Those were her words. She was dressed with a specific purpose in mind. She'd put clean sheets on her bed. She has a thing for drag kings."

I asked her to tell me more. "Budd's a little boy," Budd, whose real name is Tina, explained. "Corrine took charge. It's the fantasy of wanting someone who's a virgin and inexperienced."

Budd divulged that Corrine's breasts were but one attraction on a Disneyland body. "Her legs are very powerful," Budd rhapsodized. "She doesn't have any tattoos."

Unfortunately, no amount of cajoling could get Budd to reveal precisely what they did to each other or how they did it. "Let's just say Budd's no longer a virgin," Budd sighed before finding an excuse to get off the phone.

HYPERSEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

MarquisDSX: Sliding the vibrator in and out of your pussy in rhythm with my cock ... fucking both holes at once....

HotBlonde: Ahhh ...

MarquisDSX: Come for me, baby. Come for me while I shoot my load up your ass.

HotBlonde: Yes, now! Ohhh!

MarquisDSX: Grinding into your ass as I pump my cream into you.... Was that good?

HotBlonde: The best. I want it again soon.

MarquisDSX: No time like the present....—*D. F., Washington, D.C.*

CREAMY CONCESSION

Alexis002: My breasts are so big since I had the baby—like melons.

LouisSank: It makes me hard to watch you bouncing down the street with those big tits.

Alexis002: (*unbuttoning my shirt*) You like them? Look how engorged the nipples are, like little plums.

LouisSank: I'd love to eat them.

Alexis002: I can see the outline of your cock through your jeans. Why don't you rub it for me?

LouisSank: Yes, ma'am ... unzipping my pants, releasing my hard dick.

Alexis002: I never thought having a baby would make me horny.

LouisSank: Stroking my cock ...

Alexis002: My nipples get so swollen ... if I play with them just right, it makes my pussy just cream.

LouisSank: Let me do it for you.

Alexis002: Come here, baby. I want to play with your balls.

LouisSank: Pulling hard at the nipples ... holding your tits together so I can fuck the space between ...

Alexis002: Oh, yes! Fuck my tits!

LouisSank: You're churning my cream into butter. My cock just slides.

Alexis002: Licking the tip of your cock, rubbing your balls ...

LouisSank: You're going to make me come ... ohh!

Alexis002: Now let me lick that cream ... ohhhhh, just right.—*S. P., Georgia*

MASTER PLAN

Joe3232: Take a nipple between your fingers and roll it around. Think about me sucking on it.

SweetMarie: Yes.

Joe3232: Don't say anything ... just do as I tell you. Slide a finger into your cunt, and imagine my mouth closing over your pussy ... my hot breath on your clit.... Now I slide two fingers inside you, and finger-fuck you while my tongue dances with your cunt. You like that, don't you?

SweetMarie: Oh, yes.

Joe3232: Good girl. Now beg me to fuck you.

SweetMarie: I'm so hot for you ... please fuck me. Fill my cunt with your throbbing prick.

Joe3232: I hold myself against your pussy for a moment, feeling your need. Then I slam my cock into you until you scream with pleasure.

SweetMarie: Unnhh!

Joe3232: Your head jerks back with the force of my thrusts. Now I'm pounding your molten slit as hard as I can. You like it hard, don't you?

SweetMarie: (*moaning*) The harder the better, baby.

Joe3232: My finger penetrates your ass.... I'm fucking you with my cock and fingers. With each thrust, you moan louder....

SweetMarie: Yesss....

Joe3232: I feel your orgasm start to explode, and I scream with release as I come inside you.

SweetMarie: So good ...

Joe3232: My sweet little thing. But we're not finished.—*J. W., Missouri*

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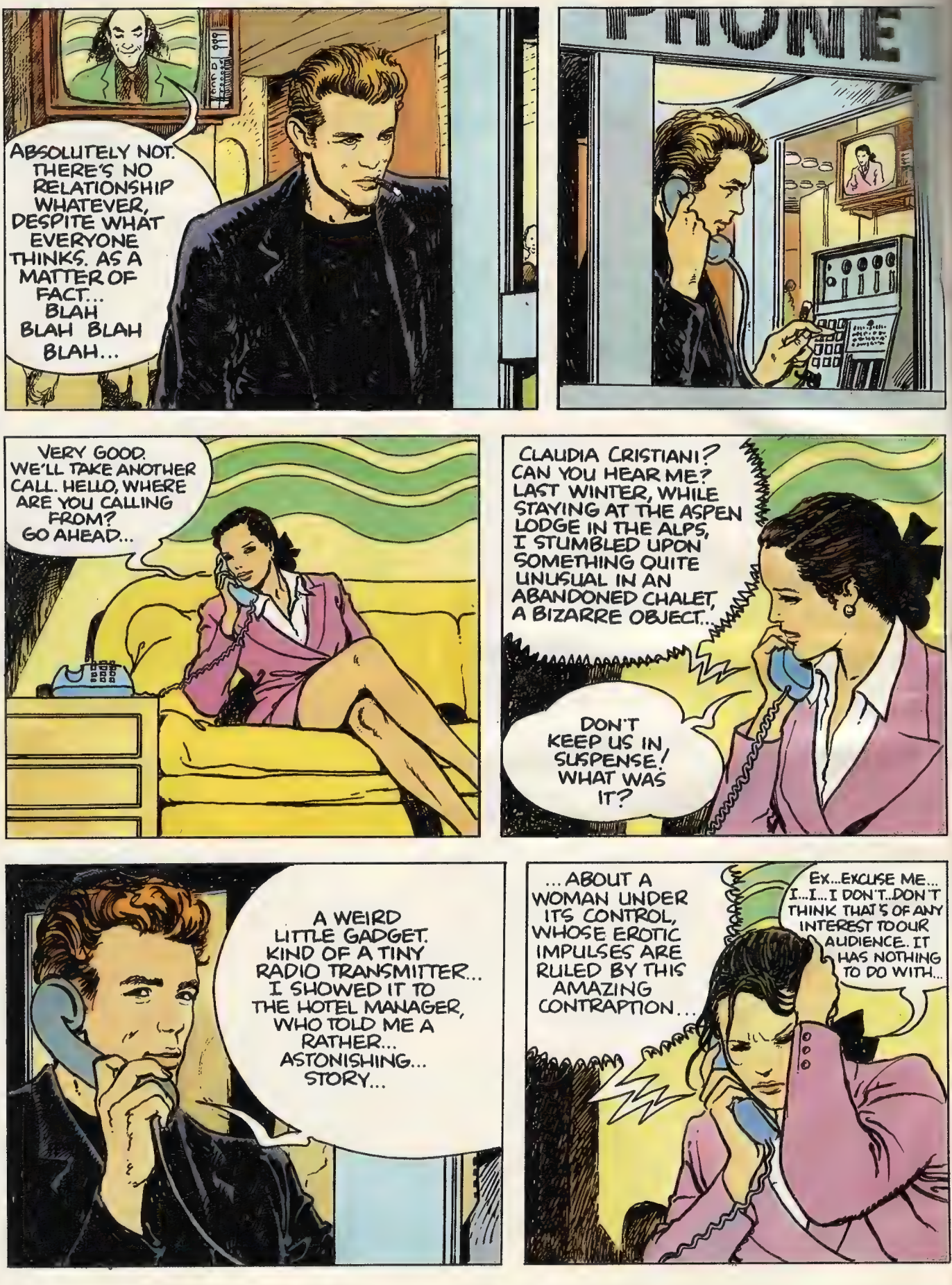
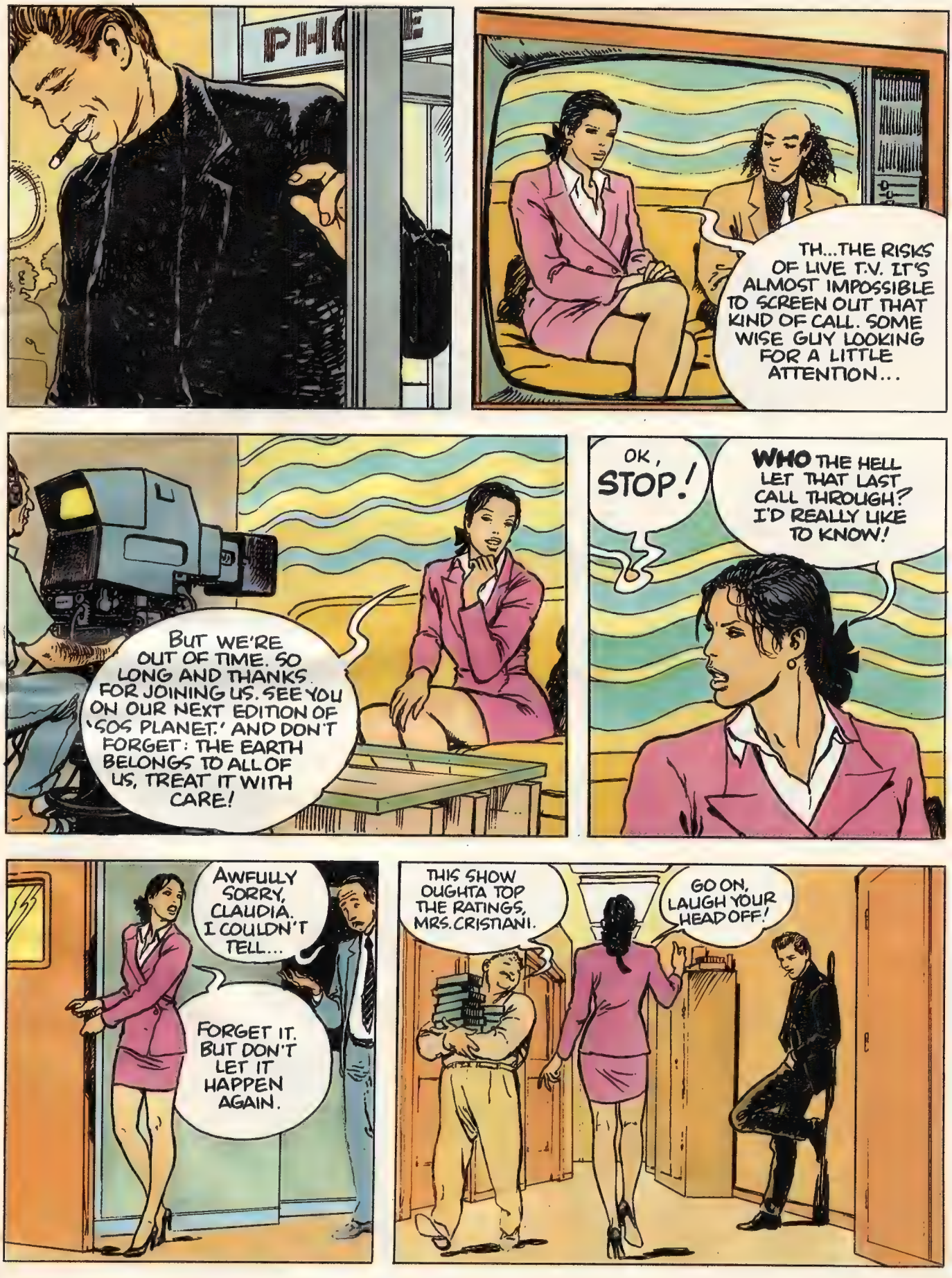
episode 1

by Milo Manara

HELLO, EVERYBODY. WELCOME TO ANOTHER EDITION OF 'SOS PLANET.' OUR GUEST TODAY IS THE NOTED ECOLOGIST PROFESSOR PIRIPICCHIO. THE TELEPHONE LINES ARE OPEN, AND THE PROFESSOR WILL BE GLAD TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS.
GOOD AFTERNOON, PROFESSOR. THANKS FOR JOINING US.
OUR FIRST CALLER'S ON THE LINE. HELLO, WHERE ARE YOU CALLING FROM? AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO ASK THE PROFESSOR?
THE CALLER ASKS IF THE OIL WELL FIRES IN KUWAIT ARE LIKELY TO AFFECT WEATHER PATTERNS. IS THERE A CONNECTION, PROFESSOR?

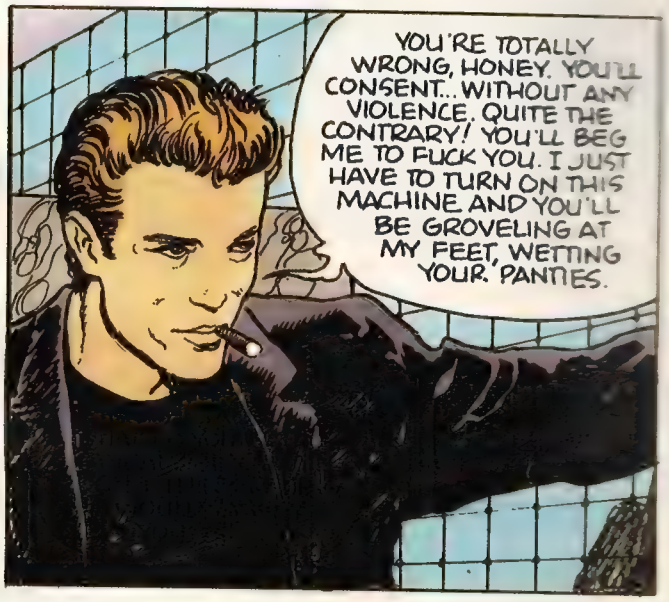

ABSOLUTELY NOT. THERE'S NO RELATIONSHIP WHATEVER, DESPITE WHAT EVERYONE THINKS. AS A MATTER OF FACT... BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH...
PHONE
VERY GOOD. WE'LL TAKE ANOTHER CALL. HELLO, WHERE ARE YOU CALLING FROM? GO AHEAD...
CLAUDIA CRISTIANI? CAN YOU HEAR ME? LAST WINTER, WHILE STAYING AT THE ASPEN LODGE IN THE ALPS, I STUMBLED UPON SOMETHING QUITE UNUSUAL IN AN ABANDONED CHALET, A BIZARRE OBJECT...
DON'T KEEP US IN SUSPENSE! WHAT WAS IT?
A WEIRD LITTLE GADGET. KIND OF A TINY RADIO TRANSMITTER... I SHOWED IT TO THE HOTEL MANAGER, WHO TOLD ME A RATHER... ASTONISHING... STORY...
...ABOUT A WOMAN UNDER ITS CONTROL, WHOSE EROTIC IMPULSES ARE RULED BY THIS AMAZING CONTRAPTION...
EX...EXCUSE ME... I...I... I DON'T..DON'T THINK THAT'S OF ANY INTEREST TO OUR AUDIENCE. IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH...

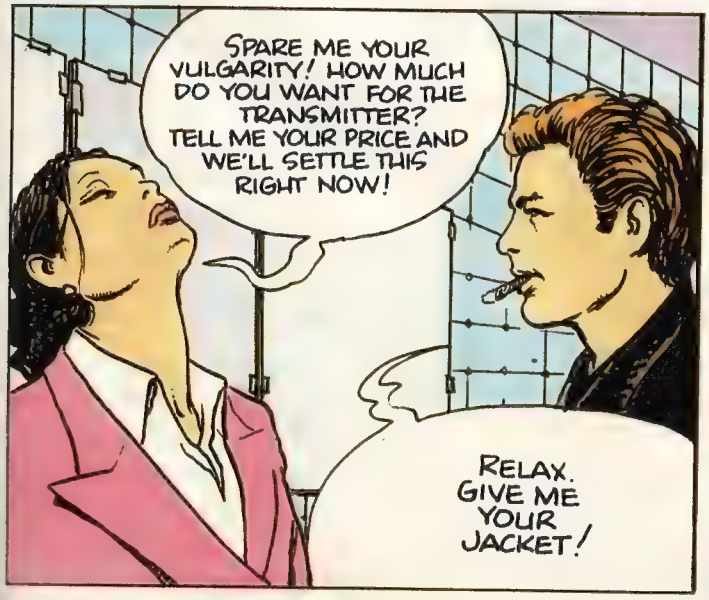

TH...THE RISKS OF LIVE T.V. IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO SCREEN OUT THAT KIND OF CALL. SOME WISE GUY LOOKING FOR A LITTLE ATTENTION...
BUT WE'RE OUT OF TIME. SO LONG AND THANKS FOR JOINING US. SEE YOU ON OUR NEXT EDITION OF 'SOS PLANET.' AND DON'T FORGET: THE EARTH BELONGS TO ALL OF US, TREAT IT WITH CARE!
OK, STOP!
WHO THE HELL LET THAT LAST CALL THROUGH? I'D REALLY LIKE TO KNOW!
AWFULLY SORRY, CLAUDIA. I COULDN'T TELL...
FORGET IT. BUT DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN.
THIS SHOW OUGHTA TOP THE RATINGS, MRS. CRISTIANI.
GO ON, LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF!

HEY THERE, MRS. CRISTIANI... IT'S ME, THE GUY WHO JUST CALLED. AND HERE'S THAT LITTLE GADGET!
WHO LET YOU IN? TAKE YOUR TALL TALES AND GET OUT OF HERE!
O.K. LET'S SEE IF THIS LITTLE BOX WORKS...
AHHH ... HHH... HHH ...
KLIK!
OH MY GOD.. TURN IT OFF.. TURN IT OFF.. OH MY GOD..
COME ON!
GET IN THERE! QUICK!
IN THE MEN'S ROOM?

O.K., HONEY. LET'S NOT BEAT AROUND THE BUSH. PUN INTENDED. YOU'RE IN MY POWER. COMPLETELY. I CAN MAKE YOU COME LIKE CRAZY, IF I WANT. AND YOU KNOW IT.
WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO? RAPE ME?

GO ON, TALK! WHAT DO YOU WANT? A SCANDAL? BLACKMAIL? I DON'T THINK RAPING ME WOULD SATISFY YOU.


YOU'RE TOTALLY WRONG, HONEY. YOU'LL CONSENT... WITHOUT ANY VIOLENCE. QUITE THE CONTRARY! YOU'LL BEG ME TO FUCK YOU. I JUST HAVE TO TURN ON THIS MACHINE AND YOU'LL BE GROVELING AT MY FEET, WETTING YOUR PANTIES.


SPARE ME YOUR VULGARITY! HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR THE TRANSMITTER? TELL ME YOUR PRICE AND WE'LL SETTLE THIS RIGHT NOW!
RELAX. GIVE ME YOUR JACKET!

ALL RIGHT. TAKE IT. BUT WE'RE IN THE MEN'S TOILET. SOMEONE COULD COME IN ANY SECOND.
DON'T WORRY. I'LL PROTECT YOU. GIVE ME YOUR SKIRT TOO.
to be continued...

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LOCKDOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

feet were so swollen from standing on the cold concrete floor for over 30 hours that I couldn't get my shoes on."

When I called B.O.P. Director Hawk for a statement on allegations of prisoner abuse following the October riots, I was told by spokesperson Bill Bechtold that there were allegations made and that some were found to be true. However, he refused to discuss specific cases or the allegations of specific prisoners because of limitations imposed by the Privacy Act.

Like all of federal law enforcement, the bureau has militarized its attitudes and operations over the past 15 years as our society's philosophy has shifted from rehabilitation to punishment. During the crisis Director Hawk wrote in the bureau's weekly newsletter, *Monday Morning Highlights:* "I am extremely impressed and very proud of the extraordinary manner in which Federal Bureau of Prisons staff have responded to the difficult and dangerous challenges of the past week. B.O.P. staff have demonstrated strength, resourcefulness, heroism, and the highest standards of professionalism in handling the many incidents that have occurred, protecting inmates, fellow staff members, and surrounding communities from serious harm, and preserving the security of our institutions."

Hawk went on to say that the incidents were under investigation. "We are assessing the causes and will work to ensure that further unrest is averted."

If we believe Correa and Giuliano, the rebellion at Marianna consisted of 30 black prisoners voicing anger over crack laws, and the SORT team's presumptive retaliation that led to violence and destruction of government property. No staff were injured. A number of prisoners, including many who had not participated, did require medical attention. The warden ordered a second lockdown that lasted for 15 days. That has restored peace for the time being.

Police brutality is one of those evils that is magnified grotesquely behind bars. If prisoners are society's rejects, the men and women who guard them are at the bottom of the heap in a law-enforcement system riddled with sadism and corruption. To make matters worse, most prisons are built in poor-white boondocks, where racism and distrust of cultural differences are rife. "Right after the disturbance, a group of officers who had participated in the 'roundup' were standing by the front gate of the unit, right by my window," Correa wrote. "These men were openly bragging to each other how they slammed this guy to the ground, how they roughed him up. They were discussing how much fun it had been, and that they wished it would happen again soon."

During the riots at a minimum-security prison camp in Atlanta, according to letters and reports from prisoners and family members, SORT troops randomly beat dozens of prisoners, including one who is blind. Like the gauntlet, a general ass-kicking is considered a good way to keep prisoners who merely watched the riots from even thinking of joining in next time. Guards and prisoners all agree there will be a next time.

Lockdowns and SORT assaults have become the penal management tools of choice for the nineties. Prison officials are relying more and more on fear and force to control the populations of young prisoners who have no hope of getting out for decades, if at all. Where parole and time off for good behavior—or for participation in educational, job-training and treatment programs—once shortened sentences and were incentives for prisoners, now nightsticks, machine guns, tear gas, and expensive lockdowns struggle to keep an ever-more-tenuous order. Long sentences, the injustice of the disparity in the drug laws, and the rapid deterioration of prison conditions have given birth to a bitter, vengeful new breed of prisoner who knows that his plight means nothing to the people in power. As Malcolm X said, this man is dangerous because he has nothing to lose.

The most recent assault on prisoners' rights came in the age-old form of censorship. Inmates in the federal system were slated, as of December 1, 1996, to no longer be able to receive any "commercially published material that is sexually explicit or contains nudity." The bureau-wide ban is the first of its kind. Normally the feds leave it up to the warden of each individual prison to determine which books and magazines prisoners are allowed to read. This time, however, in keeping with the federal government's self-appointed role as moral guardian, the B.O.P. cited the Ensign Amendment, a rider to an appropriations bill, as grounds for a system-wide ban that originated with lightning speed out of the bureau's central office in Washington. The Ensign Amendment, named for the Nevada Republican congressman who drafted it, forbids disbursing federal funds to distribute or make available information or material that contains, in the words of a bureau spokesperson, "nude female breasts or genitalia or other pornographic material." Welcome back to the Dark Ages.

At the present rate of incarceration, there will be more than seven million people locked up by the end of the century—more than are enrolled in colleges and universities. Most of these people will someday get out of prison. Then it will be payback time.

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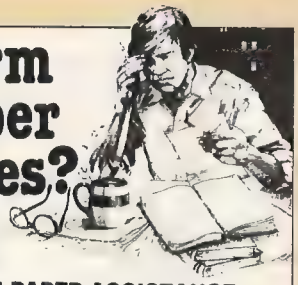

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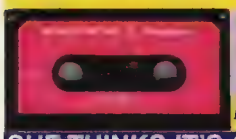

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BEDTIME STORIES

EROTIC FICTION BY GRETA CHRISTINA

A LIVE ONE

What an asshole, Sheila thinks as she plays with her pussy. He's been popping quarters into the booth like they were rock candy. A smile wouldn't cost anything extra.

She smiles through the glass, a sugary, seductive smile full of bubble and promise. He responds with the same blank stare he's been giving her for five minutes. His face is flat and listless, a cheap statue of a gloomy frog, with a trickle of hostility leaking through the stone set of his mouth.

She sighs and spins around, giving up, turning her face away. She sticks her butt in the window, and runs her hand slowly over her ass. The flicking brick-wall men, she thinks. I've never understood why they come here. I mean, I can give them the sight of a dancing naked woman, but I can't give them the joy of watching a naked woman dance. Don't they get that they have to bring that themselves?

She licks her forefinger and runs it up and down her pussy as she gyrates to the thumping music. She catches Tanisha's eye, and gives her the contemptuous look she

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM BOWER

can't give the customer. Tanisha gives a quick nod of sympathy and turns back to Danielle. The younger girl is sprawled over Tanisha's lap; she squirms and rolls her hips dramatically, putting on an extravagant show for the two drunken sailors in the corner booth. Tanisha scowls ferociously and taps Danielle's tight, round rump; Danielle gives theatrical squeals and wriggles in delight.

I like a girl who enjoys her work, Sheila says to herself. She knows these two; they'll be doing the real thing later on tonight. They get a kick out of faking it for the guys, but they never do it for real for money.

She hears the panel slide down behind her, and glances over her shoulder. Yup, he's gone. What a tragic loss to the human race. She arches her back, aching from bending over, and looks around dutifully for a new customer.

Sure enough, just as she finishes stretching, the panel in the other corner booth slides up. Sheila glances at Lorelei, who's busily spreading her pussy for a middle-aged man with a briefcase in one hand and his dick in the other. Guess the new one's mine, Sheila concludes. Conscientious as always, she shimmies over, squats in front of the guy, and smiles. "Hi," she hollers over the synth-pop din. "I'm Chloë."

In response he pulls a pad and pen out of his pocket and begins scribbling. He holds the pad up to the window and smiles back. *Hi, Chloë,* it reads. *I'm Henry.*

Her eyebrows shoot up, surprised and impressed. Smart guy, she thinks. Inventive. And he actually wants to talk to me. Maybe this will be a live one.

She tucks her legs under her like a cheesecake model and runs her hand over her torso. "So, you come here often?"

He writes furiously and holds the pad up again. *Yes,* it says. *That's why I brought this. I know it's too loud in there for you to hear me....*

He flips to another page and scribbles some more. *But I want to be able to talk. This is the best I could come up with.*

He reaches into his pocket and quickly inserts a handful of quarters into the slot. She ducks her head and blushes; she knows she should know better, but she's always a little surprised when guys drop their money just to look at her. She licks her finger and runs it over her nipple. "So, you like me?"

Yes, he writes. *You seem ... friendly.*

She leans back, spreads her pussy lips open for a teasing moment, then lets them close again. "I try," she answers. "So what would you like to talk about?"

You, he writes.

"Sure," she says with a smile. "What would you like to know?"

He thinks for a moment, then scribbles again. *What part of your body do you like best?* Her eyebrows shoot up again. "Interesting question. No one's asked me that before."

Really? Nobody?

"Well, nobody in here," she says. "But to answer your question, I'd say ... I like my ass a lot. Would you like to see it?"

He scribbles hastily. *Sure, I'd like to see your ass....*

He flips to a new page. *But I want to see your face too.*

"You got it, bub," she says cheerfully. She leaps to her feet, spins around, flops over at the waist, and gapes at him between her legs. "How's this?"

He laughs and shakes his head. *That's really silly,* he writes.

"You're right," she answers. "I never understood that one either. Okay, let's try this."

She gets on hands and knees, putting her body in profile. She gives him a smoky look over her shoulder, tousles her hair, and growls. Tiger woman, she thinks. Queen of the jungle. She shifts her leg to show him her soft, round ass, arches her back, and grinds her hips in slow circles. "How's that?" she asks.

Much better, he writes. *So what do you like doing with your ass, Chloë?*

She doesn't hesitate. "I like to get it fucked," she replies crudely.

Show me.

She puts her finger in her mouth and draws it out slowly, getting it nice and wet. An unexpected shudder goes through her body as she raises her eyes to meet his. His gaze trails down her back like gentle fingers, and she squirms and wriggles, pleased and flattered and oddly bashful. She reaches back with one hand, opens her ass cheek invitingly, and runs her wet finger up and down the crack. He gazes back at her face, solemn and anxious; she gives him a small, coy smile and waits.

Please?

She grins and licks her lips. She wets her finger again, then slowly slides her finger into her ass hole.

A sudden rush of pleasure surges into her head. She moans and closes her eyes, almost against her will, as she slowly pumps her finger. A small, tight spot in her throat begins to dissolve, melts down into her breasts and stomach; she bucks her hips up hard, bites her lip, and whimpers quietly. Her ass clenches tight around her finger, pulling it in deeper.

She opens her eyes suddenly, remembering where she is, and gives Henry a wild, intent look. His hands are pressed against the glass, clutching the notebook; his eyes are open wide, shining with lechery and delight. She shoves a second finger into her ass hole and begins to fuck herself in earnest, hard and crude and a little rough, just the way she likes it. She moans louder, throws her head back, and lets out a sharp little cry of bliss.

She collapses onto the floor, panting dramatically. She rolls onto her back, pulls out her fingers, and surreptitiously wipes them on the grimy carpet. "Oh, my God," she whispers.

He takes a deep breath and pulls away from the glass. *Jesus, you're beautiful,* he writes. *Thank you.*

She props herself up on her elbow. "You're welcome."

Was it real? he writes.

"Mmnmmm," she murmurs. "You bet."

Really?

She hesitates. "Well ... yeah," she says uncomfortably. "More or less. I mean, it felt good. Felt real good, actually. But no, I didn't come, if that's what you're asking."

He smiles and nods. *Thanks for being honest. I appreciate that.*

A softer song comes on the jukebox. *So, do you like working here?* Henry writes.

The lie springs to Sheila's lips, the automatic lie hammered into her by months of unspoken training. She gives him a long, serious look, looks around to make sure nobody is listening, and speaks. "Well, ... here's the deal," she murmurs as softly as she can and still have him hear her, as loudly as she can without being overheard.

"Yeah, I do. The money's good and the hours are flexible. I don't have to work forty hours to pay the rent. And the dancing itself is fun. I like to dance and I like my body ... and I like sex, I like being sexy." He grins and waggles his eyebrows. "And the other women are amazing. They're smart and funny, and really take care of each other. I love them to pieces."

But . . ., he writes.

It all comes out in a rush. "The flicking men," she says bitterly. "They want it all spoon-fed to them. Pussy and pleasure and all the rest of it. They think sex should be like TV, but with hotter babes and no commercials. They just wanna sit back and suck it down like baby birds. They don't smile, they don't say hi, they don't say, 'Thank you' or 'You're pretty' or even 'Nice tits, baby.' They just stare like dead fish. Not all of them . . . but a flicking lot of them." She takes a deep breath, startled by her own anger.

He nods. *Men are assholes,* he scribbles.

She laughs heartily, her bitterness broken for the moment. "Thank you," she says. "So . . . what would you like to see now? Anything special?"

What would you *like?* he writes.

She chuckles. "Why don't you take your clothes off and dance for me," she jokes. "Just for a change."

He scribbles seriously for a long minute: *Okay. But I'd better warn you, I'm not a very good dancer.*

He sets the pad on the bench, runs his hand through his hair, and slowly begins to undress. She stretches out like a cat and watches in awe, amazed that he took her seriously.

He unbuttons his shirt slowly, caressing his chest as he uncovers it bit by bit. She plays with her body in response, moving her hand over her belly as he strips off his shirt and shows her his thin chest. He begins to roll his torso in slow, hesitant, snakelike ripples. She can smell herself—the sharp, salty smell her pussy gives off when it wants something really badly. She watches hungrily as he slides his hands down over his hips. He begins to rub his dick through his jeans, and she draws a sudden, ragged breath. Her pulse beats hard inside her clit; she shoves her hand between her thighs and squeezes tight.

Suddenly he stops dancing and snatches up the pad and pen. *I feel silly,* he writes. *I feel like a dork.*

She shakes her head. "You shouldn't," she replies. "You look great. I'm getting totally wet watching you." She stares meaningfully at his crotch. "Now show me more."

He drops pad and pen, slumps against the wall, hooks his thumb into his waistband, and gives her a moody, smoldering stare like a model for designer jeans. She laughs and nods approvingly. He begins to move again, squirming and writhing against the wall. Slowly, teasingly, he unbuckles his belt, unzips his fly, tugs his swollen dick out of his pants and into the open air. He cradles it in his hand and gives her a wide-open look, proud and fearful and eager for approval.

She ogles his cock and licks her lips, drinking in his eagerness like water. "Very pretty," she says. "Very nice indeed. But I wanna see more. Turn around and pull them all the way down. Show me your ass."

He complies immediately; turns to face the wall, arches his back, and slowly pulls his jeans down over his slim hips. She whistles appreciatively as the fabric drops down to his thighs and his bare ass is revealed. He blushes bright red, presses his hands against the wall and slowly bends over to give her a better look. She stares intently at his smooth, tight ass, relishing his exposure, sucking in the view like a starving woman. Her clit thumps hard, demanding attention; she begins to caress it in earnest, moving her finger in slow, tight circles. I love a boy who does what I tell him, she thinks.

"Now turn around again," she commands. "Let me see your dick. Let me see you jerk off."

He spins around to face her, jeans around his knees, face flushed, his dick twitching of its own accord. He jams his back against the wall, licks his hand like a dog, and begins to slide it up and down the shaft of his cock.

A sudden flash of longing stabs into her cunt, and she whimpers and spreads her legs wider. She opens her pussy lips with her fingers and thrusts her hips toward the glass, frantically and insistently, forcing her hole into the open, trying to show him as much of herself as she can. His eyes widen as they take in her sopping-wet cunt; he grips his cock with a trembling hand as she spreads herself apart and furiously rubs her swollen clit. Their eyes connect; they stare intently, flushed, shivering, mouths hanging open, eyes wide. His hand moves faster and faster; a shudder travels through his body, and he bites his lip, throws his head back, and squirts into his hand. She sees his face contort. She cries out hard, and comes.

They both take a deep breath and slump backward. Sheila stretches back and clamps her thighs around her hand; Henry collapses against the wall, lost in quiet bliss.

Finally he takes a handkerchief out of his pocket, wipes the come off his hand, then pulls up his pants. He picks up the pad and pen. *Thank you thank you thank you,* he writes.

"Jesus," she gasps. "You're welcome. Thank *you.*"

That was real . . . right?

She nods. "Yeah," she answers. "That was real."

The window panel starts to slide down. Henry scrabbles through his pockets and quickly drops another quarter into the slot. The panel slides up again; he spreads his hand and shows her the contents with a sad, wistful smile. One more quarter. He drops it in and shrugs. *How much time do we have left?* he writes.

"About a minute," she answers. "A little less actually. Shit. You'd better get dressed."

He pulls his shirt on and zips his pants. *So is your name really Chloë?* he writes.

"No," she replies. "Of course not."

What is it really?

She gives him a long, clear look. Maybe I should make up a fake real name, she thinks. She likes this guy a lot; it'd make him happy to think she'd confided in him. She gazes at the floor, thinks carefully for a moment, then looks back at his face and shakes her head.

"I'm not going to tell you that," she says. "I'm sorry."

Quite all right, he scribbles. *Thanks for not lying.*

"You're welcome," she replies.

They stare at each other awkwardly, somewhat at a loss for words. "That was wonderful," she says at last. "Really. You made my day."

He kisses his hand and reaches out to touch the glass. The panel drops down, sliding past his hand, clicking shut. "Come back sometime," she calls into the metal plate. She presses her hands against the window, drained and dazed and a bit forlorn, hoping that he heard her.

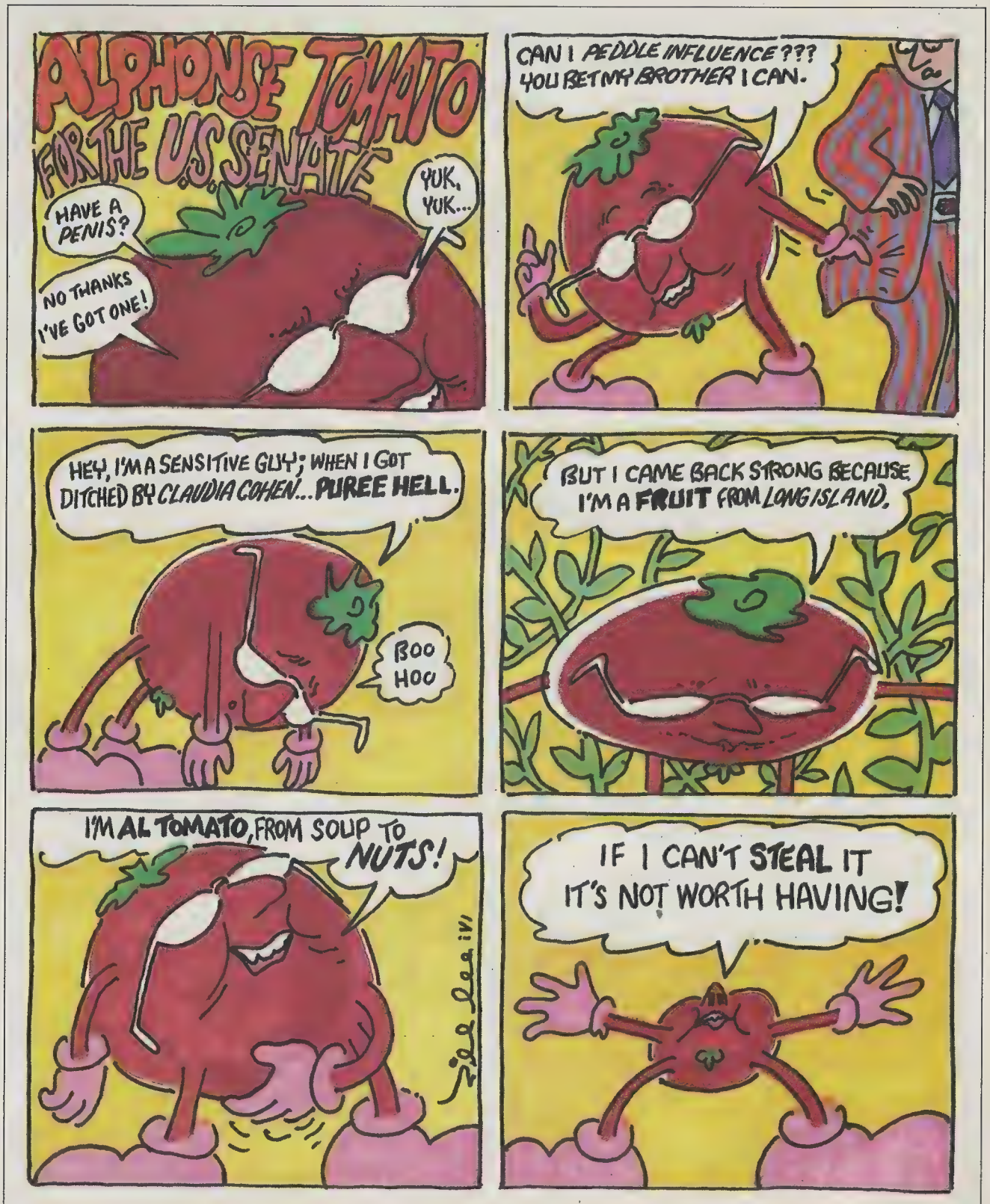
She feels a light touch on her shoulder. "Hey, Chloë," Tanisha says. "It's time for your break." She gives Sheila a light slap on the rump. "Nice show, girl," she adds. "Hell, you even got me going."

"Thanks," Sheila sighs. "Me too. Sometimes I really like this job."

"I know what you mean, babe," Tanisha says as Sheila walks off the stage. "I know what you mean."

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE
humor@generalmedia.com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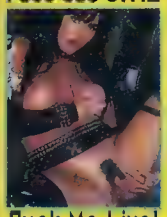
HEY, I'M A SENSITIVE GUY; WHEN I GOT DITCHED BY CLAUDIA COHEN... PUREE HELL.
BOO HOO
BUT I CAME BACK STRONG BECAUSE I'M A FRUIT FROM LONG ISLAND.
I'M AL TOMATO, FROM SOUP TO NUTS!
IF I CAN'T STEAL IT IT'S NOT WORTH HAVING!

I Suck U U Lick Me
1-800-688-69ME



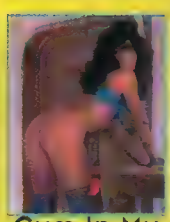
Fuck Me Live!
1-900-WET-0195
1-900-938-0114
$4.95/min.

Anxious Virgin
1-900-WETT 2CUM
ONLY $4.95/MIN.

International Sex Orgy
011-592-246-040
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
011-592-248-173

I'M HOT!
1-900-WETT HOLE
$4.95/min. 18+

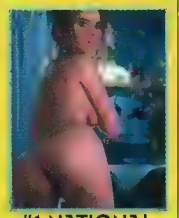
FUCK MY WET ASS
1-900-WETT REAR
(1-900-938-8732)
$4.95/MINUTE



Cum In My Back Door
1-800-756-LACE
Billed to Credit Card

Wet, Wild Lesbian Orgy
1-800-304-ORGY
Billed to V/MC/AMEX

Give Me A Pearl Necklace
1-800-666-UCUM

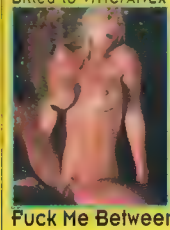


#1 NATIONAL ANAL SEX SERVICE
1-800-685-ANAL
Billed to Credit Card

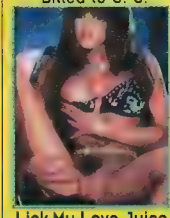
Lesbian Sex- 4 Women Only
1-800-753-MEET
Billed to V/MC/AMEX

Uncensored Sex
011-592-240-472
International Rates Apply

Live Obedience Training Sessions
1-800-955-WHIP
Billed to V/MC/AMEX



Fuck Me Between My Wet Tits
1-800-678-TITS
Billed to C. C.



Lick My Love Juice
1-900-WETT BABE
NO LONG INTROS!
NO STUPID CRAP!

CUM IN MY ASS
1-900-938-0111
$4.95/MINUTE

Push Your Cock Up My Ass!
1-800-876-6116
Or My Cunt
1-800-581-7387

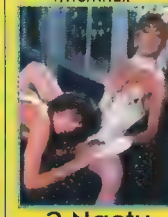
Dominating British Bitches
011-44-171-814-1327
CREDIT CARD CALLERS ONLY

1 On 1
Live Fucking
1-900-WETT 1on1
$4.95 billed to your phone

Cunt Licking Lesbians
1-900-WETT N'HOT
$4.95 per/min.

Find A Fold & Fuck It!
1-900-WET-N-FAT
Totally Gross
1-900-WET-FART
$4.95 per/min.

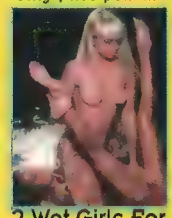
HOT ENGLISH GIRLS
INTERNATIONAL CREDIT CARD CALLERS
011-44-171-814-1326
V/MC/AMEX



2 Nasty Girls + U
1-900-WETT 2on1
$4.95/min.

1-900-
WE TIE U UP
(1-900-938-4388)
Caller must be over 18.

1-900-9 FUCK HIM IN THE ASS!
Only $4.95 per/min.



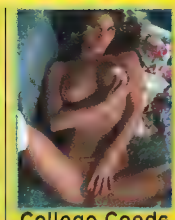
2 Wet Girls For Every Caller
1-900-WETT 3SUM
$4.95 billed to your phone

Ram Us With My Dildo
1-900-WETT DILDO
$4.95 billed to your phone

1-800-605-BUTT
Credit Card Callers
011-68-FUCK ASS
Intl. rates apply

Cum Dripping Blow Jobs
1-900-WETT BLOW
$4.95 billed to your phone

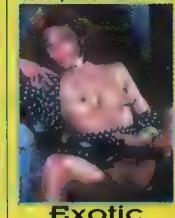
"MY GIRLFRIEND IS GONE AND I'M HORNY!"
1-900-WETT DICK
$4.95 per/min.



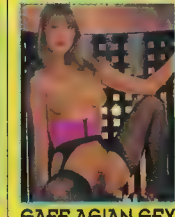
College Coeds Need Hard Cocks
1-900-WETT COED
$4.95 per/min.

You Fuck Her I'll Lick Her
011-592-246-043
International Rates Apply

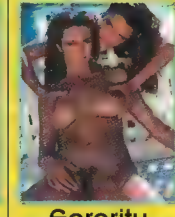
2 Girl Orgy Always Live!
1-900-WETT 4TWO
18+. $4.95 PER/MIN.



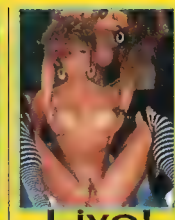
Exotic Beauty
1-900-938-0133
1-900-WET-0096



SAFE ASIAN SEX
1-900-WE VD FREE
1-800-284-3363
1-800-717-7388

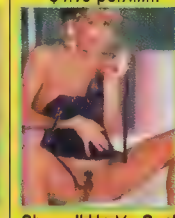


Sorority Slut Orgy
1-800-285-ORGY



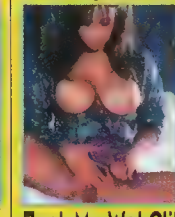
Live!
Lesbian Lovers
1-800-350-3SUM
Billed to Credit Card

Get Kinky With Us
1-900-WET-0216
$4.95 per/min.



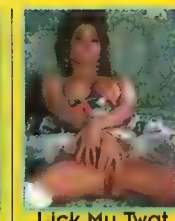
Shove It Up My Cunt
1-900-938-0117
1-900-938-0208
$4.95 / MIN.

Live Wet Girls
1-900-WETT GIRLS
$4.95 Minute
Billed to your phone

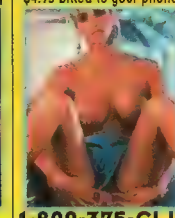


Fuck My Wet Clit
1-900-WETT CLIT
$4.95/minute

Obey Or Suffer
1-900-WET-0232
1-800-678-7699
$4.95/min. 18+



Lick My Twat
1-900-WETT TWAT
1-900-938-0103
$4.95 billed to your phone



1-800-375-CLIT
Lick My Wet Clit
Billed to V/MC/AMEX

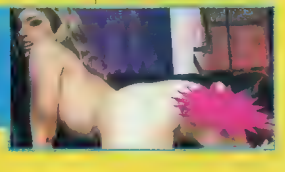
RAW
1-800-590-7825
Hardcore Sex
1-800-983-KINK

Only Pay For Standard Call!
011-592-240-471
International Rates Apply

Fuck 2 Kinky Bitches
1-800-395-2on1
Billed to V/MC/AMEX

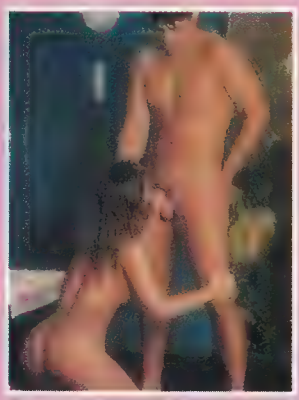
Finger Fuck My Clit
1-900-WET-0115
Billed to Your Phone

Hard Wet Ass Pumping Action
1-800-354-4ASS
2308 Credit Card Callers Welcome!



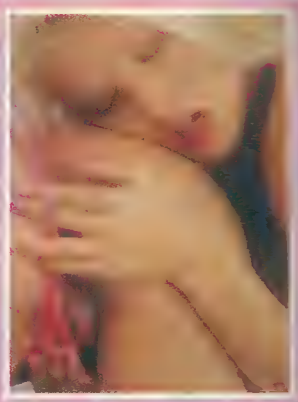
Lick My Juicy Twat, 4 Lesbians Only!
1-800-557-TWAT
Billed to V/MC/AMEX
2309

LESBIAN CLIT LICKING
1-900-WETT-CLIT™
(1-900-938-8254)
1-800-519-6678
1-800-695-2266

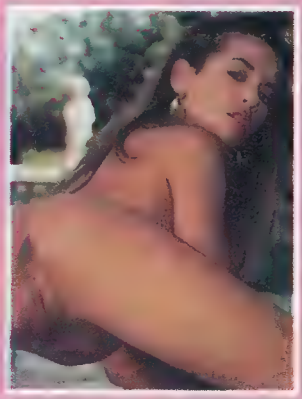


GIRLS WHO LOVE TO SUCK COCK
1-900-WETT SLUT
(1-900-938-8758)
GUYS WHO LOVE DICK
1-900-WETT DICK
(1-900-938-8342)
$4.95 PER MINUTE BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

LET'S HAVE SOME SEX FUN!
1-900-WETT VANA
1-900-938-0021
$4.95 / min. billed to your phone



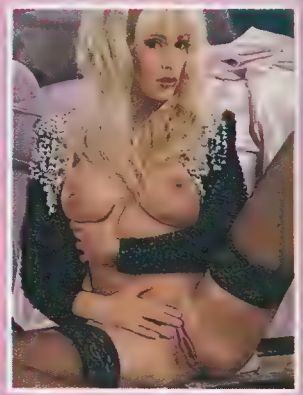
HORNY WET
1-800-759-2o6n6l
1-900-938-0020
1-800-442-6670 $4.95



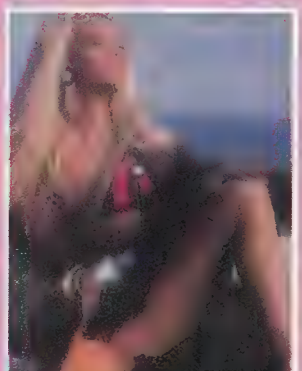
CUM IN MY ASS!
1-800-605-BUTT™
1-800-587-9876
ALL BUTT ALL THE TIME!

SEX ANY WAY!
1-900-WETT FOR U™
1-900-WETT 4 CUM™
$4.95 / MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE
GAY CONNECTION
011-592-593-740

BANG ME WITH MY DILDO!
1-900-WETT DILDO
$4.95/min. billed to your phone.
KINKY CROSSDRESSING
1-800-573-T8S7T8V8



I'M DRIPPING WET & WAITING FOR YOU!
1-900-WETT BUSH
$4.95 / MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE



EXOTIC ISLAND GIRLS
1-800-945-FOXX™
1-800-846-LICK™
1-800-284-3363

"COME HERE & FUCK ME!"
1-800-395-WETT™
FRESH PUSSY MEAT™
1-800-666-UCUM

2 GIRLS + U
HORNY MEN OVER 18 ONLY!
1-800-274-3SUM™
LESBIAN LINE. WOMEN ONLY!
1-800-753-8837

CUNT LICKING
1-900-938-0027
1-900-938-0030
900#S Billed per min. to your phone
CALL NOW OR ELSE!

WE MAKE YOUR FANTASIES CUM TRUE
1-900-WETT DREAM
$4.95 /MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE
CALL ANYTIME 24 HOURS A DAY! • 18+

1-900 WE TAME U - NEW! FREAKS ONLY, PLEASE NO STRAIGHTS
BI CURIOUS? TRY IT! 1-900-WET STUD
$4.95 / MINUTE BILLED TO YOUR PHONE 1-900-938-7883
NON-STOP SEX PARTY 24 HRS 1-800-595-6678
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA/AMEX.
YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER TO ACCESS THESE SERVICES!

ROBO COCKS

001

12 VIDEO VOLUMES

Featuring Long Dan Silver, Dick Rambone, Jeff Stryker & more - no dick less than 12" long. Plenty of cum shots too

DOZENS OF SCENES

ALL 12 TITLES ONLY $6.00

KINKY ANAL

25 VIDEO VOLUMES

010

DICKS, DILDOS, BEADS, FINGER'S, TONGUE'S, ANYTHING ANAL, GUYS DOING GIRLS-GIRLS DOING GUYS. IT'S ALL HERE - NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION!

ALL TAPES 60 MIN.

ALL 25 VOLUMES ONLY $8

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER | ADULT SPECIALTY VIDEOTAPES

We've assembled this collection of the hottest & hardest specialty video volumes created for your pleasure just so you can see the great products we have to offer. Each volume is guaranteed to contain the exact stars & action or your money back! Also, this offer comes with no strings attached or further obligations. We're convinced that once you see our great products & prices you'll be one of our valued customers. All models 18 years of age or over, records on file.

ORDER YOUR FAVORITE TODAY • ALL SHIPPED IN PLAIN WRAPPED PACKAGE • MUST BE 18 YEARS OR OVER TO ORDER

Circle number for videotapes requested, fill-out form below, please enclose proper payment amount in full, plus $2.00 Postage & Handling

Gentlemen, please send me the videotapes I have indicated below. (circle choice)

001...$6	005...$7	009...$10	013...$6	017...$10	021...$6	025...$8	029-$9
002...$6	006...$7	010...$8	014...$10	018...$5	022...$8	026...$5	030-$6
003...$6	007...$9	011...$7	015...$7	019...$6	023...$6	027...$7	031-$7
004...$8	008...$6	012...$10	016...$9	020...$10	024...$7	028...$9	032-$7

OPTIONAL CHARGES ❑ $2, 24 hr. Check Processing ❑ $2, 100% Delivery Insurance ❑ $2, Rush Service ❑ $2, Year round Catalog Mailing w/ order only

Rush the items indicated I enclose $_____ as payment in full, plus P & H and any optional charges, ❑ Send C.O.D. I enclose $8 extra P & H. Canadians & International remit in U.S. funds. Send To: **SPECIALTY VIDEO OFFER** Dept E27 P.O. Box 12007, Merrillville, IN 46411

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER

Name_____

Address_____ Apt.#_____ City_____

State_____ Zip_____ Sign_____ I am over 18 yrs.

002

6 GIRLS & 1 GUY

They do it all in 8 exclusive hardcore videos. Everyone loses their gooey load in this intense group groping.

ALL 8 VOLUMES ONLY $6

ANAL LESBIANS

011

25 VIDEO VOLUMES

Girls cramming dildos, beads, vibrators up tight soft ass holes!!

ALL 25 VOLUMES $7 | ALL TAPES 30 MIN.

GIRLS WHO BANG GUYS

12 VIDEO VOLUMES

003

Guys getting pumped by girls with strap-on dildo's & vibrators in the ass. KINKY!!

ALL 12 VIDEOS JUST $6

ALL TAPES 30 MIN.

GUYS WHO SUCK BIG COCKS

30 VIDEO VOLUMES

Studs suck the biggest cocks some black, some white - plenty of oral cumshots!

012

ALL 30 VOLUMES $10

004

UNIQUE POSITIONS

20 VIDEO VOLUMES

Guys & girls sucking, screwing & cumming in outrageous positions - A MUST

ALL 20 VOLUMES $8 | All tapes 30 min.

DRIPPING SNATCH

013

WET PUSSIES OOZE CREAMY CUM JUST FOR YOU!!

ALL 15 VOLUMES ONLY $6

GIRLS WHO SUCK COCK & EAT CUM

ALL 10 VIDEO VOLUMES JUST $10 | ALL TAPES 60 MIN.

These chicks suck super hard cocks until the spunk flies. HUNDREDS OF SCENES!

020

KINK-O-RAMA

20 VIDEO VOLUMES

Every kinky fetish is explored in this hardcore spectacular!

ALL 20 VOLUMES $7

027

SOLO SCENE

25 VIDEO VOLUMES

These girls get themselves off with fingers & dildo's - they suck their own tits too - Nasty!

005

All 12 Volumes $7

014

BLOOPERS

10 VIDEO VOLUMES

Dozens & dozens of nut busting bloopers & behind the scenes hardcore hilarious action - you'll cream your shorts & laugh your balls off!!!

10 VOLUMES ONLY $6

FEMALE BUTT BANGERS

10 VIDEO VOLUMES

021

These hot chicks screw willing guys in the ass with huge strap on dildos!

LOTS OF KINKY SEX!

LOTS OF CUM TOO!

ALL 10 VOLUMES ONLY $6

TRIPLE PENETRATION

10 VIDEO VOLUMES | ALL TAPES 30 MIN.

028

ALL 10 VOLUMES JUST $9

Former Playboy Playmate Goes Hardcore

8 Video Volumes

008

From the pages of Playboy magazine - to the hardcore screen - Teri Wiegel sucks cock, eats cum & takes cocks anyway she can - eats pussy too!

All 8 Vol. ONLY $7

DOUBLE PENETRATIONS

20 VIDEO VOLUMES

Hard cocks, stuff pussies & asses at the same time in this double penetration spectacular! Close-ups too!

015

20 VOLUMES ONLY $7

ALL TAPES 30 MIN.

GAY AMATEURS

25 VIDEO VOLUMES

Hot hung studs suck & screw each other to juicy cums! Black & white, 3-way, 4-way & more!

022

50 VIDEO VOLUMES 200 SCENES NASTY AMATEURS

029

Watch these nasty new cummers suck, screw & eat cum in their very first hardcore videos - A MUST SEE

ALL 50 VOLUMES $9

GAG

100 VIDEO VOLUMES

007

Watch hot chicks suck big hard cocks. Black & White, Deep Throat, Ball Sucking, Double, Triple, Blow Jobs & more. They eat cum too!!

HUNDREDS OF SCENES

ALL 100 VOLUMES $9

They have big tits & bigger dicks scene after scene of hot she-males getting their big tits & big dicks sucked to juicy cums!

BIG DICK SHE-MALES

50 VIDEO VOLUME

ALL 50 VOLUMES ONLY $9

016

6 GUYS & A GIRL

023

Scene after scene of single girls sucking & screwing groups of 6 guys! Lots of cumshots

10 VIDEO VOLUMES

ALL TAPES 30 MIN. | ALL 10 VOLUMES ONLY $6

ORAL ORIENTALS

20 VIDEO VOLUMES

030

Asian beauties suck cocks & eat cum in 40 super sucking scenes!

ALL 20 VOLUME ONLY $6

SUCK MY TOES • JERK MY COCK

008

Features the hottest, "Foot-lick'n", "Toe Suck'n", hard action foot fetish videos ever produced.

AS KINKY AS IT CUMS

ALL 10 VOLUMES ONLY $6

TINY TITTIES

017

They're titties aren't big but their kinky imaginations make up for it!

HUNDREDS OF SCENES!

ALL 100 VOLUMES ONLY $10

HERMAPHRODITES

25 VIDEO VOLUMES

024

Horny he-shes with big cocks & hot pussies suck cock & eat cum in 50 hot scenes!!

ALL TAPES 30 MIN. | ALL 25 VOLUMES JUST $7

DOUBLE PUSSY PENETRATIONS

100 VIDEO VOLUMES | ALL TAPES 30 MIN.

Scene after scene of 2 cocks in one cum-filled pussy WOW!!

031

100 VOLUMES ONLY $7

BIZARRE SEX ACTS

30 VIDEO VOLUMES

009

Just when you thought you'd seen it all! It's the wildest, craziest sex imaginable - sex crazed freaks in an orgy of sucking, screwing & cumming- scene after scene of weirdo's in kinky situations - A MUST SEE!!!

ALL TAPES 60 MIN. | ALL 30 VOLUMES ONLY $10

LASSES

12 VIDEO VOLUMES

Features hot chicks sucking cock - milk - they screw in every position too!

ALL 12 VOLUMES ONLY $5

018

KINKY CUM SHOTS

20 VIDEO VOLUMES

A complete video anthology of kinky sex & hot cumshots a must for any collection!

019

ALL 20 VOLUMES ONLY $6

SAVANNAH

25 VIDEO VOLUMES

The girl next door doing it like only she can. Hard & Nasty

ALL TAPES 60 MIN.

ALL 25 VOLUMES $8

025

SHAVED & CREAMED

Juicy pussies shaved completely clean then sucked & screwed to amazing orgasms!

20 VIDEO VOLUMES

026

ALL TAPES 30 MIN. | ALL 20 VOLUMES JUST $5

HUMONGOUS KNOCKERS

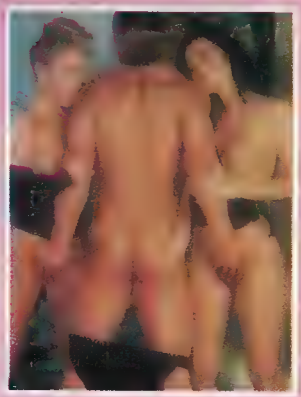
20 VIDEO VOLUMES | ALL TAPE 60 MIN.

The biggest tits in an orgy of hot cum

042

ALL 20 VIDEO VOLUMES JUST $7

LONELY GIRLS NEED TO GET FUCKED
1-800-999-WETT
1-800-284-3363
1-800-756-5223



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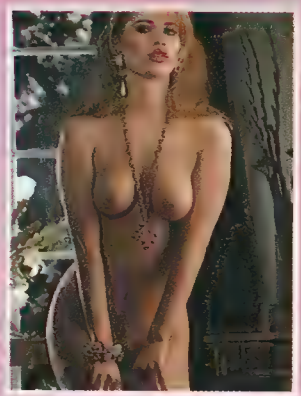

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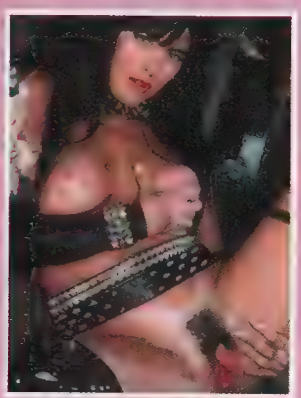

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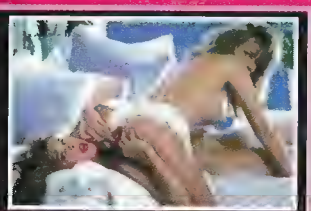

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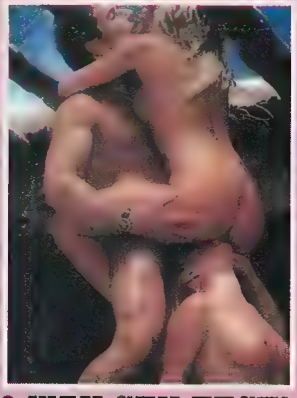

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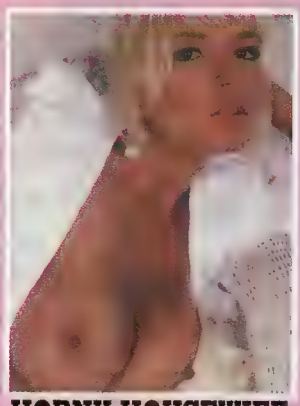

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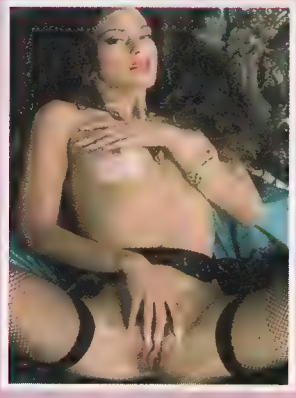

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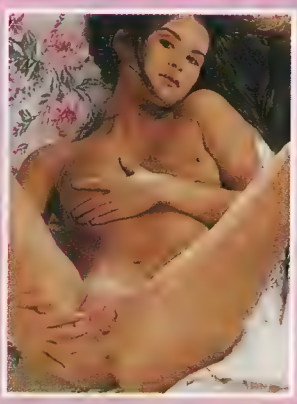

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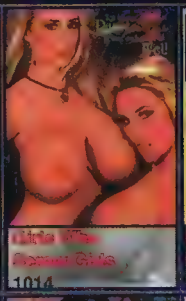
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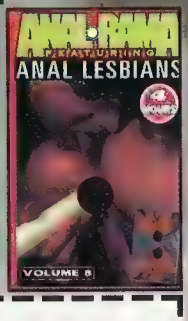

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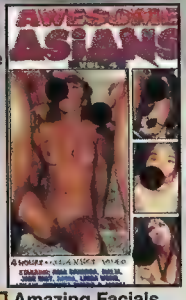

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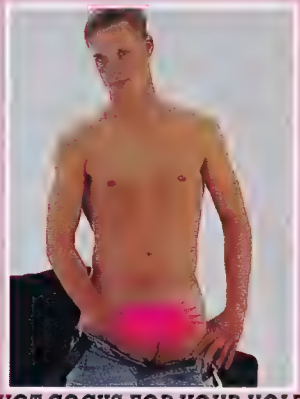

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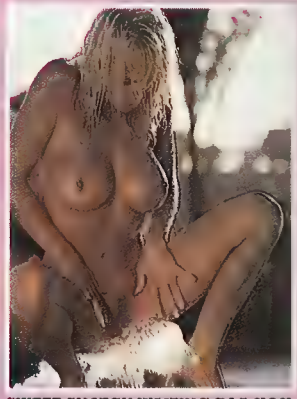

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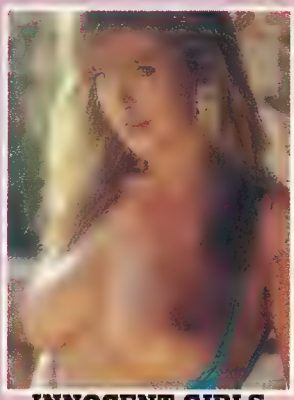

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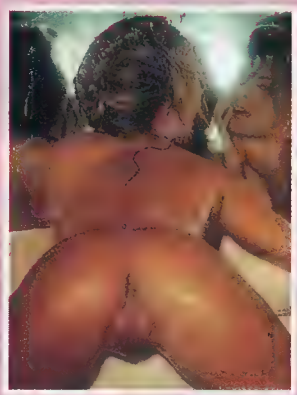

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Liquid Pantyhose Dream 1

Misty works you spellbound with her nylon sparkling body. She will make your mouth water as she dazzles you with a hot, very sexy leg show! Let Misty and Melissa get you off as they transfix you with a very wild girl-girl scene-making out and licking each others nylon pussy and bringing each other to shuddering climax with a 10 inch dildo! Hot!! Don't miss this one!!

FGLQ-D1 65mins. $39.95

Liquid Pantyhose Dream 2

Misty and Melissa are back again with a great girl girl pantyhose leg show! Misty begins with low angle up the skirt shots of her long shimmery nylon legs and pussy! Then she sucks off a big 10 inch dildo which squirts into her mouth as she dribbles milk from her beautiful red lips! Melissa then enters wearing shimmery coffee pantyhose. These two girls devour each other, while sucking off two 10 inch dildos! Hot!

FGLQ-D2 65mins. $39.95

Lesbians In Pantyhose 1

This has got to be the hottest girl-girl pantyhose tape on the market! 19 year old Kaitlyn dominates 25 year old Ilsa. She smears bright red lipstick all over her shiny suntan crotch. With deep open mouth kisses and simulated fucking they masturbate each other to a shuddering climax through shimmery suntan colored pantyhose!

FGLQ-LP1 40mins. $39.95

Lesbians In Pantyhose 2

This video, which is over 30 minutes, features succulent brunette Lynx and ravishing young blond bombshell Mary. Sitting on each others nyloned lap, they grind up and down on their panty- hosed pussys. They give each other hot, wet open mouth kisses getting glossy red lipstick all over their beautiful brown nipples and shiny suntan pantyhose!

FGLQ-LP2 40mins. $39.95

Milky Way Fantasy

Sexy fiery new adult star - Jen Teal wearing crotchless suntan colored pantyhose shows off great legs, tits, ass and beautiful bare pussy! Listen to her soft sensual moans as she penetrates herself with different big dildos! Let Jen Teal dazzle you In very sexy & shimmery pantyhose! Watch for a surprise milky finish to a very hot 1/2 hour tape! First class solo girl tape!!

FGLQ-MF 30mins. $39.95

Pantyhose Nirvana

Wearing a pair of coffee colored, crotchless pantyhose, Jen Teal will fascinate you with her hot sparkling, nyloned ass! Yes! Sparkling! Listen to her as she moans and runs her long red fingernails along her pantyhosed encased thighs, ass and legs! Devastating close-ups! Watch the lights play off her sexy legs as she walks into and away from the camera!!! Last scene she's on the bed showing off her shaved pussy surrounded by nylon!

FGLQ-PN 60mins. $39.95

Pantyhose Climax

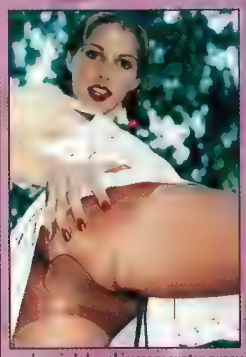
She's back-voted best new adult star for 1995. Jen Teal is now under exclusive contract and we have the only pantyhose footage available on video. Watch Jen Teal soak her tits in baby oil, then pull her shiny pantyhose up over her firm breasts while she walks back and forth into the camera, always looking you right in the eye! After a great leg show on the bed, Jen Teal does a three minute climax with a 10 inch, liquid filled dildo!!

FGLQ-MAX 75mins. $39.95

Pantyhose Shimmer

This girl is simply a knockout in pantyhose, very sexy legs, great ass! Beautiful tits! All for your viewing pleasure. Jen Teal pulls a short tight black mini over her pantyhosed, shiny ass and legs! Standing and sitting on a glass table, skirt removed for low angle close-ups! She dribbles milk from her glossy red lips, to form a pool around her hot tight ass!!! She finishes an hour by sucking a 10 inch dildo to a milky climax! Wow!!

FGLQ-PS 75mins. $39.95



Pantyhose Playmates 1

We wish all pantyhose fans could see this tape just for the second scene with Cindy. She has a China doll face with deep, deep blue eyes. She is wearing only a short white mini skirt, crotchless coffee colored pantyhose that sparkle in the lights, high heels and deep glossy red lipstick. All we can say is Let the show Begin—and what a show it is!

FGLQ-PP1 60mins. $39.95

Pantyhose Playmates 2

Watch this hot bodied blond from all kinds of angles as her suntan colored pantyhose sparkle in the light! Standing over your face, she walks back and forth into the camera with nothing but high heels and pantyhose. Then, low angles of ilsa on the bed wearing a shiny black mini skirt and bright, glossy red lipstick as she grinds her shimmery suntan pussy into the camera!

FGLQ-PP2 40mins. $39.95

Pantyhose Playmates 3 & Natasha's European Pantyhose 2

Beautiful Latino Girl Miranda, star of Dirty Debutantes #42, is very hot in this 30 minute solo. Miranda has a very pretty face and knows how to tease you as she bends over looking back at you between her hot nyloned legs!

The next thirty minute solo is of stunning Russian girl Natasha! She looks you right in the eyes, very seductively, as she puts on a great pantyhose show with more breast oiling, soaked pantyhose stuff! Natasha then climaxes with a 10 inch dildo that squirts!

FGLQ-PP3 60mins. $39.95

Natasha's European Pantyhose 1

Spend the night with beautiful Russian girl Natasha! She poses, walks around, and soaks her tits and pantyhose in baby oil. She then gives a 10 inch dildo a great big blow job that causes it to squirt all over her mouth and face. Don't make any plans because this tape is over 105 minutes long! Great nylon pantyhose tape!

FGLQ-NEP1 105mins. $39.95

Melissa & Aja

Sexy leg show from Melissa and Aja! Each girl takes turns posing and showing off their nylon pussys. Nice long close-up ass shot. Fine shimmery nylon pantyhose and great tits! The way a leg tape ought to be made! Don't miss this one pantyhose fans!

FGLQ-MA 60mins. $39.95

Candy

Big busted blonde Candy, wearing coffee colored sparkling pantyhose —low angle & very up close camera work.Remember the exercise videos with girls in pantyhose, only a lot hotter! Next scene Candy is wearing shiny black pantyhose and tight black & white mini skirts! Great up skirt shots! Sucks dildo to a milky climax!!!

FGLQ-C 75mins. $39.95

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The Amazing Seduction Secrets Of A Skinny, Ugly, 6ft Geek From Culver City, California, That Could Get You All The Girls You Want ... No Matter What Your Looks Or Age!!

Dear Friend,

Would you like to know how to get a woman into bed within 20 minutes of meeting her without even having to bother going out on a date? Would you like to be able to get a woman into bed fast and easy even if she already has a boyfriend? How about getting that girl who's been your "friend" into bed within two hours, just by using a simple, easy technique?

If all these secrets sound interesting to you, keep reading, because I'm going to tell you how you can learn amazing secrets that will rocket you to sexual superstardom.

Listen: My name is Ross Jeffries (the skinny, ugly geek in the headline) and you may have seen me on nationwide TV shows like "Donahue" and "Geraldo," teaching thousands of men how to be more successful with women. On those shows, I talked about my original, classic book "How To Get The Women You Desire Into Bed." But I've come up with something new and better to get any guy scoring!

Here Is The Secret To Having All The Girls You Could Ever Want!

Now look: here is the secret that will work for you no matter what you look like or your age:

"Whatever you can get a woman to *imagine, is* perceived by her *as being her own thought,* and therefore is *not* resisted. Therefore, first *capture and guide a woman's imagination and you can get her to do almost anything you want, and she'll think it's her own idea!*"

And that, my friend, is where these incredible Speed Seduction methods come in: teaching you how to use your language to *create states of lust, fascination, and utter desire,* in the hottest women around ... and do it so *they think it's THEIR idea!*

Here's Exactly How It Works!

How will I teach you to do all this? Simple. Drawing on 3 1/2 years of experimenting and research, I'll show you how to use special patterns of words that are tested, proven and custom designed to:

1. Capture a woman's imagination.

2. Lead her to quickly experience *intense, positive emotional states!*

3. Link them to you and ONLY YOU! You won't have to worry about your age or your looks... because your words will be work ing for you...*automatically reaching into the deepest parts of her mind!*

And here's a special bonus: these patterns are not only specially designed to cover virtually every situation and setting, but they are also designed to make it seem like you are having...

...An Innocent, *Normal Conversation!*

That's right: the real genius ISN'T *the suggestive language* but the clever way in which it's set up to seem like a perfectly normal conversation, that can be started and applied in virtually any set of circumstances. No matter where you find yourself, the street... a party... a restaurant... an airport. . . you'll be able to *set her fantasy mechanisms into overdrive,* guiding her into states of *dripping wet, erotic arousal begging for satisfaction!*

Here's Some of the Unstoppable SECRETS YOU'LL LEARN!

* How To Have Her Begging For It Despite A Boyfriend! (We call this one "The Boyfriend Destroyer!")

* How To Turn 20 Minutes Over Coffee Into Hours Of Heated Passion! (You'll Never Have To Go Out On A "Date" Again, Unless It's What YOU Want!)

* How To Turn A Friend Into Your Willing, Eager Lover In A Little Under Two Hours Time!!

* How To Get Her So Hot She'll Beg To Go Home With You Within 30 Minutes of Meeting You!

*How To Make Her Feel Like She's Known You Forever When You've Only Known Her For Half An Hour!!!

...and much, much more!!

Here's Proof That It Will Work For Anyone!!

"I met a girl in line to pay my electric bill, and within half an hour we were making out!! Another girl is begging me to marry her. and I just used your "quotes" pattern on an old female "friend" and within 2 hours we were in bed!! Dynamite!!"

...Taylor Nabakov
Long Beach, CA

"Using your instantaneous connection pattern, I got a bikini model in bed the same night I met her. This girl was far better looking than anyone I've ever gotten before, and I feel you've put me in a whole new ball game!"

...John Kent
Woodland Hills,CA

"I used your "Blammo Pattern," but it DIDN'T work like you said it did because it took 1 HOUR to get this girl to beg to go home with me, instead of 20 minutes like you promised, and this was the FIRST time I tried your stuff!"

...David S.
Los Angeles, CA

"Ross...I used your "have you ever" pattern to get my ultimate fantasy; two girls in bed at the same time!"

...Hayden Basanta
Winnepeg, Canada

Sounds Great!
But What's The Catch???

Listen: this mind-blowing power-packed Home Study Course ISN'T for everyone. For one thing, it's the result of YEARS of research, so it ISN'T cheap.

Therefore, I have recorded *a 5 minute message I want everyone to hear BEFORE you decide to order my Home Study Course.* What you should do is just call and listen to this *FREE, recorded message,* 24 hrs. a day. If you don't like what you hear, just hang up.

On the other hand, you may find yourself totally intrigued and learning new secrets you can use right now!

Anyway, that number is:
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Remember, there's no charge to listen to this amazing recorded message, so call before the competition does! The secrets are waiting for you tonight!

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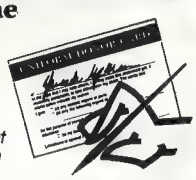

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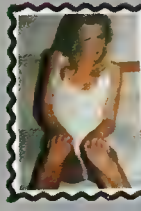

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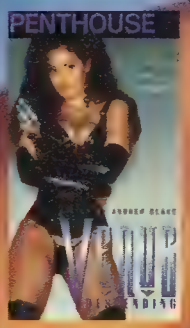

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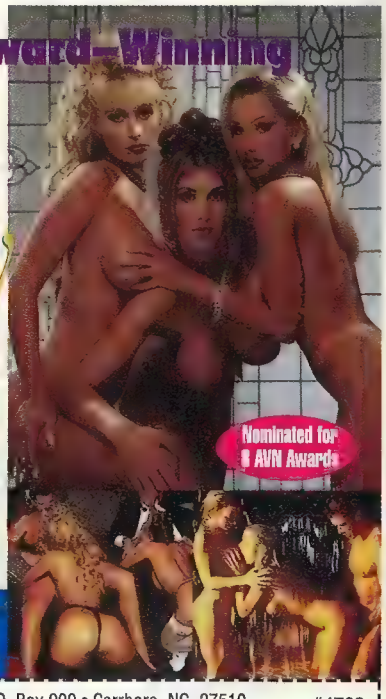

Served piping hot! Tuxedos and gowns can't mask our diners' appetites for sex! Norma Jean and stud Sean Michaels masturbate under glass. Steve Drake thrusts between Vanessa Chase's sweet cheeks by campfire. Creamy milk is served on nude Juli Ashton and tasty Tammy Parks as they bump muffs. It's a sexfeast of a lifetime.

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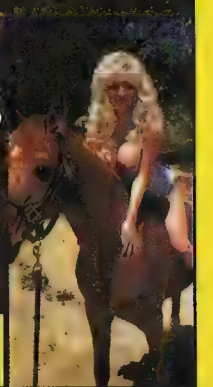

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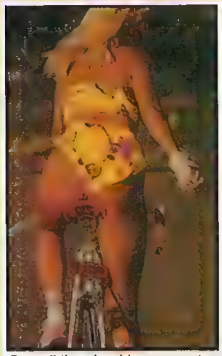

See all the shocking sex acts nobody talks about. We deal in sex topics too controversial to be described in this ad. If you are looking for the hard to find most unusual erotica that other dealers won't handle, send $5 for our explicit catalog plus $3 for postage and we'll include 150 bizarre videos absolutely free! If you want overnight service add $2. Warning! This offer is meant for advanced collectors of explicit material only. Send to: Leftbank Productions, Box 35615 Los Angeles, CA 90035

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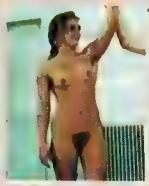

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Beautiful, strong and athletic women compete in both authentic & sensual strength competitions. This unique video collection features the world's best conditioned female athletes in all naked erotic action!

1	Naked Wrestling (3 matches)	$39.95
1B	Erotic Dildo Match	$39.95
2	Sample Video	$19.95
3	Catalog	$3.00

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Topless & totally nude world class female bodybuilders show off their sexy muscular bodies pumping, posing, and climaxing just for you!

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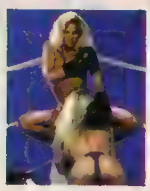

Cherry Productions

Hot college coeds lusting for a wild time with each others sexy bodies. Wet and wild orgasms. Dildos, tongues, toes and finally a ten inch strap-on.

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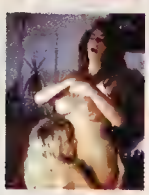


Big Bust Lust

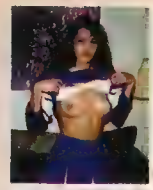
Beautiful busty babes bare all and then play with each other in a series of sex-periments. Big titted girls in sensuous single girl masturbation and passionate lesbian videos.

76	Video	$39.95
11	Catalog	$4.00

Shoe Store

Shopping for new shoes can be quite an experience, especially when the saleslady has an insatiable foot fetish! Watch as she lures her stunning young customer back to her place for some hot foot loving. Young bodies, scrumptious feet. You'll go wild!

37	Shoe Store Video	$49.95
13	Sample Video	$24.95
14	Catalog	$5.00



Sexy College Coeds

Show you everything! Raised skirt/flashing videos of sexy college coeds. Joy shows you up the skirt shots with & without panties. Close-ups as she rubs it till it glows!

15	Joy Video	$34.95
16	Sample Video (2 hrs)	$19.95
17	Color Catalog (200 videos)	$4.00

European Supermodels

See Europe's most sought after models in the nude for the first time ever! Famous British model Lucy strips to white stockings and a G-string—then to noting at all! Erotic Oil Masturbation Climax!

18B	Nude Model Video	$29.95
19	Catalog	$3.00

Up The Skirt Action

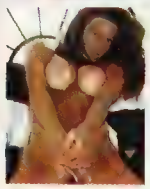
Stunning Coeds perform raised skirt, bra & panties, fetish clothing and sizzling solo videos. You see everything! See Sandy(pictured) in a scorching hot raised skirt romp. Spread shots, masturbations & more!

75	Sandy's Raised Skirt Show	$24.95
21	Leg & Ass Sampler (90min.)	$24.95
22	Monster 150 Tape Catalog	$5.00

Amateur Centerfolds

Hot videos of top models before they appeared in major men's magazines or signed exclusive film contracts. Explicit nudity!

101	Heidi (pictured)	$25.00
102	Preview Tape (#1-24)	$25.00
103	Super Sampler (25-50)	$25.00
104	Auditions (17 models)	$25.00
105	Catalog	$3.00



Rock Video Model —Tori Valentine— First Time Ever On Video!

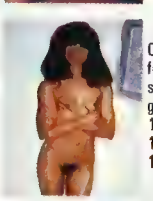
You've seen her in the top music videos and on stage with the biggest stars!! Now see every inch of this sexual dynamo as never before.

94	Masturbation Video	$39.95
95	Shaving, Dildo Video	$39.95
73	Centerfold Models	$39.95
24	Catalog	$3.00

Pantyhose!

Watch as Nikki turns Sally on to the Joys of Pantyhose! See sizzling lesbian action as these sexy ladies get it on in their pantyhose! Also hot leg and foot tease videos.

112	PantyHose! Video	$49.95
113	Foot Tease Video	$39.95
114	90 min. Preview	$24.95
115	Catalog	$4.00



Phantastic Photos

Offers titillating videos of sizzling beautiful young models in sexy lingerie, swimsuits, and nude strip sets, bras, garter belts and stockings.

118	Strip & Shave Video	$25.00
119	Preview Video (50min)	$19.95
120	Catalog	$3.00

Naughty

Michelle is supposed to be doing her but naughty ideas take control as her hands slip into her panties and go out of control!

12	Naughty Video	$39.95
13	Sample Video	$24.95
14	Catalog	$5.00

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All the best parts! Choose your favorite body part & see only that part on tape.

50	Big Beautiful Boobs	$24.95
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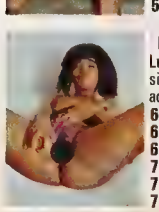
53	Fancy Footwork	$24.95
54	Sampler Video	$24.95
55	Catalog	$4.00



Big Black Beautiful

Lusty ebony honeys bare all in sensuous single girl and hot nasty interracial action.

68	Hot Single Girl Video	$29.95
69	Nasty Interracial	$39.95
69B	Ebony Male/Ivory Female	$39.95
70	Fat Black Girls	$29.95
71	Sample Video	$19.95
72	Catalog	$4.00

Gonzo's Gorgeous Girls

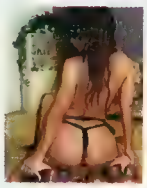
Gonzo's hottest girls get wet & wild in this hot and nasty nude video. These sexy beauties lather up, jacuzzi down, sweat & shower and take you to bed, fulfilling your wildest fantasies!

116	Video	$19.95
117	Catalog	$3.00

Foot Fun

Two of the prettiest peds ever to walk on a man are put to use as Mistress Desi walks on slave Paul. He then sucks her feet and that of her friend. Sensuous girls in toe sucking, foot licking action.

46	Video	$39.95
47	Catalog	$4.00



Sexy Face Sitting

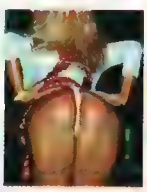
An intensely erotic video with nothing but sexy face sitting endings. Marvel at the sight of firm, beautifully defined female derrieres on top of male and female faces. Watch the sheer ecstasy of turned on victors grinding over a victims face!

77	Video	$39.95
78	Catalog	$3.00

Secretary Tease Special

Vikki's hot dirty talk (pictured). Naughty coeds, secretaries, housewives & hot, horny, beautiful amateurs featured in bra & panty videos. Total nudity, all secrets revealed.

65	Vikki's Secretary Video	$34.95
66	Sampler Video (2 hrs)	$24.95
67	Catalog	$4.00



Perfect 10

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126	Super Sexy Strip-off	$24.95
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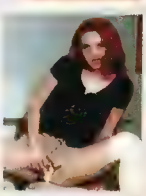


She Rubs It Raw

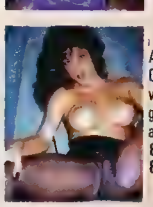
You'll see and hear Winter get wet & juicy. The real thing! Wide open crotch and butt close-ups! "Magic Moments" sampler video—from sweet panty shots to wide open close-ups of masturbation!

109	Winter Video—HOT!!	$39.95
110	Sampler Video—2hr.	$19.95
111	Catalog w/color photos	$3.00

Public Nudity

Enjoy hundreds of wild & beautiful girls showing tits & bush plus more on Bourbon Street.

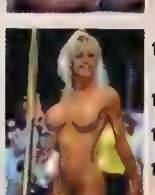
127	1993 Mardi Gras	$38.00
128	1994 Mardi Gras	$38.00
129	1995 Mardi Gras (vol.1)	$38.00
130	1995 Mardi Gras (vol.2)	$38.00
131	Catalog	$3.00



Liquid Pantyhose

A much neglected form of eroticism. Crystal clear pictures of leggy, foxy girls with hot tight asses wearing shimmering, gleaming pantyhose! Solo and girl/girl action—Devastating close-ups—Unique!

82B	Video	$29.95
83	Catalog	$3.00



XXX Voyeur Video

132	Miss Nude Olympics 1995 (blow jobs, pussy licking & masturbation in a public sex funfest)	$39.95
133	Miss Nude Hollywood 1995 (Girls eating each other for the prize)	$39.95
134	Miss Nude Lake Havasu 1995 (Blonde fucks guy in front of thousands)	$39.95
135	Flash Festival #8 (Guys show the girls their cocks)	$39.95
96	Catalog	$3.00

Sexy Dominant Women

Beautiful dominant females use their skill to fulfill their sexual desires and fantasies with each other. One naked beauty drops her wet ass and crotch all over the others face and gets brought to intense orgasms!

106	Naked Face sitting Video	$29.95
107	Sample Video	$19.95
108	Catalog	$3.00

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☐ 01B	☐ 15	☐ 44	☐ 67	☐ 82B	☐ 108	☐ 120	☐ 132
☐ 02	☐ 16	☐ 45	☐ 68	☐ 83	☐ 109	☐ 121	☐ 133
☐ 03	☐ 17	☐ 46	☐ 69	☐ 94	☐ 110	☐ 122	☐ 134
☐ 04A	☐ 18B	☐ 47	☐ 69B	☐ 95	☐ 111	☐ 123	☐ 135
☐ 04B	☐ 19	☐ 50	☐ 70	☐ 96	☐ 112	☐ 124	
☐ 04C	☐ 21	☐ 51	☐ 71	☐ 101	☐ 113	☐ 125	
☐ 05	☐ 22	☐ 52	☐ 72	☐ 102	☐ 114	☐ 126	
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☐ 11	☐ 32	☐ 54	☐ 75	☐ 104	☐ 116	☐ 128	
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☐ 13	☐ 43B	☐ 65	☐ 77	☐ 106	☐ 118	☐ 130	

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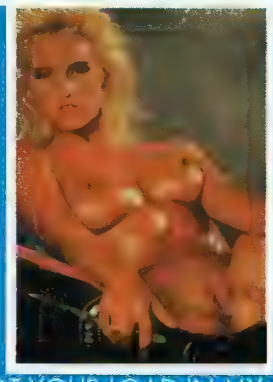

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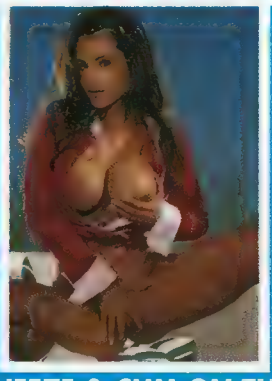
DON'T FIGHT THE URGE!
1-800-234-URGE
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY
011-638-8072
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

1-800-ASS FUCK
1-800-277-3825
1-800-FU*K MY ASS
1-800-382-5492
1-900-993-1890
$4.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+

FILL MY ASS & PUSSY
I LOVE HARD MEN . . . CALL ME
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH
1-800-805-4040
1-702-364-9900
CREDIT CARD USERS: 1-800-501-2888
V./MC./ $2.99 - $4.99 PER MIN.MUST BE 18+
OTHER OPTIONS: 011-592-565-549
LESBIAN STORIES INT'L L.D. RATES APPLY
1-900-745-7779 $4.99 PER MIN./18+

WE DO IT YOUR WAY!
1-800-680-ORGY
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
HARDCORE, 1-ON-1 AND ORGY
1-900-537-3030
$2.98 PER MIN 18+



SQUEEZE & CUM ON THESE
1-800-494-TITS
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
OUR DEEP THROATS ARE WAITING
1-900-993-2252
$2.50 -4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

MY GIRLFRIENDS GONE -
I'M HORNY
1-800-677-MENN
CALLS AS LOW AS 99¢ PER MIN.BILLED AS 4600, INC.
MEN-WOMEN COUPLES
1-800-766-BI-69
BILLED TO V/MC/AMEX/D. MUST BE 18+
CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99 PER MIN.

TWO KINKY LESBIAN LOVERS!
1-800-285-KINK
HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!
1-800-444-STUD
BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA 18 OR OLDER.
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET-STUD
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

I'M HOTT
1-800-666-HOTT
(4688)
ALL CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

TASTE MY SUCCULENT PUSSY!
1-800-688-69ME
SUCK MY TITS & I'LL SUCK YOU DRY!
1-800-967-ORAL
BANG MY WET CUNT!
1-800-766-WETT
BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER

1-800-BLOW-JOB
2 5 6 9 5 6 2

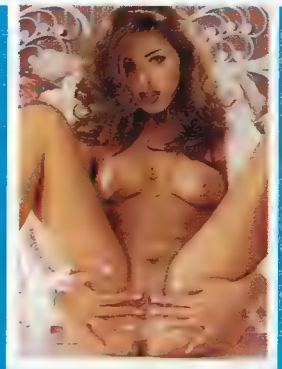
HOT & DIRTY SLUTS
1-800-HOT-SLUT
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX–THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

TASTE THE EXOTIC
ALWAYS LIVE 1-ON-1
1-800-741-L5I4C2K5
1-900-674-2277
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

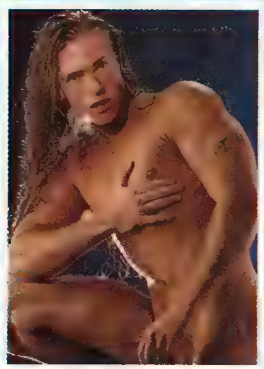
CUM HERE AND F*CK ME
011-592-247-754
011-592-599-533
011-592-588-861
INT'L LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY.

CUM IN ME- I'M WIDE OPEN FOR YOU!
1-800-780-10[6]N[6]1
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
1-900-674-1111
$2.98 PER MIN 18+



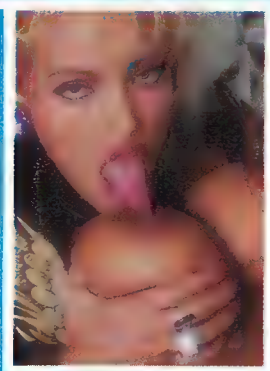
HARDCORE LIVE SEX
IT IS THE BEST!
1-800-839-M6O6N6A2
1-900-674-2299
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

TWO HORNY SLUTS & YOU!
1-800-SEX-SLUT
1-800-739-7588
1-800-FREE FUCK
1-800-373-3382
011-592-579-973
800# $4.99/MIN. 011# INT'L. RATES APPLY. 18+



MY WIFE DOESN'T GET IT
1-800-901-H4E3A2D3
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
V.I.P. ORGY ACTION...CUM NOW
1-900-993-9690
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

2 HORNY GIRLS + YOU = 3SUM!
1-800-945-3SUM
HOT ANAL FETISHES!
1-800-937-BUTT
BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER. NO CREDIT CARD CALLERS.
011-68-FUCK ASS
INT'L RATES APPLY



WARM WET LIPS ON YOUR COCK!
1-800-967-O6R7A2L5
WET BLOW JOBS
1-900-W9E3T8T8-B2L5O6W
WET, WILD, HARDCORE ORGY ACTION
1-900-W9E3T8T8-O6R7G4Y
900#'S BILLED / MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX
900#'S $4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

MY WET PUSSY IS SPREAD & READY FOR YOU!
1-800-248-4F3U8C2
1-900-666-1155
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

PETITE & INNOCENT GIRLS 1-800-808-1-O6N6-1
WILL GET YOU OFF FAST 1-900-666-2S7U8M6
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR C.C. DIRECT BILLING OR CHECK BY PHONE. 18+

1-800-551-4S7E3X9
1-900-666-SEXY

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

PHONE SEX
TWO GALS AND YOU
1-800-205-6300
1-800-210-8808
1-800-405-3687
ADULTS 21 AND OVER.

• BEST XXX SEX •
HOT, DRIPPING WET PUSSIES
1-900-745-1816
1-800-859-7877
FROM CANADA:1-900-451-3262
VISA/MC/AMEX/DISCVR/CHECKS/$1.25-3.00/1-2 MIN. 18+

HORNY HOUSEWIVES
WANT TO GET YOU OFF
1-800-806-6699
1-900-745-5550
NASTY HOUSEWIVES AT HOME
1-818-889-1997
MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+

CALL THE BEST! 24HRS LINDA'S LIP SERVICE
1-800-L5I4N6D3A2-07
BEST PERSONAL SERVICE
(415)-665-5216
COSTS LESS
***1-888-L5I4P7-S7E3X9-0**
*CANADIAN CUSTOMERS CALL TOLL FREE!
CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS BY PHONE/LIVE!/EVERY 6TH CALL FREE
1-900-745-2329
$2.50-4.99 PER MIN. 21+ ONLY

TALK DIRTY TO ME!
1-800-955-5600
LIVE 24 HOURS
MC/VISA AMEX

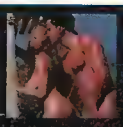
MADE TO BE LAID
1-800-577-4S7E3X9
$2.50-4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
I'M HOT, YOU'RE HARD...CUM NOW
1-900-993-5538
$2.50-4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

GET OFF WITH 2 KINKY GIRLS!
1-800-947-2on1
LICK OUR LOVE JUICES!
1-800-444-LICK
RAW, UNRESTRICTED SEX!
011-592-590-658
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

1-800-980-4S7E3X9
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
HORNY GIRLS WILL MAKE YOU CUM
1-900-666-1515
$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

SPICY ORIENTAL SUCK OFFS!
1-800-752-S7U8C2K5
$2.50-4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
TELL US HOW-WE'LL DO IT!
1-900-993-2524
$2.50-4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

1-800-H4O6T8-4S7E3X9
1-800-H4O6T8-S7T8U8D3

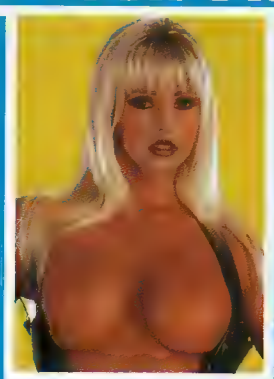


1-800-BLOW-JOB
2 5 6 9 5 6 2
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

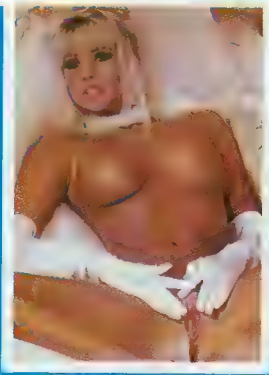
LIVE OUT YOUR SEXUAL FANTASY!
GET OFF INSIDE MY HOLES!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH
1-800-775-JUDY [5839]
BILLING IS TO YOUR HOME PHONE
1-800-503-2888
VISA/MC $2.99 - $4.99 MIN. MUST BE 18+
OTHER OPTIONS: 1-702-364-1968 DIRECT CALLERS
OR 011-592-566-039 INT'L L.D. RATES APPLY

2 HORNY GIRLS & YOU
1-800-WET-F*CK
1-800-938-3825
1-800-WET-SLIT
1-800-938-7548
011-995-328506
V./MC./AMEX./DISCOVER $3.99/MIN. 18+



!!! STRICTLY FOR SUBMISSIVES!!!

NYMPHO SEX SLUTS-59¢!	011-592-592-426
NASTY SUCK OFF-59¢!	011-592-592-427
BACK DOOR BITCHES!	011-592-592-428
WET SWOLLEN PUSSY!	011-592-571-050
DOMINANT MISTRESSES!	312-263-WHIP
FANTASTIC FUCK-A-THON!	312-263-FUCK



LICK MY WET CLIT
1-900-W9E3T8-C2L5I4T
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
WET, WILD, HOT F*CKING PETS
1-900-W9E3T8-4P7E3T8
UNCENSORED ORGY SEXLINE!
1-900-W9E3T-0217
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

LIVE HORNY, KINKY GIRLS
WILL GET YOU OFF.
1-800-605-O6R7G4Y9
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-4400
$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

EROTIC SLUT FEST
1-800-839-S7L5U8T8
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
HORNY 2 GIRL ACTION
1-900-993-4432
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

MY GIRLFRIEND'S GONE & I'M HORNY!
1-800-842-HUNK
BILLED TO V./MC/AMEX/DISC. CARDS
HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET-4-GAY!
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

MY PUSSY'S DRIPPING WET
1-800-365-WETT
SLIDE IT INTO MY HOT CUNT!
1-800-923-CUNT
UNCENSORED FANTASIES!
1-900-938-1155
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V

ALL ANAL FETISH!
1-800-376-4ASS
STICKY, WET & NASTY!
1-800-WET-4PET
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! NO C.C. NEEDED
1-900-938-2300
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V

HOT + NASTY GIRLS!!!
1-800-HOT-GIRL

HORNY + WET!!!
1-800-HOT-SLUT

18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX–THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

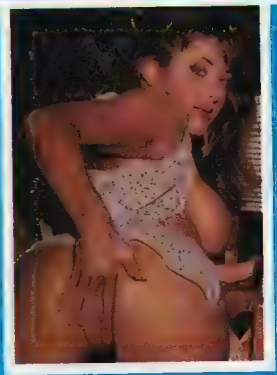
SUBMIT TO MY PLEASURES
1-800-249-L$_5$A$_2$I$_4$D$_3$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
LEATHER LOVERS TASTE THIS
1-900-993-2660
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

TALK TO HORNY GIRLS
LIVE 1-ON-1
1-800-939-1-O$_6$N$_6$-1
$1.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
1-900-666-P$_7$I$_4$N$_6$K$_5$
$1.98 PER MIN. 18+

SELECT-A-SLUT
YOU GET IT YOUR WAY... EVERY TIME
1-800-218-4V$_8$I$_4$P$_7$
1-900-537-2030
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

DISCREET SEX SERVICE
CALL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT
1-800-511-2428
1-800-518-5425
ADULTS 18 & OVER

TOTAL ECSTASY
TOTALLY *FRESH:*
1-800-486-9768
TOTALLY HARDCORE:
1-954-927-9909
"THE BEST IN THE NATION"



I'D LIKE TO WHISPER IN YOUR EAR!
1-800-274-9999
MC/V/AMEX. NO CALL BACKS

LIVE 24 HRS. 1 ON 1
ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS WILD
1-800-364-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$
YOU KNOW WHERE I LIKE IT
1-800-213-4A$_2$S$_7$S$_7$
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

HOT & HORNY WOMAN WILL TURN YOU ON
1-800-294-2-T$_8$O$_6$-1
1-900-666-1199
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

CUM FEEL MY WET PUSSY!
ALWAYS LIVE! ALWAYS 1 ON 1!
1-800-214-1-T$_8$O$_6$-1
1-900-537-1818
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-800-BLOW-JOB
2 5 6 9 5 6 2

HOT & NASTY GIRLS
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-G$_4$I$_4$R$_7$L$_5$
18+ V/MC
$2.50-$4.99
Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

NEW
SEX CALL SAMPLES
1-800-488-0514
1-800-495-7710
1-800-501-7825
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

MASTURBATE WITH ME!
I'LL MAKE YOU CUM IN 30 SECONDS
1-800-251-1-T8O6-1
1-900-666-1177
$4.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

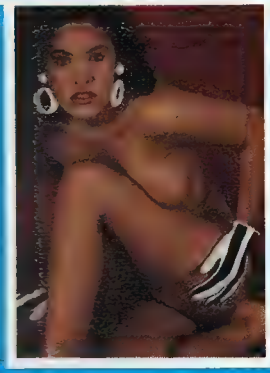
99¢ LIVE XXX 1 ON 1
1-900-725-H4O6T8S7
BETSY SUCKS COCK
1-888-F3U8C2K5 B2E3T8SY
$$$ MULTIPLE BILLING OPTIONS 18+

COED AT HOME
GENUINE
LIVE 1²1 SEX
ALL CALLERS CONFIDENTIAL
NO REFUNDS - NO EXCEPTIONS
011 683 6667
INTERNATIONAL LD RATES APPLY

KINKY LESBIAN SEX!
1-800-395-2on1
CUM BETWEEN OUR TITS!
1-800-678-TITS
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY
011-683-8071
800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

LET'S RAM EACH OTHER UP OUR ASS! CALL ME...
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH
1-800-815-LISA
1-702-364-1616
CREDIT CARD USERS: 1-800-280-9368
VISA/MC $2.99-$4.99/MIN. MUST BE OVER 18
OTHER OPTIONS: 011-592-565-107
KINKY FETISHES. INTL. I.D. RATES APPLY
DIRECT CALLBACKS: 1-702-364-1745

HORNY HOUSEWIVES WAITING FOR YOUR ROCK HARD PIECE
1-800-990-4S7E3X9
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
1-900-674-2020
$2.98- PER MIN. 18+



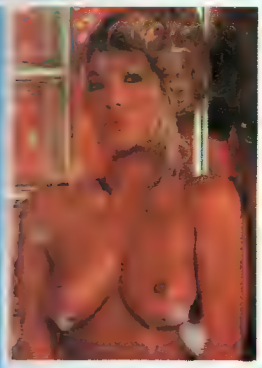
GET SOME BROWN SUGAR!
1-800-869-X9T8S7Y9
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
KINKY COEDS ON CALL
1-900-993-1800
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

FUCK US BOTH
1-800-926-20N61
DEEP THROAT COCKSUCKING
1-800-285-H4E3A2D3
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-W9E3T8T8 4 T8W9O
CASH OR CREDIT CARD. MUST BE 18 TO CALL

Hump my Ass & Pussy
1-800-H4O6T8-B2U8T8T8
1-800-H4O6T8-T.W.A.T.

1-800-SPANK-ME
1-800-772-6563
18+ V/MC/AMEX $2.50-$4.98 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



HOT SEX SAMPLES

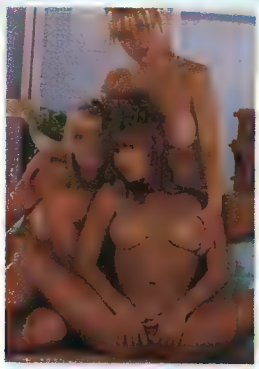
FIND OUT HOW - TRY IT NOW

1-800-488-0517

1-800-506-5425

1-800-508-8255

ADULTS 18 AND OVER ONLY



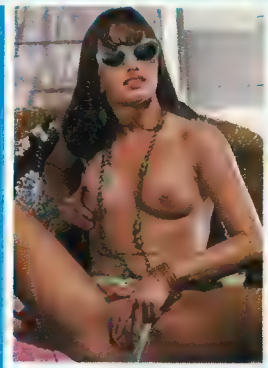
COLLEGE COEDS ARE WARM, WET - READY FOR YOU!

1-800-980-0$_6$R$_7$G$_4$Y$_9$

$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-3555

$2.98 PER MIN. 18+



HOT! HORNY! SEXY!

DON'T MISS OUT!

1-800-319-B$_2$A$_2$B$_2$E$_3$

1-900-666-2244

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

ALWAYS 2 HORNY GIRLS WAITING!

1-800-395-2on1

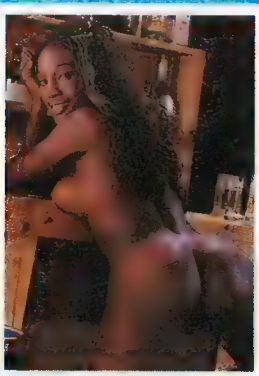
DO US DOGGIE STYLE!

1-800-937-BUTT

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. NO C.C. NEEDED!

1-900-938-1919

$2.95 MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# TO MC /V



1-800-DARK SKIN

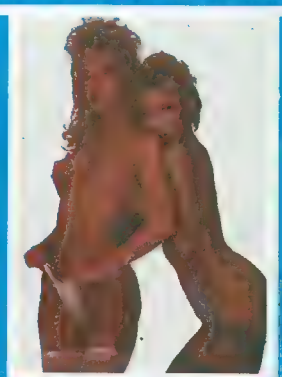
1-800-327-5754

1-800-CUM ON ME

1-800-286-6663

011-592-579-978

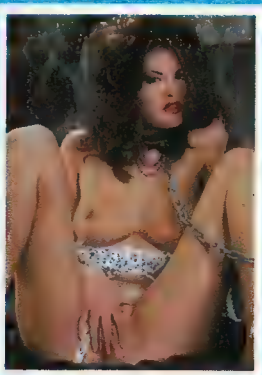
$4.99/MIN. 011# INT'L. RATES APPLY. 18+



TOP 5 LIST

LOCAL HOUSEWIVES	1-888-HORNY-WIFE
NASTY OLDER WOMEN	1-800-NASTY-TAC
KINKY ASIAN GIRLS	1-800-SEXY-ASIAN
HARDCORE DOMINATION	1-888-DOMINANT
REAL GIRLS AT HOME	1-818-587-9141

MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+



WET YOUR SEXUAL FANTASIES WITH HARDCORE KINK!

1-800-224-R$_7$0$_6$X$_9$Y$_9$

1-900-666-1133

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

JOIN OUR KINKY 3SUM!

1-800-568-3SUM

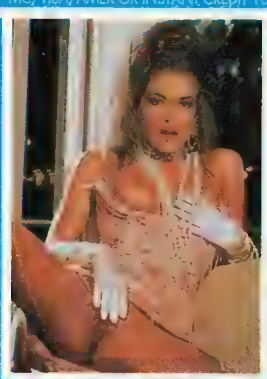
CROSSDRESSING FANTASIES!

1-800-577-TSTV

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY

011-592-246-208

1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+



STICK IT IN MY WET PUSSY!

1-800-766-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$

I WANT TO SUCK YOUR COCK!

1-800-879-S$_7$U$_8$C$_2$K$_5$

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$1 XXX LIVE!

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TASTE THE CUM FROM OUR PUSSIES LIVE SEX !

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$3.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+

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011-592-247-751

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HOT FANTASY

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1-800-268-8535

"HALF HOUR FLAT RATE"

INTERNATIONAL CALLERS 1(416)924-1852

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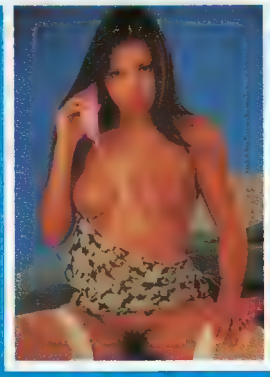
LIVE GAY PHONE SEX!

1-800-795-9996

CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-9996

$2.95 PER MIN. 18+



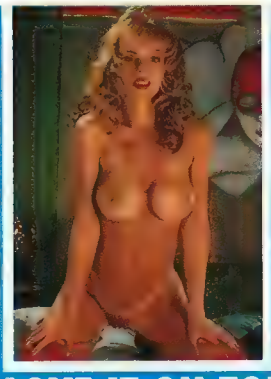
TRY ME, I'LL EXCITE YOU!

1-800-666-SEXY

(7399)

IT'S TOLL FREE VISA/MC.

OPEN 24 HOURS MUST BE OVER 18



I LOVE IT ON TOP!

LIVE 1 ON 1 SEX

1-800-372-4V$_8$I$_4$P$_7$

1-900-666-3311

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FRESHER, PINKER PUSSY

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1-900-WE TAME U

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1750 SCREAMERS 1-800-717-1150

BIG ONES ONLY 1-800-724-2280 BEST PHONE SEX ACTION 1-800-449-1003

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

before a man normally ejaculates? What is the average length and circumference of a man's penis?

I honestly feel guilty about what I'm doing, but it feels so good having sex with other men. Am I oversexed? Do I need help? Please give me some help or advice. Are other women having the same experience?—T. J., Ohio

I am naturally a very speedy person, so I actually enjoy trying to help preemies. My ex used to joke about the shrink who says to his patient, "I am afraid there is nothing I can do about your premature ejaculation, but I can introduce you to a girl with a very short attention span." I found this very funny ... until he added that the girl was me.

To cure The Fastest Gun in the West is not always easy, and without the willing participation of the patient it is almost hopeless. It sounds as if your hubby is quite happy the way he is, and you have solved the problem to everyone's satisfaction. Poor guy; if you gave up on him he would probably find it impossible to make it with anyone else; and you are also doing a brilliant job as a social worker, in that you are helping to save two other marriages.

Whatever you do, therefore, you must not feel guilty, and for the sake of the other people involved you must work at keeping your activities secret. Remember that you can unload your guilt on me and the Great American Public anytime you need to; just don't leave the letters lying around where anyone can find them before you mail them.

Your methods of trying to "cure" your husband are correct, but if you really feel it is your duty to save him from himself there is a range of products available in most sex shops. I can't remember any of their names, which tend to be something peculiar like "Sté-hard" or "Desensitizing Cream," but they do what they say. It is not my policy to give free advertising except for stuff for which there is no substitute, like Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce or Tabasco—neither of which is really suitable as a sexual lubricant, although it might be rewarding to try them on your husband's dinner.

The average American penis is now smaller than it used to be, owing to an increase in the percentage of Oriental men in the nation as a whole, but size is usually unrelated to performance. Many of the enormous dicks, which in my book means eight inches and up, sometimes need a blood transfusion to get them hard. Five and three quarters inches is generally accepted as average, although how one can decide on any definite size without measuring every

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MUST BE 18+. MULTIPLE BILLING OPTIONS.
CUM WITH ME
EXPERIENCE THE FANTASY NOW
1-888-575-LIVE MC/V/AX PREPAY
ONLY $1.99 PER MIN! LIVE 24 HR HOT LINE 18+

KINKY OLDER WOMEN
1-800-781-5565
18+ $1.99-3.99/MIN
HOUSEWIVES AT HOME
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TALK TO HORNY GIRLS
LIVE 1 ON 1!
1-800-325-4SEX
(1-800-325-4739)
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-1117
$2.98/MIN. 18+

CALL US NOW!
WE WILL MAKE YOU COME!
1-800-WILD SEX
(1-800-945-3739)
$1.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
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$1.98/MIN. 18+

HOT HORNY WOMEN
CALL FOR SAMPLES
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ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
TWO TRAMP PHONE SEX
1-800-230-1452
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

1-800 ASK 4 ASS
CROSS DRESSING FANTASIES
1-800-963-TSTV
1-800-458-KINK
1-800 WE FUCK U
BILLED TO MC OR V. 18+
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900 WET 4 HER

SHE-MALES
BIG BREASTS, BIG COCKS
1-800-361-3280
Donna's LIVE Phone-Sex
(Since 1982) 15 Min. call $9.95 MC/V/MO
No Gimmicks
203-931-7825

BETSY'S BUTT BANG
1-888-F3U8C2K5 B2E3T7SY
TWO HOLE FUCK FEST
1-888-F3U8C2K5 F3E3S7T

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(8788)
011-592-246-014
800# 4.95/MIN. INT'L TOLL RATES APPLY ON 011/18+

DIRTIEST STUFF EVER
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1-800-720-2290
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PRIVATE SAMPLES
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1-800-811-9500
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

HOT SEXY SAMPLES
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1-800-373-3041
Adults over 18
NO MAJOR CREDIT CARDS NEEDED

SPECIAL SEX
FIRST TIME PHONE
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1-800-440-9150
ADULTS OVER 18

CUM TASTE MY PUSSY
IT'S SWEET LIKE CANDY
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1-800-S3E3X7Y0N3E
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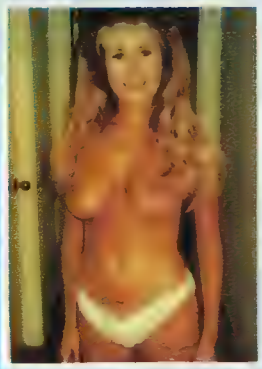
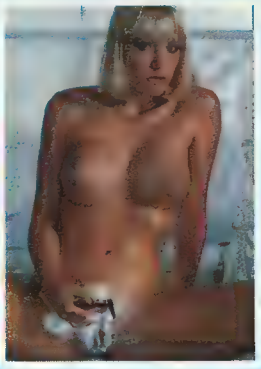


HAVE YOU EVER FUCKED A
STARVING COLLEGE
GIRL?

1-818-889-8009

MC/VISA/AMEX OR CHECKS 18+



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DIRTY ANAL BABES	011-592-587-388
YOUNG WICKED CUNTS	011-592-587-488
WET SWOLLEN PUSSY!	011-592-571-050
TENDER & SHAVED	011-592-571-051
HARDCORE 2 GIRL ORGY!	312-422-O7R6G4Y9
SELECT-A- SLUT	312-263-S7L3U8T8
FANTASTIC FUCK-A-THON!	312-263-F3U8C3K5

LICK MY DRIPPING WET C♥NT
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CALL US NOW WE WILL
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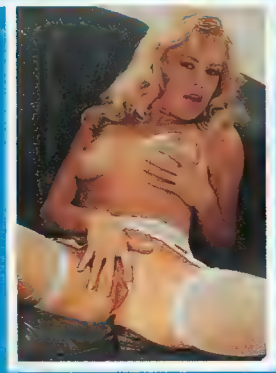
1-900-666-1122
$1.98 PER MIN. 18+



$1.00/MINUTE! LIVE!
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ONLY $1/MINUTE 18+
HARDCORE DOMINATION FETISH!
1-818-609-9141
AS LOW AS $1.65/MINUTE/CC/CHECKS
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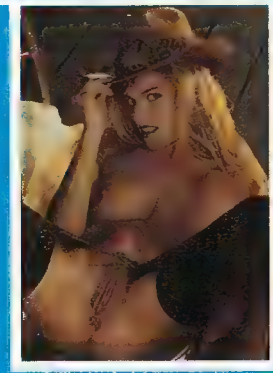
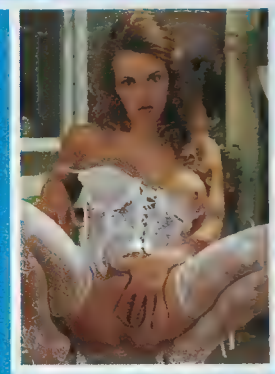


KINKY SEX OF ALL KINDS
BE READY TO CUM!
1-800-208-1-O6N6-1
1-900-674-1188
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



THE ULTIMATE SEDUCTION!
HARDCORE UNSENSORED LIVE 1 ON 1
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1-900-666-2288
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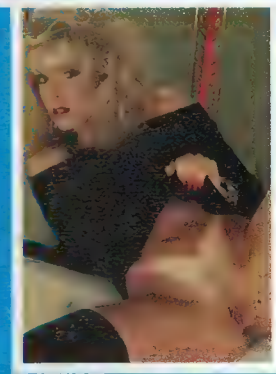

MY HOT CUNT IS WATING
FOR YOUR TONGUE!
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1-900-674-1166
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
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STRANGE & UNUSUAL
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PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1810
LESBIAN CONTACT 1-800-720-2230

HOT SEX SAMPLES 1-800-766-4489
HIDE'N SEEK 1-800-748-4420

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

cock in the U.S. baffles me, especially as men are even less truthful about the size of their organs than about the fish they caught and threw back.

The average duration of penile-vaginal sexual intercourse, from penetration to ejaculation, is around one and three-quarter minutes, though with age and experience this can be increased.

Anyone who wants more sex than his or her partner is usually accused of being oversexed, but unless your desire for sex is so overwhelming that you don't have time for anything else in your life there is nothing wrong with you. Wanting a regular, healthy sex life does not make you a nymphomaniac, even though by force of circumstance you have the great good fortune to have four strings to your bow, or four beaux in your string, so don't worry, be happy. And keep up the good work.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse,* 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse.* Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

HOT WOMEN, HOT LINKS
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VISA-MC-AMEX-DISC-CHECKS-PHONE

DO ME NOW
CALIFORNIA DREAM GIRLS
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1-900-344-1112
$19.95/CALL

PHONE SEX PARTIES
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1-800-742-4450
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

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1-800-756-BI-SEX
CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN.
V/MC/AMEX/D MUST BE 18+

WET, JUICY & DEEP!
1-800-568-NASTY
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CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN.
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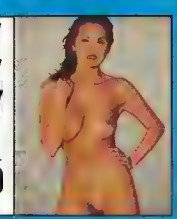

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1-900-725-HOTS (4687)

LIVE 1-ON-1
011-592-1-ON-1 (1661)
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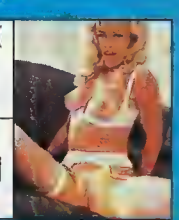

1-800 WET TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
FUCK MY
1-800-WET CUNT
1-800-EAT TWAT
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
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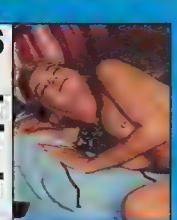
$4.95/MIN.BILLED TO PHONE. 800#'s BILLED TO V/MC



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$3.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

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$3.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+

2 GIRL SEX ORGY

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011-592-1W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$

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1-800-468-4653

1-800-HARD-ROD

1-800-427-3763

1-800-CUM IN ME

1-800-286-4663

$4.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+

WE'LL USE & EXCUSE YOU!

1-800-300-4S$_7$I$_4$N$_6$

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE

CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

GET 2 BONUS MINUTES FREE!

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WE WANT YOUR MEAT

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011-592-247-750

011-592-599-534

INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

WET CUM DRIPPING BLOW JOBS

1-800-879-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$

I WILL SUCK YOUR DICK

1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-O$_6$R$_7$A$_2$L

F*CK MY WET HOLE!

1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-H$_4$O$_6$L$_5$E

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2 HOT GIRLS TAKE YOU ON!

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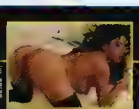

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BETWEEN MY LEGS NOW!
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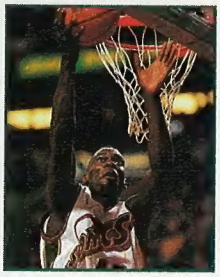

SHAWN KEMP—THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME?

The first high-school draftee to achieve real success in the National Basketball Association, Shawn Kemp exemplifies what's right and what's wrong with the league, and in fact with sports today. Reporter and novelist Charley Rosen makes his debut in *Penthouse* with a compelling profile of a young man Rosen calls "without question the most talented performer the N.B.A. has ever seen.... Yes, he has more sheer talent than even Michael Jordan." But on the flip side, Rosen sees what he calls Kemp's "rampant immaturity ... a macho, in-your-face attitude" that is typical of an N.B.A. in which increasingly the stars are young and woefully inexperienced.

DOPE-SHOOTING FOOLS

"It has to be boredom," writes Chuck Dean. "That's why people do heroin, or any other drug. If you're in school it's frustrating, because you know that these days everybody has a degree, so getting a good job is virtually impossible. This makes you feel stupid and apathetic, because your life doesn't match the ambitious, optimistic way we all are raised. Dope reels in that absurdity and whacks off the edge; it makes your condition not bearable, but tolerable. Heroin makes bad days seem good, and bad lives seem better." Attempting to put it all in perspective, Dean talks to experts like Michael Massing, who was awarded a MacArthur Foundation "genius" grant to study heroin use in the nineties. Young people, Massing says, "lost sight of how dangerous the drug could be. So it became very cool in the way that cocaine was in the late seventies and early eighties" (and heroin itself was, back in the fifties). But Dean doesn't need to talk to experts—his firsthand account of the destroyed lives of his friends will be an experience you'll never forget.

HOW BAD WERE THE SIXTIES?

Everyone seems to be down on the sixties these days, especially conservatives, who find it convenient to blame the decade for all the social ills that plague the nation today, including drug use, violence, broken homes, and the decline of popular culture. But Ben Stein wishes to differ with many of his conservative friends: "The prevailing wisdom is simply mistaken. Maybe the sixties had something uniquely fine about them instead of uniquely dangerous." Looking at the assault on racial and religious discrimination, the youth protest against the insane waste of life called the Vietnam War, the creative renaissance in music and literature, and the "death knell of an unwholesome sexual repression that had poisoned much of human life for centuries," Stein argues that our most maligned decade may well be remembered in history as one of the highlights of the twentieth century.

FLEXING YOUR LOVE MUSCLE

Everyone wants a better body. But what good is having a humongous aerobic capacity or even bulging muscles if you can't pump up your sexual energy as well? Health editor Bill Lawren went to the exercise gurus for three super training tips to make you a better man between the sheets. Also in "Men's Health & Fitness" in March, Gary Null explains why cholesterol really isn't the monster we've been led to believe it is. He offers inside advice on keeping your heart healthy even when those cholesterol numbers seem high. And that's not all. You'll learn about a surprising danger that may be lurking in your local pool hall, a better way to control your temper, how to shave precious minutes off your fitness routine, and lots more.

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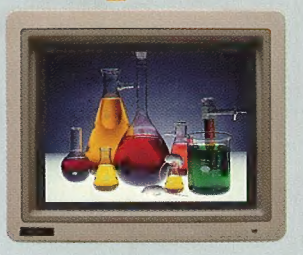

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